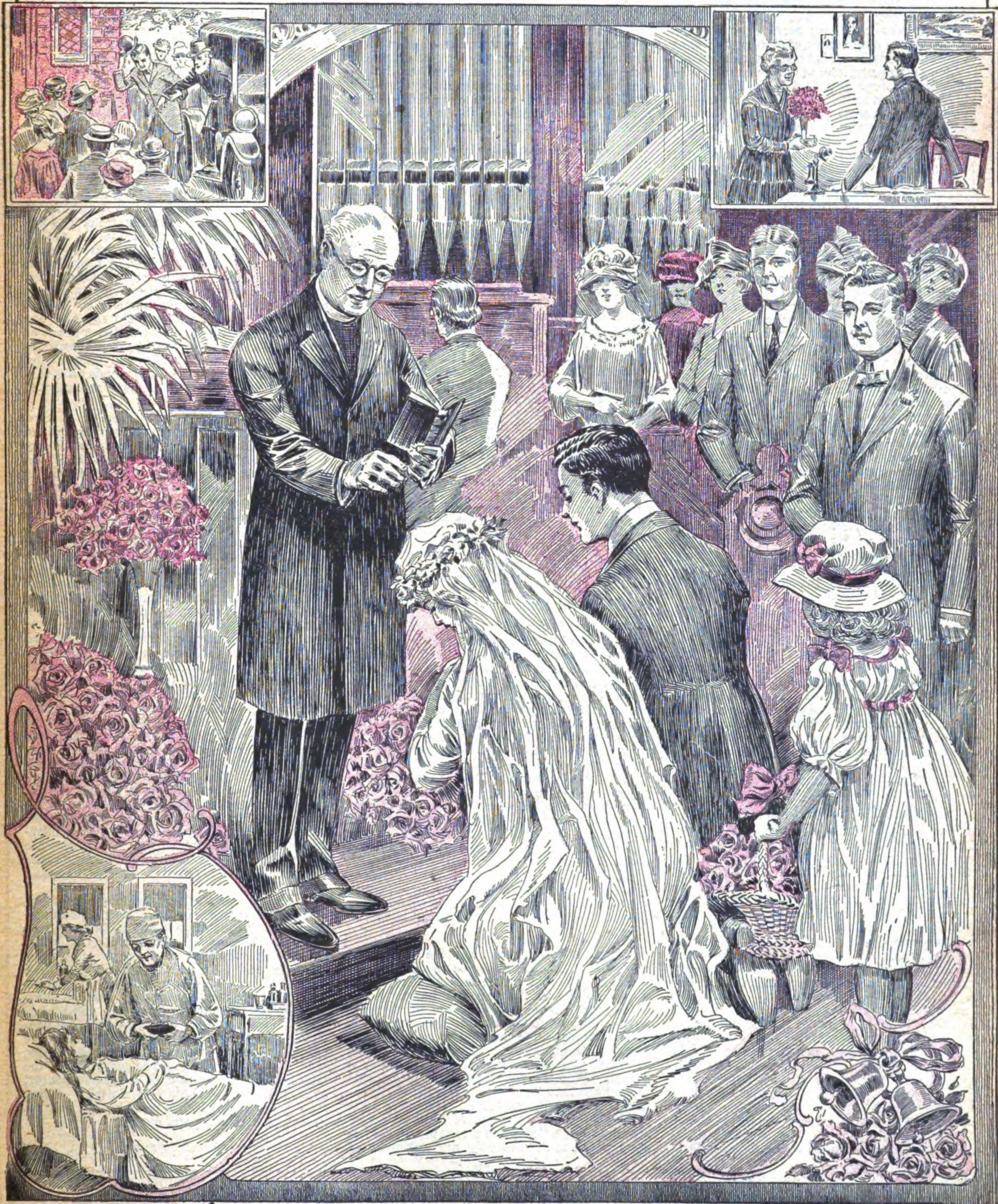


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COMFORT

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in over a Million and a Quarter Homes
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See story, "Tried As By Fire," on page 3.

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COMFORT

EDITORIAL

THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE AND WORDS THAT BURN

Women Should Be Exempt from the Hardship and Indelicacy Necessarily Involved in Jury Service

IF the majority of thinking people in this country have failed to perceive that the protagonists for "equal rights" for both sexes are pushing their legislative efforts to pernicious extremes in some directions, notably in that of subjecting women to jury service, probably the public's lack of discernment, especially in regard to the latter movement, is because the discordant relation of the proposition to the eternal fitness of things has not been presented in the light of reason and common sense, but rather camouflaged by specious arguments and grandiloquent appeals to sentiment. Perhaps a few startling instances illustrative of the practical workings of the "mixed jury" system in States that have recently adopted this legal innovation may serve to draw attention to certain overlooked or unappreciated phases of the question and help to demonstrate the inherent impropriety of extending the duty of jury service to women on terms that are indiscriminate as to sex.

Woman Juror Says Jury Service Is Unfit for Women

Judge Marshall, while presiding over a session of the Court of Common Pleas at Trenton, New Jersey, last March, excused Mrs. Anna Cunningham from further jury service, at her request, after being informed that her experience as a member of two mixed juries (composed of both sexes) within a week had convinced her that women are not fitted for such duty. It is not an infrequent occurrence for a jury, if divided in opinion or slow in deciding a case, to be locked up in the jury room for all-night deliberation, all members being herded together within while a court officer stands guard outside the locked door. This happened to one of the juries on which Mrs. Cunningham served, and she afterwards declared that the strain of this all-night conclave with the male members brought her to the verge of nervous prostration, and that at the time she was interviewed she had not recovered from the effects. In confirmation of her views her husband said: "The present illness of Mrs. Cunningham is the first at all serious in 16 years. I attribute it solely to the mental and nervous strain to which she has been subjected."

Among the numerous reasons cited by Mrs. Cunningham for her reluctance further to participate in the administration of justice she specified her five children and husband. She added: "In a sense, I also consider that jury service is an assault upon the woman's natural modesty, refinement and reserve. Some cases which she is called upon to consider are of a nature so delicate that she shrinks from a frank discussion of the evidence, and yet a just verdict is impossible otherwise. I am speaking for the first time since I began service as a juror, and do so now only that other women may know what to expect if they accept the obligation."

Shocking Ordeal of Women Jurors

Mrs. Josephine Brown, one of seven women jurors who through two days and two nights were confined with the five male members of the jury while considering the case of an automobile thief, prefaced her account of their experience by remarking that "the shocking details are just coming to light." Beds were provided, but the women and men had to sleep in the same room. We briefly summarize her story: "The first night we just sat around on the edges of the beds and talked about the case until we were nearly dead, then crawled into bed but the women did not sleep much. Though one woman talked all night the men didn't lose any sleep, judging from the snoring. Long before daylight we were up and dressed while the men were still snoring. The second night was a repetition of the first, except that the men turned in early, being worn out with arguments, and left the women to their own devices." This happened in Saint Paul, and the storm of indignation raised by the husbands of these women was intensified when Governor Preuse, of Minnesota, siding with them, declared: "Never would I allow Mrs. Preuse to go through such an ordeal."

Although it is deemed essential to the ends of justice that the members of a jury be kept together and safeguarded from possibility of outside influence from the time the trial closes with the judge's instructions until they render a verdict or are discharged because of being unable to agree, it is possible that our jury rooms might be fitted with conveniences to mitigate in some degree the inconveniences suffered by mixed juries. Nevertheless the main objections (so clearly stated by Mrs. Cunningham) to women being closeted with men to discuss indelicate details of a case are fundamental and cannot be obviated.

Jury service should be classed with military service, not as a privilege but a burdensome duty to be performed by those only who are fit. Not all male citizens are subject to jury service; those that are unfit are excluded; those engaged in professions or employments necessary to the public service or the well-being of the community, such as Federal and State officials, physicians, school teachers, clergymen and others whose duties are deemed more important than those of jurors, are exempt from jury service. The burden of motherhood and the supernal duties of "uncrowned queen" of the home imposed on woman by Divine Providence, and due regard for that natural modesty which is the shield of her purity, each and all demand that she be exempt from jury service. If must be that, to satisfy the demands of some adventurous women who crave the experience of serving on a mixed jury, the law is to be changed to make them eligible it should be with a proviso that no woman's name shall be listed for jury duty without her previous written consent. It is proverbial among lawyers and in the courts that women litigants have a distinct advantage over men litigants at the hands of a male jury, which they would lose if tried by a mixed or female jury. The lawyer who defended a woman recently tried for murder of her husband refused to allow any of the women jurors to sit in judgment of his client; she was tried and acquitted by a jury of men. The women should look into and take action on the mixed jury proposition.

Our New Radiophone Department

THROUGH our new department entitled "Radio Flashes", which begins in this issue, COMFORT is prepared to serve and instruct its readers in the most recently developed field of applied science, the construction, operation and use of the wireless telephone, otherwise known as the radiophone. It is but little more than five years since the original inventor succeeded in devising the first apparatus capable of reproducing sound at a distance without wire connection between the sending mechanism and the receiving instrument. It was a very crude, imperfect contrivance but it did the trick and, even though its effective radius was small compared with the great distances covered by the present-day radiophone, foreshadowed to the vision of imaginative experimenters wonderful possibilities many of which have already been achieved through a rapid progression of discoveries and improvements. And the end is not in sight, for scientists tell us that the wireless telephone is in its infancy in development as well as in age.

Until about a year ago the radiophone amounted to but little more than a scientific toy. But during the past twelve months its employment for practical purposes has become so extensive that it is now classed as one of the great public utilities, and the Federal Government has found it necessary to regulate its use in order to secure to the public the most beneficial service of which this new means of communication is capable. Why this regulation of use is essential to good service, indeed to any service at all, by radiophone is easily explained. The voice of a speaker is carried to the ears of his audience by air vibrations, called sound waves; but if a number of people in the assembly are talking at the

same time the sound waves of their several voices interfere so that none is heard distinctly. If each pair of conversationists should talk to each other through a separate speaking-tube, the sound waves being confined within the tubes, there would be no interference and each speaker would be heard distinctly by his respective listener at the other end of the tube even if at opposite ends of the hall. This illustrates the fundamental difference between telephoning by wireless and telephoning by wire. When you talk by wire it is like conversing through a speaking-tube, for the electric current which reproduces your voice through the receiver at the other end is confined to the wire, and only those who have phones on the line you are using can hear or break in on you. But when you talk by wireless telephone (radiophone), transmission is accomplished by means of electro-magnetic waves which travel (like sound waves, but infinitely faster and farther) in every direction through the air, so that any one or any number of persons anywhere within the immense area covered by these waves, if equipped with a wireless receiving apparatus, can listen in; consequently there cannot be any privacy in radiophone communication. Also if two or more persons within radio range of one another are sending out conversation or music at the same time the electro-magnetic transmission waves from the several senders will interfere and no one will be able to catch the sounds distinctly. Hence the necessity for Government regulation of radiophone sending.

There is no regulation or restriction of the use of radiophone receivers; anyone is at liberty to listen in and catch as much as he likes of the radio talk and music that are flying through the air, and there are no tolls to pay for the service. But all radiophone sending stations have to be licensed and can be operated only at such times and under such conditions as are prescribed to prevent interference with the Government service as well as with one another. By using different wave lengths for transmission a limited number of radiophone sending stations can operate in the same area at the same time without interference, and the owner of a receiver, by adjusting his instrument, can switch from one to another so as to listen in as he likes on any one of these senders. The Government distributes daily by radiophone a variety of useful information, and radiophone sending stations in most of the large cities every evening broadcast lectures, speeches, bedtime stories and vocal and instrumental music including concerts by famous orchestras, so that the owner of a receiving set, in any part of the country, and his family and guests can listen to a delightful entertainment any evening, as many thousands do. Many people in the cities are enjoying this privilege, but it is the folks in the small towns and villages and especially in the farm homes that derive the most benefit from the radiophone when and wherever they avail themselves of its wonderful service. The experience of a boy on a Kansas farm, as told in the *Kansas Farmer*, is a good illustration. He said, in part:

"We have been using a radiophone receiving set for about a year and have been regularly receiving market reports, concerts, news items, conversations between operators, reports of stolen automobiles, descriptions of men hunted by the police, and a number of other things. The stations which we can hear best are Pittsburgh, Detroit, Kansas City, Denver, and Madison, Wis. We also hear occasionally from Oak and Wahoo, Neb., Slater, Jefferson City and St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Great Bend and Kiowa, Kan. We get the correct time twice a day from Annapolis, Md. The other evening we had guests here at the farm and all of us listened to a splendid concert by a symphony orchestra in Chicago." Every farm home should have a receiving set, and ere long those that do not will be rare.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 5.)

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Tried As By Fire

By Lula Pauline Whinna

See front cover illustration.

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"EXTRY! Extry! All about Parson Armstrong." Quiet, conservative Plainsburg was astir with excitement. "Heard the news?—Read the Extra?—Foolhardy!—Kissing too much!—A brave man, that of Health allowed it.—He's the preacher for me after this.—Say—"

The story passed from lip to lip.

It was prayer meeting night at the Plainsburg Memorial M. E. church. No sign was needed or blackboard notice to tell passers-by that something of unusual interest was transpiring within that old weather-stained building. It was a common saying among the people of the town that the Methodist church was as dead as a door nail and that, if it were not for the funerals and occasional weddings it might as well close its doors and put up a sign, "For Rent."

The old folks said, when questioned concerning the church's decline: "Our young people today want a stylish preacher and a fine choir and a new church building; they are not satisfied with the old church and the gospel plainly presented and they tell us we're behind the times and that to shout when you get happy is not refined, and so they go around the corner to the Presbyterian church or upon the hill to the new Episcopal church and we are left to bear the burden of a declining church alone."

The young people complained: "The older members of the church are not in sympathy with us. They seem to think that good music is sinful and a polished, well-dressed preacher a disgrace to the pulpit."

So for several years the fight had continued, till the audiences at the regular Sunday services consisted of the preacher, the sexton and fifty or less of the "old guard," while a prayer meeting congregation numbering a dozen was considered as worthy of special mention. No wonder that the strange sight of crowds hurrying toward the Methodist church had roused the quiet community from its long sleep of indifference.

From a vivacious group of young people gathered at the church door came the animated queries: "Have you seen him? Is he married? How old is he? Wonder if he's handsome? Some crowd, Bert—"

Silence fell upon the eager chattering company as Brother Parsons' old familiar "river" drew up at the curb. From it sprang the alert manly figure of the new minister, followed more slowly by the bent form of their old pastor. With a bright smile of greeting and a tip of the soft grey derby, the stranger passed into the church.

"Isn't he a stunner?" observed Bert Foster. "Let's go in and see if he can talk as well as look handsome." Bert Foster was the president of the "West Side Social Club," and as such wielded a powerful influence over the young people of that community. Following his example, a year back, the whole club had bidden farewell to the Methodist church and become "religious tramps," claiming no church as their own.

When the papers first announced the fact that the pastor of the Memorial M. E. church had been forced to retire because of a nervous breakdown (caused by preaching to empty benches, townspeople said) and that a young man was to take his place for the unexpired term, great was the excitement among the former adherents of that church. The club held a special meeting and decided to attend the new preacher's first service in a body, and they unanimously voted: "If he appears to be the right kind of a fellow we'll stand by him and help stir things up at the old church."

As the newly-appointed pastor, the Rev. Gordon Armstrong, passed up the church aisle to his place on the platform, he was conscious of the fact that every eye in that large gathering was focused upon him. He had been told by a not over-wise friend of the unpleasant relations existing between the old and young of the church and he realized that his position was to be no sinecure; nevertheless he was there as shepherd for all the flock and to be true to his trust he must side with neither faction.

As the first hymn was being sung, he had an opportunity of looking over his audience. Down near the main door he noticed a large company of young people and as he heard their full, rich voices swelling out in the old gospel hymn, he made a mental resolve that before many weeks rolled around he'd have a chorus choir that any church might envy. At the close of the service an informal reception was held in order that the new pastor might greet personally the members of his new flock. It seemed a strange working of Providence that as the people gathered around the chancel, Bert Foster and old Brother Simington (better known as "Old Crusty") should have reached the minister's side together and that the preacher should have extended a hand in greeting to each simultaneously. There they stood, representatives of the two warring factions, united for once. Mr. Armstrong seemed to appreciate the situation for he laughingly whispered: "Let the Blue and the Gray salute."

Although fully cognizant of the fact that he was but filling out an unexpired term, Mr. Armstrong lost no time getting down to work. Brother Parsons, moving to a distant city, left the parsonage open for the new man, and Gordon at once established his mother there and kept "open house" for his parishioners. The swift passing weeks convinced the community that Gordon Armstrong was a round peg for a round hole; a man that any church might point to with pride as "Our Pastor!"

At his suggestion a large chorus choir of young people occupied special seats to the right of the pulpit every Sabbath, and already the fame of its music as luring strangers to the services. Mr. Armstrong was also responsible for the fact that at a special meeting held in the parsonage, the "West Side Social Club" unanimously agreed to change its name to "The Memorial Social Union," and their first "job" was to raise funds to equip a gymnasium which the preacher was anxious to open in the basement of the church.

A strong body and a great heart, combined with a saving sense of humor, made Gordon Armstrong a marked man in the old conservative town. Old and young became his friends and the town clergy of other denominations soon recognized that in the new Methodist incumbent they had found a real brother minister.

His pulpit work showed careful preparation. As one of his ardent admirers confided to a skeptical neighbor: "As a preacher he can't be beat. His gospel messages are full of tenderness and help; simple enough for you and me to understand and yet full of thought profound enough for the most learned professor." Even old Brother Dinmore, who had fought him bitterly at first because he thought he was too stylish a preacher and too partial to the young folks, paid a formal call upon the district superintendent in the hope of being able to persuade that dignitary to use all his influence with the bishop to have "the young man" returned to them for another year at least.

Aside from his preaching, he had won favor for himself by his pastoral visits. His sick and aged seemed to be his special care, and the life of many a weary "shut-in" had been made the brighter by his cheery smile.

Taking it all in all, Gordon Armstrong, as he sat in his study, just six weeks before the opening of "Conference," might well have said to himself,

truthfully: "Old fellow, you've made a 'hit,' sure enough! I congratulate you!" But instead of that he sat musing by his study fire, a look of anxiety and almost pain upon his face. A light knock at the closed door roused him from his reverie. "Come in," and almost before the words were spoken a light touch fell on his arm, and looking up he saw his mother bending over him. Pride mingled with anxiety in her voice and manner as she held over his head a large bunch of crimson American Beauties and laughingly whispered: "Gordon, guess who sent them."

To her surprise there was no light response from her son, and looking at him more closely she noticed the look of pain and worry on his face. "Why, Gordon, my boy, what's the matter? Has anything gone wrong? Tell me about it." "Well, mother," he replied gravely, "read this," and he handed her an opened letter which was lying on his desk. "I've tried so hard to win that family and I've failed. I really believe Elsa and Myra would attend our church if Mrs. Livingstone were not so bitter. I can't understand why she insists upon making me suffer for the sins of my predecessor, and I believe he was innocent of the charges she makes against him. Well, I don't think that I'll send her the 'letter' tonight. I'll make one more attempt to win her. I'll call there tomorrow." By the way, mother, you must be a little more careful about your visits to the sick now. Dr. Smythe called up this afternoon and told me that the little Anderson boy I called to see over on the East Side last week has the smallpox, and the doctor further said that he was afraid that we were going to have a regular epidemic of it in town. They've turned that old frame building out on Forest Hill into an emergency hospital and they've taken little Harry there. Now, mother, to change the subject suddenly, for I don't want to make you blue, what about the flowers? Who did send them? Fessup! Tell me, you know I'm no good at guessing. No, I'm not blushing—I'm too old for that—but really I'm quite curious to find out who sends those beautiful flowers here every Saturday evening. It's strange, too, how you or Ellen always mislay the accompanying card. Did you lose it, this time?"

With a strange smile on her face, Mrs. Armstrong handed him the flowers and two tiny cards—"Mrs. John Steacy"—"Miss Steacy"—and then quietly left the room. A frown gathered on the young man's face as he read the names on the bits of fashionable cardboard. Mildred Steacy was his thorn in the flesh. Wealthy, talented, beautiful; what more could any sensible man ask? In the parlance of her social world, she was a "great catch," but to Gordon Armstrong her triple attractions appealed not at all. They had met for the first time at a reception given in his honor by Prof. Erickson, the president of his board of trustees. It seemed to be a case of love at first sight on her part and cool indifference on his. A few moments' conversation with her had convinced him that the beautiful casket contained but a sham jewel. A society girl, petted and spoiled; her sudden interest in religious matters caused much wonder and speculation. To the surprise of everyone, the fastidious Mildred became a weekly visitor to the poor and needy of the town.

Clad in a perfect-fitting tailor-made gown, with her basket of jellies, and flowers from her home conservatory, she made a beautiful picture of Lady Bountiful as, seated in her electric sedan or yellow roadster, she would whirl up to the parsonage to consult with the dear pastor about the needy sick.

At first he had accepted her proffered help gladly, for her flowers and her bright presence were both very welcome in the homes of the sick, but after a time he began to realize that people were talking. After that he sent to her home each week a list of the sick where her help would be appreciated, and then, strange to say, her interest in the work began to lessen, till, one day, there came to him a tiny perfumed note:

"MY DEAR MR. ARMSTRONG:
"Owing to a press of social duties I shall be compelled to give up my regular work among the sick. My roadster, however, is at your disposal whenever you care to use it. Come and see us.
"Cordially yours,
"MILDRED STEACY."

In response to her invitation he had called several times only to be strengthened in his first opinion that, beautiful and talented though she was, there were lacking in her the essential characteristics of a true "home maker." The family did not belong to the Memorial church so he felt free to act as his head and heart both dictated in the matter.

Almost a month had elapsed since his last call at "The Poppars" and he had about decided not to call again when an invitation arrived for his mother and himself to attend a "Rose Fete" to be given by Mr. and Mrs. John Steacy for their daughter Mildred. After much urging on the part of his mother (who would gladly have welcomed Mildred to her heart and home as Gordon's wife) he had accepted the invitation.

Never had Mildred looked more beautiful—bewitchingly beautiful—than that night as she stood by her mother's side, welcoming the guests. Dressed in shimmering white, a wreath of crimson buds on her queenly head, a single American Beauty nestling in the lace of her bosom, she made a picture of rare loveliness. Even Gordon Armstrong fell a victim to her charms as she bade him welcome to her "Garden of Roses."

The great reception hall and parlors had been transformed so as to represent a rose garden. The color scheme, crimson and green, was carried out to perfection; even the electric lights shone out from the hearts of large crimson roses. Hidden by a lattice of climbing roses, at one end of the reception hall an orchestra discoursed sweet, dreamy music. This, combined with the weird effect of the rose-shaded lights, made one feel as if a magic wand had transplanted them into a bit of fairyland.

As souvenirs of the occasion, Mildred gave to each guest, as they bade her good night, a tiny crimson rosebud. What sudden impulse caused Gordon Armstrong to whisper, "May I have this one?" touching lightly the full-blown flower which Mildred had worn all the evening, he never knew but he regretted his action almost before the words had left his lips; and when, later, alone in his study, he took the flower from the lapel of his coat, he said to himself reprovingly: "Gordon Armstrong, you've done wrong. It isn't fair to the girl. Stop!"

The following Saturday evening while busy running over his sermons for the next day, the maid handed in a bunch of exquisite American Beauty roses. In response to his inquiry concerning the donor, Ellen replied that the card was torn off. His mother, on being questioned, seemed no better informed concerning the matter, and so the flowers were placed in a vase on his desk. After this had happened three or four consecutive Saturday evenings he became annoyed and suspicious, and insisted that his mother could, if she would, tell him who was sending the flowers, and he told her very positively that if they came again without a card, he would not receive them.

It did not come as a great surprise to Gordon as he read the names of the parties who were responsible for the weekly gift—from the very first he had suspected that Mildred Steacy was back of the gift.

A look of sadness chased from his face the frown of displeasure as he gathered together the

beautiful blossoms and joined his mother in the drawing-room.

"Mother," he said very gently but positively, "this must stop! I will not receive them again. If they continue to come you must write Mrs. Steacy a note of thanks for your flowers. You meant it for kindness but you did wrong in concealing from me the names of the senders. I fear you have put me in a false position with Miss Steacy. I regret it very greatly."

"Oh, Gordon," cried his mother, "I did it for your good. I was afraid you wouldn't receive the flowers if once you saw the cards and so I destroyed them—but I'm so sorry I've displeased you. Forgive me and I'll do my best to straighten out the tangle."

"Well, never mind, my little diplomatic mother, we won't worry over the matter. Let's go over to the church and see how the choir rehearsal under the new leader is progressing." The week which followed was a busy one for there was much to be done before "Conference," especially so as he wanted to leave the charge of the matter of records, in first-class condition for fear he might not be returned as its pastor.

Every day he planned to call at the Livingstones in reference to Mrs. Livingstone's letter, but every day something happened to prevent him from doing as he had intended.

Friday afternoon Dr. Smythe met him on the street and asked him if he had heard of the illness of Elsa and Myra Livingstone. On replying that he had not, the doctor said, "I was sent for Wednesday night to see Myra, and yesterday when I called I found Elsa sick. The symptoms point to a very severe attack of grip. I hope it will not prove to be anything more serious. No one is allowed to see them so there is no use of your calling there. I'm on my way there now."

That same evening as Mr. Armstrong and his mother were at dinner the phone bell rang. In answer to his "Helloa," Gordon was shocked to hear Dr. Smythe say: "Have just sent Myra and Elsa Livingstone to the Emergency hospital suffering with smallpox. It's a terrible thing. The poor mother is almost frantic. She is under quarantine so none of her friends can go to her. I very much fear that Elsa will die."

Gordon was so overcome that he could scarcely tell the dreadful news to his mother. "It seems too good to be true that those two girls were stricken down in all their beauty by that most loathsome of all diseases."

"Oh," cried Mrs. Armstrong, "how I wish I could go to that poor mother tonight. She must be almost crazy."

On the following Sunday the chief topic of conversation was the smallpox epidemic and the sad condition of the Livingstone girls. Dr. Smythe said: "The report concerning the girls which I received from the hospital this morning was very discouraging. Both girls are in a serious condition but for Elsa they have little hope of recovery."

The picture painted in such dark colors was too pitiful to contemplate. "Necessarily deserted by family and friends—suffering and perhaps dying without anyone to say a word of comfort or cheer—dark, indeed is their hour of trial; but how can I help them?" mused Mr. Armstrong sadly.

The passing of the days only served to increase the horror of the situation—"Elsa is dying," phoned Dr. Smythe.

Thursday night the Memorial church was packed to the doors with an enthusiastic crowd of Christian Endeavorers. It was a great union meeting of all the societies of the town. On the platform were the pastors and C. E. officials from the various churches. The main address of the evening by the Rev. Gordon Armstrong was ended and the beautiful consecration hymn, "I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go, Dear Lord," had just been announced.

"It may not be on the mountain's height,
Or over the stormy sea;
It may not be at the battle's front
My Lord may have need of me.
But, if by a still small voice He calls
To paths that I do not know,
I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine,
I'll go where You want me to go."

Earnestly and with great feeling Mr. Armstrong read the lines. Let us not sing this hymn carelessly, but rather let us realize what the words mean. If the test were made to-night, wonder how many of us would prove true? It's easy to sing, "I'll go where You want me to go," but it may be a 'trial as by fire' for us to go. Now let us all sing and mean what we sing."

Led by the Memorial Chorus the familiar words rang out heartily.

As the second verse was being sung, an usher stepped to the platform and told Mr. Armstrong that he was wanted on the phone. When, a few moments later, he returned to the church he was pale but composed. A few whispered words to his mother and to one of the ministers and he again left the church, taking his mother with him.

As the door closed behind them the singing ceased and the minister to whom Mr. Armstrong had spoken rose and in a voice trembling with emotion said: "To the pastor of this church has come the 'testing time' of which he spoke only a few moments ago and he has proved himself true blue. You all know that the Misses Livingstone of our town are lying at the Emergency hospital, suffering with smallpox. When Brother Armstrong left us a few moments ago he received a phone message from the hospital physician saying that both girls were in a critical condition and that they were pleading for a minister in order that they might receive spiritual comfort and be baptized. He has gone to those dying girls. Let us pray."

As Gordon Armstrong led his mother into the parsonage a full realization of what he was about to do swept over him. "It is not a brave man who does not fear danger but rather should we call him brave who, fully realizing the danger, still goes forth to fulfill his duty." So with Gordon Armstrong—he was no less a hero because he realized the danger of the step he was about to take. Very quietly he bade his mother "good by." It was not a time for talking but for doing and there was no hesitancy in his step as he started for the hospital.

As the door closed upon her boy, Mrs. Armstrong's composure deserted her. For his sake she had kept the tears back while he remained with her but as she sat there by his study fire, alone, no one could wonder that the mother heart was sad. Bravely she fought against her fears as she sat in the quiet, waiting for some message from the hospital. "His duty was to go; mine is to wait," she said to herself.

Reaching the hospital, Gordon found Dr. Benson anxiously waiting for him in the tiny office. "Mr. Armstrong," he said, "I'm mighty glad you've come. The case of these Livingstone girls is one of the saddest I've ever handled. The older one, Miss Elsa, is dying, and both girls realize it. I suppose I really should not have phoned for you but when they pleaded so hard for a minister I could not refuse to at least try to grant their request. I confess I was very doubtful of your coming, but Miss Myra insisted, 'I know Mr. Armstrong will come,' and she evidently knew her man. I'm glad you're here."

"Well, doctor," replied Mr. Armstrong, "I wouldn't have had much respect for myself if I had refused to answer a call as urgent as

this. I'm here to give what help and comfort I can to those poor girls. Will I be allowed to return home tonight or must I remain here in quarantine? I'd like to phone some word of certainty to my mother for she will be very anxious; then I'm in your hands, ready to act as you may direct."

"Personally, I don't think that you'll be in any danger of carrying the disease," was the doctor's reply. "For you'll be thoroughly disinfected before leaving here so you may go home—but in obedience to orders from the Board of Health, I must insist that you go into quarantine in your own home for a couple of weeks. If at the end of that time no trouble develops, and I think none will, the authorities will be willing for you to resume your regular work. We have to take every precaution for the good of all."

"I understand perfectly," said Mr. Armstrong. "I'll phone my mother to prepare the third floor of the parsonage for me and up there I'll be completely isolated. If the unexpected should happen, I'll—"

"Don't have such a thought in your mind," broke in Dr. Benson, hurriedly. "Come with me."

When a few minutes later the preacher emerged from the dressing-room, he was attired in a loose white robe reaching to his feet, with a white muslin cap completely covering his head. But the change of attire had not altered the great tender heart nor dimmed the luster of the kindly beaming eye. Full of sympathy and eager to help, he entered the ward.

There in a screened off corner of the long white-washed room, upon two cots, side by side, lay the disease-marked forms of the girls he had last seen in church so full of health and strength. There was no sign of beauty in those swollen, discolored faces. Instinctively Gordon Armstrong closed his eyes to shut out the harrowing sight. When at last he found courage to approach the nearest cot, he found the eyes of Myra Livingstone fastened upon him with such a look of unutterable sadness that all fear and horror fled from him and only a great desire to help and comfort took possession of him.

Some scenes are too sacred for pen or of writer to touch upon or brush of artist to portray. Only the Recording Angel could write down the record of that midnight visit but ere the morning broke the Joy Bells of Heaven were ringing with the news that two more hearts had made their peace with God. Oh, how tenderly had the message of love been given to the stricken girls. Truly, divine help and inspiration were given to the preacher in his "hour of testing."

Before leaving, Mr. Armstrong, at Myra's request, administered to both girls the rite of Christian baptism. It needed no physician's voice to tell him that Elsa was nearing the end of the journey, and when he said "good by" he realized that ere the sun would set on another day she would be in the land where sickness and suffering are unknown and where "farwell" is never spoken.

Myra's few words at parting and the look of peace on the face of her dying sister more than repaid him for the risk he had taken.

As Mr. Armstrong turned from the screened-in beds, the nurse whispered to him: "Won't you speak just a word to the rest of the patients? When it was rumored that a minister was coming to see the Misses Livingstone, every patient in the ward became interested."

"How many patients have you now?" queried Mr. Armstrong.

"Fifteen," replied the nurse. "Nine in this ward, and six, including one little boy, in the men's. We expect another doctor and a head nurse from the city tomorrow. Fortunately most of the cases have been light ones and the authorities think that the epidemic is under control. Still, they're not taking any chances."

Looking at the little uniformed figure by his side, Gordon said huskily: "You're a brave little woman to stand by this job. Of course I'll speak to the rest of your patients."

From bed to bed they went, minister and nurse, giving comfort, for body and soul, as best they might, to each sufferer.

As they entered the men's ward they were greeted by an enthusiastic cry from the bed by the far window: "There he is! I knew he'd come!"

Approaching the bed, Mr. Armstrong said: "Helloa, Harry! How did you know me in these funny clothes? And why aren't you asleep?"

"Oh," broke in the nurse quietly, "Harry's been begging to see you ever since he was brought here and when I heard Dr. Benson say that you were coming to see the Misses Livingstone, I peeped in here and, finding Harry awake, I told him the good news. He evidently has shared his secret with the other patients, for, see, all eyes are turned this way."

"It was the strangest audience I ever faced," said Mr. Armstrong afterwards, "but the Lord surely put words in my mouth. I only spoke a few moments but I tried to make it a message of comfort and good cheer."

After taking every precaution possible, Mr. Armstrong bade Dr. Benson good by and hurried through the deserted streets back to the parsonage. As his key turned in the lock, his mother was there to greet him.

"No, no, mother," he cried, "don't come near me! Let me go upstairs at once. Remember I'm under quarantine and—"

"All right," bravely acquiesced his mother, "so am I, and we'll face the future together. Ellen is away because of her mother's death and I've written giving her a two weeks' vacation and we'll just keep house alone until the quarantine is lifted. The phone will bring us all we need and, Gordon—"

"Mother! Mother!" broke in her son, "I can't allow you to take this risk. You—"

Gently but positively he was silenced as she led him to the foot of the stairs, where she said: "Go and get some sleep, you're worn out. In the morning we can plan for the days ahead. No, not another word," she insisted.

Like a tired child Gordon climbed the stairs, obedient to his mother's command.

With mother wisdom, Mrs. Armstrong did not follow but going to the kitchen she prepared a tempting tray of crisp toast, hot milk and fruit. Reaching his room, she persuaded him to eat the lunch she put before him, and then sitting down on the side of the bed she "mothered" him until he fell asleep.

The strain upon his emotional nature had been great and he slept the sleep of complete exhaustion.

He was roused by the ringing of his study telephone. It was, as he feared, a message from the hospital.

Miss Elsa died a half hour after you left, Mr. Armstrong. Her mother has requested that you conduct the simple services at the grave. A carriage will call for you at two."

Sad, indeed, was the burial! Only the undertaker and the old family physician, Dr. Smythe, representing the stricken mother, stood with uncovered heads as the flower-covered casket was lowered into its last resting place. Gordon Armstrong's voice trembled with emotion as he spoke the old familiar words, "dust to dust."

By the following Sabbath the town was wild with excitement over the action of the Memorial pastor. Some censured him—some lauded him to the skies. By some his action was

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 8.)

Stella Roosevelt

by Mrs. Georgie Sheldon



Not the least attractive was the light and airy, though costly, phaeton of Mr. Roosevelt's ward.



"You can be gratified, for there she stands now."



With an angry gleam in his eyes, he led Star from the room.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

A terrible storm at sea and from a steamer running between Liverpool and New York is Stella Roosevelt Gladstone, an orphan, on her way to distant relatives in New York. She is befriended by Jacob Roosevelt, who is startled when he learns her mother called her "Star," her grandmother giving her the name. A fire breaks out and the boats are rapidly filled. Stella refuses to go unless room is made for Mr. Roosevelt, who the next day suffers from an ill turn and is carefully nursed by her. The sixth day they are rescued. Mr. Roosevelt is told of the care Stella gave him during his illness and while thanking her a young man approaches and Mr. Roosevelt introduces Archibald Sherbrooke, whose home is in Derbyshire where Star's father preached. Star's shawl becomes loosened and not finding the pin, Mr. Sherbrooke draws one, an exquisitely carved stone, from his necktie, and Stella pins the shawl and then tells the story of the wreck and her endeavor to save Mr. Roosevelt's life. Arriving in New York, Mr. Sherbrooke places a card in her hand with his address upon it. Stella, remembering the pin, passes it to him. He begs her to keep it as a souvenir. Wishing she had something to give, he will accept a lock of her hair. Stella is met by Mrs. Blunt, Mrs. Richards' housekeeper, who hurries her away. Stella receives a cool reception from her aunt, who had written she would befriend and educate Stella until able to care for herself, and learns she is to be degraded to the level of a common servant. She asks her aunt if her father, from what she wrote him, had any idea she was to come into the family as a servant. Mrs. Richards does not relent, and Stella appeals to Mr. Richards, giving him the letter written by her father to Mrs. Richards and her reply. Stella has one hundred pounds. Could she not use it and then teach, relieving his wife of all responsibility? Mrs. Richards is surprised at Stella's suggestion and Mr. Richards makes arrangements for her to attend a select school, she giving a part of each day to household work. Stella wins, at commencement, a part in the class exercises and surprises Mr. Richards by her instrumental music, essay and promotion to the senior class. Josephine, admiring the cameo worn by Stella suggests she give it to her, as her wardrobe does not correspond with it. Going to Stella's room and finding the cameo, Josephine takes it and discovers the initials "A. S." Stella misses the cameo and is suspicious who has it. In the meanwhile Mr. Richards receives a letter from Mrs. Richards' Uncle Jacob. He has lost all, is penniless and will accept the home that was offered him when rich. Mrs. Richards refuses to receive him, the house is full, and Mr. Richards is left troubled. Upon his arrival he is taken to the Lodge to sleep. Mr. Roosevelt meets Star who offers her room to him and does all she can to brighten his life. Mrs. Richards receives him coldly, and Josephine ignores her. Mrs. Richards and Mr. Josephine go to Long Branch where they meet Lord Carroll, of Carleton, Derbyshire, England, who appears pleased with Josephine and requests permission of her mother to call. Noticing a ring Josephine wears and examining it he sees the initials "A. S." Josephine claims it is given by a relative. Lord Carroll cannot understand it. The next day he leaves for New York. Stella, hurrying to take a train for home, and in danger, is stopped by Archibald Sherbrooke and the acquaintance renewed. Stella tells him that she and Mr. Roosevelt are in the same home. Mr. Roosevelt goes to New York with Stella to call upon Mr. Sherbrooke in his studio and arranges a pleasure trip for them to Coney Island for the following day. When they return from it Stella is the promised wife of Archibald Sherbrooke. Lord Carroll, of Carleton, thought to be Josephine's betrothed, is expected. Stella sees in him her promised husband, Archibald Sherbrooke. She passes a sleepless night. Walking to the lodge, she meets Archibald, and he cannot understand why he finds her there. Believing he is acting a part, for he wins her love as Archibald Sherbrooke, he appears as Lord Carroll of Carleton, the expected husband of her cousin, and refusing his explanation she bids him go back to Josephine and ask her for the cameo he gave her. Archibald seeks Mr. Richards' confidence and explains his position, his meeting Star on the steamer, his interest in her and later her promised husband, his ignorance that she is an inmate of this house, his meeting Stella and her refusal to listen to him. Mrs. Richards, overhearing his story and determined that her plans shall not fall, seeks Stella in the lodge, where she has gone for sympathy from Mr. Roosevelt. She upbraids Stella for conducting herself in a shameless manner, misconstruing Lord Carroll's attentions and accusing him with unfaithfulness. Stella is crushed with shame and humiliation, and the next morning Mr. Roosevelt and Stella go to New York where they make their home. Lord Carroll leaves a note for Josephine requesting her to send the cameo to his address that he may return it to the owner should he be so happy as to find her. Stella graduates with honor from the Normal College and Mr. Appleton introduces her as the author of "Chatsworth's Pride." She meets Grace Meredith and her brother Ralph who requests the pleasure, with his sister, of calling upon her. Reaching home, Mr. Roosevelt tells to Stella the story of his life, his love for and engagement to be married to Stella's grandmother, and then his love for her for her kindness to him. She goes to her room and opens the sealed package given to her by her father.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WHAT NEXT?

STAR Gladstone's eighteenth birthday dawned as bright and charming as it was possible for a morning to be. At eight o'clock she and Mr. Roosevelt sat down to their breakfast, and a merry meal they made of it, for both appeared in the best of spirits, in spite of the sad and exciting events of the previous evening upon which they had conversed.

About nine a handsome carriage drove to their humble abode, and the driver rang and asked for the "gentleman and lady who were going for a drive in the park."

Star looked surprised as she peered from the window and saw a pair of sleek, coal-black horses, with their silver-mounted harnesses, and the shining, velvet-lined coach.

"Uncle Jacob, did you order that carriage to come for us?" she asked.

"Yes, my dear," he said, with an expression of satisfaction, as he, too, looked out and saw the team. "It is not often that I ride, as you well know, but when I do, I like to go in style. One ride a year in 'shipshape' would satisfy me, where a half dozen in some broken-down hack wouldn't give me a bit of pleasure. Now, put on your hat, and tuck some roses in your belt, as you did yesterday, for this is to be a gala day, and I want you as fine as possible."

Star laughed and tripped away to obey, coming back after a few moments with such a bright and happy face that Mr. Roosevelt thought she had never looked so lovely before.

All the morning they drove, four long, delightful hours—hours that were always a pleasant memory afterward to both of them; and many who saw the nicely dressed old gentleman, with the fair, bright, golden-haired girl beside him in their elegant carriage, thought what a green old age must be his, with so much to make life pleasant.

About one o'clock they turned toward the city once more, and Star said, with a sigh of pleasure: "Uncle Jacob, I believe there never was such a perfect day before, and I'm sure I never enjoyed a birthday more. You were very kind to plan this pleasure for me."

The old gentleman's eyes twinkled. Her delight, her bright, animated face were such a joy to him.

"If I only had been rich as I used to be, I should so like to have made you some nice present today—a watch, for instance," he said.

"You gave me something last night which I value far better—your confidence," Star said, softly.

"I should like a watch," she added, after a moment, "and I mean to have one some time. When I have earned it, you shall go and select it for me, if you will. But what have you done with your own, Uncle Jacob? You had a very nice one when I first met you, and I remember seeing it on you after the wreck."

"Watches and I have not had much in common during the last two years," he answered, evasively; and she thought perhaps he had been obliged to sell it since he became poor.

All at once the carriage stopped in a quiet street uptown, which, Star noticed, was lined on both sides with elegant brownstone dwellings.

"What are we stopping here for?" she asked.

"A good woman whom I used to know lives here, and I thought, as we were in gala attire today, I would like to stop and make a call, and introduce my Star to her," Mr. Roosevelt said, preparing to alight.

He helped Star out, and together they went up the marble steps.

Mr. Roosevelt rang the bell, and then took a card from one of his pockets, and, with an arch smile, said:

"It almost seems as if we were really fine people, doesn't it, dressed in our best, riding about in our carriage, and sending our cards in at a brownstone house?"

"Yes, indeed; and it would be such fun if we could keep it up for a while," Star said, gayly.

Mr. Roosevelt laughed.

"Would you like to be a fine lady, Star?" he asked.

"I don't know," she answered, thoughtfully. "I believe I should like to try it for a little while, just to see how it would seem."

There was not time for any more conversation, for the door was at this moment opened by a neat-looking servant.

She appeared to recognize Mr. Roosevelt, for she greeted him with a smile, and then her eyes wandered inquiringly to Star's lovely face.

She invited them to enter, and conducted them into a handsome drawing-room on the right of the hall, when, taking Mr. Roosevelt's card, she retired, leaving them alone.

"What a lovely room!" Star breathed, as her eyes roved about the apartment.

Mr. Roosevelt merely nodded his head in reply, while he watched the door with evident impatience.

It was soon slowly opened, and a familiar face appeared in the aperture—a face all beaming with smiles of pleasure and good nature.

"Mrs. Blunt!" cried Star, in astonishment; and springing toward the woman, she grasped both her hands warmly.

"Yes, Miss Star," the woman returned, half laughing, half crying; "I am Mrs. Blunt, or I'm much mistaken, as I sometimes imagine I may be when I get to thinking about everything, and how strange it has all turned out. How well you're looking, miss, and it does my old eyes a wonderful sight of good to see your bright face again."

Star thought her language somewhat ambiguous; but everything seemed rather ambiguous just then.

"Do you live here?" she questioned.

"Yes, I live here; or—"

"Have you been in New York long? and why haven't we seen you before? and what are you laughing at?"

The young girl's astonishment seemed to increase, for the woman appeared strangely, and was shaking with suppressed laughter.

"I'm laughing because I'm so glad to see you. I've been in New York a month, and haven't been to see you because the last time I saw Mr. Roosevelt he told me he was going to bring you to see me soon; so I've been content to wait," Mrs. Blunt explained.

Star wondered if the present occupant of that elegant place allowed her housekeeper to entertain her friends in the drawing-room; if so, it was surely a new departure, and not exactly in accordance with Mrs. Richards' ideas of the treatment of servants.

"Take off your hat, dearie," Mrs. Blunt continued, "for I have a nice little lunch waiting for you."

"A lunch?" repeated Star, in amazement, and

with a puzzled look at Mr. Roosevelt, who was regarding her attentively.

"Yes; I had orders to get up the nicest lunch I could for my old friends, and I'm much mistaken if I haven't done it," the woman replied, with an air of satisfaction.

"You must have a very kind mistress," the fair girl said, as she drew off her gloves and removed her hat.

"I have, the best in the world," the queer creature returned with a chuckle. "But come, I'll show you the way to the dining-room."

Mr. Roosevelt arose, and drawing Star's hand within his arm, followed her to a room on the opposite side of, and farther down, the hall.

As she opened the door, Star saw a charming dining-room, furnished in costly woods of different colors, its floor inlaid in an artistic and lovely pattern.

In the center stood a table, covered with a heavy white damask cloth, and spread with a glittering array of silver and cut glass, and where also a most tempting repast was awaiting them.

Mr. Roosevelt led his wondering companion to one side of the table, and, looking down upon her with the fondest look in the world, said, in a voice which was not quite steady:

"Star, my dear, my pure-hearted, faithful little friend, I here formally install you as mistress of your own table and of your own home. This is to be your seat henceforth—mine opposite; and, my darling—for such you have become to me—I trust you will be as happy as an old man's love, gratitude and wealth can make you."

Star had grown suddenly pale while he spoke, and regarded him with a puzzled expression.

"I do not understand," she said, clasping both her small hands around his arm and leaning heavily upon him.

"I will tell you," he answered, tenderly. "When you met me on board that ill-fated steamer I was a very rich man. When it was wrecked, and I had discovered that you were the grandchild of the only woman whom I ever loved, and also what a kind, tender little heart you had, I formed a sudden resolution. I had always, as I told you last night, been flattered and caajoled by my relatives, who knew I was rich, and I resolved that I would test their sincerity. If they stood it, I would divide my fortune into three portions, one of which should be yours, the others theirs. If they did not, it should all be yours, if you proved the true, noble character which I believed you to be. That was one reason why I was so keenly disappointed to find you gone when I went to bid you farewell on the steamer; but I meant to search for you all the time. And so I pretended to be the poor old man whom you remember coming to Ellen Richards' that night. You know the result. No one was true to me or kind to me but my Star. Yet I had become so suspicious of everybody, that I resolved to study even you thoroughly before I committed myself; and so I concluded to wait until you had completed your education before telling you of my actual position in life. It was very hard, though, when you were in such trouble that last night in Yonkers, when you told me your secret about writing your book, and offered to share your little all with me 'because I was not happy there,' and I was sorely tempted to tell you all, surround you at once with everything to make life beautiful, and place you in a position far above the daughter of the woman who had treated you so shamefully. On second thought, however, I deemed it best to wait until your education should be completed, for then you would be more free to enjoy the good things of life."

"Then you have not been poor at all?" faltered Star, as he paused for a moment.

"No; I have had abundance. I own this house, and have for years. I own a block on Broadway, and—well, little one, there is enough to enable you and me to do pretty much as we like for the remainder of our lives," he answered, with a fond smile.

"Then I cannot take care of you. I thought I was going to make you so comfortable, and that, with teaching and the income from my book, we could have such nice times together," Star said, wistfully, and hardly able, even yet, to comprehend the change in her circumstances.

Mr. Roosevelt patted her softly on the shoulder, though a tear sprang to his eyes at her words.

"No, dear," he returned; "you cannot take care of me in that way. I am going to take care of you; but you can still make me comfortable. We can still have nice times together, and I shall be very proud to introduce the young authoress of 'Chatsworth's Pride' as my ward and future heiress."

"Bless you, child!" he continued, his fine face glowing with happiness; "don't you suppose it is going to be a comfort to me to try to make you happy and give you everything you wish, after all your constancy, patience and self-denial for me?"

He forced her gently into her chair, and, going around to the opposite side of the table, began to wait upon her in the most chivalrous manner.

"Ah! this is what I call comfort, dear," he said, in a satisfied tone, after Mrs. Blunt had withdrawn to see that the strawberries and cream were properly served; "this is what I have been dreaming about for a whole year; and now, after we have appeased our hunger, we will go over the house, and see if everything suits you. What are you looking at the clock for? Your school days are over, Miss Gladstone."

Star laughed somewhat nervously, and flushed.

"I was looking to see how many hours would elapse before the clock would strike twelve, and wondering if it would dissolve the spell that is on me."

"No fear of that, Starling. The hours, days and months, and years, I trust, will roll by and bring you only joy and pleasure, with no rude awakening. You shall have music and painting to your heart's content. You shall have a pair of

ponies and a phaeton of the most approved style; and, in fact, little girl, it will take you a good while to find the bottom of my purse. But how do you like your tea-service? I chose it myself, and had it marked expressly for you."

"It is perfectly lovely," Star replied, as her eyes roved admiringly over the beautiful and costly equipage, upon each piece of which there gleamed a star in delicate frost-work.

"I'm glad you like it. And now, my dear, suppose you open that small box by your plate."

Star gave him a wondering look—indeed, all her looks had been wondering ones during the last hour—and opened a small white box, which had until now lain unnoticed beside her plate.

She found inside a morocco case, and springing back the lid of this, an elegant little watch and chain were exposed to her delighted eyes.

"Uncle Jacob! I cannot tell whether I am awake or dreaming," she cried, a rosy flush spreading over her whole face. "It is the dearest little watch in the world. And is this star on the case made of diamonds?"

"Yes; diamonds are none too good for my star."

"And you had this waiting for me, even when we were talking about my having a watch while we were driving?"

"Yes; I was only sounding you a little to see if you would like a watch best or something else. Now, if you are through, put it in your belt and come with me," he said, rising from the table.

She followed his example, and together they passed from the beautiful dining-room out into the hall, and thence to another room on the front of the house, which was fitted up as half library, half music room.

In it there stood a new Steinway piano, with a richly carved case and pearl keys. The handsome bookcases, each surmounted by books of popular authors, were filled with choice volumes, while the other furniture, upholstered in olive and crimson, was most luxurious.

From here they went upstairs, and over the drawing-room found a most charming suite of rooms, furnished throughout in blue and white.

"Allow me to introduce you to the heiress of Jacob Roosevelt, the millionaire," said the old gentleman, taking her hand and bowing before the fair apparition in a full-length mirror. "How do you like her?"

"I can't tell just yet, she is such a new creature; but," with a roguish look up into his eyes, "I'm very fond of the millionaire."

"Thank you, Miss Gladstone; your favor is most highly appreciated," he returned, laughing. "But come, you must see my bachelor den; and he led her across the hall to a room over the dining-room, and here she found every comfort, if something less of elegance.

Opposite her sitting-room there was a great chamber, furnished in crimson and gold, while up another flight were the servants' rooms. Mrs. Blunt's rooms were on the lower floor, where she could conveniently overlook her assistants at all hours.

"It is like a story," Star said, when they had been the rounds and came back to the library; "and now what are we to do next, Uncle Jacob?"

Her plans had all been for work, and now that she found there was to be no more toll or care for her—nothing but pleasure and what her own sweet will dictated, she hardly knew whether or how to take up the thread of her life again; therefore the query:

"What are we to do next, Uncle Jacob?"

CHAPTER XXV.

STAR'S DELIGHT.

"What are we going to do next?" Mr. Roosevelt repeated. "Why, enjoy it all, to be sure. I have waited a good while for this good time, and now I am going to make the most of it. First, Miss Gladstone must attend to that very important item, Miss Gladstone's wardrobe, which must be suitable for her position; and, Star, I shall be quite particular upon that point; let it be both rich and elegant. Then, as the hot weather comes on, there will be a trip to Newport and the White Mountains, or some other place equally pleasant; and after that—well, something else, I suppose."

Star heaved a sigh of delight.

It was nice, after all, to be surrounded by all this beauty and elegance, and to have everything heart could wish.

The next fortnight was a busy one with dress-makers, milliners and seamstresses; for Mr. Roosevelt said he wished to go to Newport by the middle or last of July, if possible.

Star's wardrobe and pretty things were all ready at last, and Mr. Roosevelt, who had taken a strange interest in it, for a bachelor, was perfectly satisfied.

He had made her elegant presents in the way of jewelry and laces, until she felt almost overwhelmed.

"Diamonds!" she had exclaimed, her face flushing all over with delight, when, the day before they were to leave, he came into her sitting-room and laid a case in her lap, telling her to open it. He had already purchased her several other sets, but this was the crowning gift of all.

"Oh, Uncle Jacob," she faltered, "I am afraid you are spending too much money for me."

"Don't you like them?" he questioned, although her glowing face should have told him all he wished to know.

"Like them? They are perfectly lovely; and I do particularly love diamonds."

"Then don't trouble your pretty head about the money. You know I have been denied all my life the pleasure of spending it for either wife or child, and now that I have found some one who appreciates and is worthy of it, let me get all the comfort I can in this way. You forget," he

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 7.)

Love Will Find the Way

by Wenona Gilman



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CHAPTER XXXIII. (CONTINUED.)

"A MAN whom he had intended to flee came to the house. We were then at Paris in quarters on the Rue Rivoli. I knew before the man came what Paul's intentions were and would have saved him if I had dared, but I did not. I was more afraid of Paul than I would have been of the most savage beast. He intended to have money by fair means or foul; but I don't believe he ever intended to do the awful deed that he did. He cheated the victim as he had planned, but the man discovered him. There was a frightful quarrel. I heard loud words. Overcoming my fright, I ran into the room—just in time to see my husband drive a dagger straight into the man's heart.

"I can't tell you what occurred after that. I was like a mad thing. I knew nothing whatever until I found myself aboard a steamer bound for America."

Mrs. King paused again. She lifted her hand and wiped the moisture from her brow, which the recollection of that time had brought there. Her lips were pale and trembling.

"You had better leave the rest for another time," Underwood said kindly; but she shook her head and smiled again.

"No; let me go on!" she exclaimed. "At first I believed myself alone, and my reason came back; but I soon discovered that Paul Reade was on the same steamer, and I still in his power. At first it seemed impossible that I could ever be his wife again, but the old fear came over me. He bid me do whatever he wished, and I was afraid to refuse. But only God knows what my life was like."

"The wife of a murderer! Compelled to occupy his room, to eat at his table, to feel the touch of his blood-stained hands! And there was no mistake. With my own eyes I had seen the deed done, and I was compelled to be his partner in crime, by speaking of it to no one. I scarcely dared open my lips, lest the awful words fall from my tongue unawares. I feared to sleep, lest in my dreams I should proclaim him to the world as a murderer."

"I remained in my cabin during the greater part of the entire voyage to America, and the relief was intense when I found myself on native soil once more. I had not the courage to return to New Orleans, and with the little money that was left we secured a small cottage on the Harlem River. Then Janet Reade, Paul's mother, came to live with us. Ah, what a comfort she was to me! How often she stood between me and the wrath of my husband! And how she loved my little one, whom she believed to be her son's own child! I must have seemed crazy to her at times, for my grief had made me almost mad, and I dared not tell that gentle, loving woman the truth of her son's guilt and sin."

"But the worst had not come yet. One day Paul's mother had gone out into the country, taking baby Marian with her to see some old relative or friend, I have half-forgotten now. That was sixteen years ago, remember. Paul came in. He was intoxicated. He wanted some paper from his desk upstairs, and I went to get it for him. In order to remain out of his presence as long as possible, I pretended not to find what he wanted, and I searched among the letters, reading in an absent-minded way things that had no interest whatever for me."

"I read on and on; one letter I had read through and begun again, without knowing one word that it contained, when a passage caught my attention. I looked at the date. It was written just one week before the death of my husband. The letter was from a celebrated chemist. Paul had pretended to be interested in that line, and, as I read, a hideous thought came into my mind. The letter was detailing the effect of a certain poison which could be administered without its presence being suspected by any one who was not familiar with its workings and who suspected its presence."

"The details of the apparent effect were exact with those attending the death of Horace Morehead. There was nothing wanting. At the conclusion of the letter, the chemist said: 'I enclose a portion of the powder, which you can try upon any animal that you desire, but take care to keep it out of the way of careless persons, as there is no more dangerous drug known.'"

"And then it all came before me with frightful distinctness. Paul Reade wanted my husband's money, and he had taken this terrible means to gain it. He had made a fool of Horace Morehead's senseless wife, and then killed the husband in order that he might marry her, and so gain possession of the money."

"I am convinced that in that moment I went entirely mad. I neither cared what became of me nor thought of the future of my child. I rushed into his presence and charged him with the crime that he had committed."

"He sat there with a leer in his drunken eyes, and as I accused, he acknowledged. He laughed as he told me how he had persuaded my husband to drink the fatal concoction he had prepared for him. He looked into my eyes and winked as he exclaimed:

"You see, pretty one, it was not alone the old duffer's money that I wanted, but his wife as well; for I really was in love with you, my darling. Little as you may believe it now, I loved you—next best to play—and if you had continued to shell out the money, there would never have been any trouble between us; for I really believe I am fool enough to love you now."

"I don't remember anything after that. The time is as completely dark to me as if my life

had ended. I don't know what happened after that, nor how long it was. The days and nights were an absolute blank, until one day I awakened to find myself in a room, alone. I tried to get up, but I was too weak. I wondered for a time what had happened to me, and then very slowly memory returned. I lay there trying to think it all a troubled dream of delirium, but it came too plainly and with too great force. I knew that it had happened."

"A man came in shortly afterward and gave me water. I tried to ask him questions, but he only smiled and shook his head. There was neither mirth nor compassion in the smile, but only vacancy, and I afterward learned that he was deaf and dumb."

"I was sufficiently well to sit up before Paul Reade came to see me. I had discovered that I was out in the country. In what portion, I did not know. I never saw a traveler. I don't know how the meager food was obtained that supplied the attendant and me. I sat by the window all day, and sometimes far into the night, but never a human face did I see, never a human voice did I hear. I tried by every means to make my escape, but I was as completely a prisoner as if an inmate of the Tombs."

"And then Paul Reade came. I demanded my liberty, but he refused it unless I should swear, by all that a woman held most sacred,—that I would never reveal, in whole or part, either of the crimes that he had committed. I would not yield. At first he came often to see me, and then his visits became less and less frequent. More than once I am sure he came for the purpose of ending it all, and adding another to the crimes that stained his soul; but he had not the courage. He thought that the close confinement would kill me, and it very likely would have done so had it not been that the attendant used to take me for a walk about the lawn. He never left me to myself, but held my arm while I walked, still it was that to which I owe my life. But Paul Reade never knew that, and marveled at my health."

"I can't even attempt to tell you what that life was to me. I used to sit by the window and talk to the grass and the trees outside, lest I forget how to talk, and become as the animals are. And then I would grow afraid that I should grow mad under it all, and stop; but the fear of getting would come upon me again, and I would begin once more. Only once did I try to laugh, and the sound frightened me so that I never did it again. I knew that that would drive me mad."

"And then Paul Reade's visits became six months apart, and finally a year. I used then sometimes to see the man who stayed there harness up an old wagon and drive away. By the shortness of time that he was gone, I knew that he did not have far to go to the town, though I had no means of determining how far. He brought me clothing occasionally, and on those visits we had something a little different to eat for a day or two. He could cook well enough, but he seemed to know nothing beyond that."

"Well, one day he went into town, I suppose; but before going, he entered my room to see that all was well. It was rather late than he usually started, and because of that he brought my candle into the room before leaving. There was a single match lying upon the little tin plate beneath the candlestick. Instantly a thought leaped into my head. I scarcely dared breathe, lest I attract his attention to me, and he should read it in my face. It was the first time in all those years that any opportunity of escape had been open to me."

"I listened desperately until I heard him close the outer door. I saw him drive down the lawn, and then instantly I set to work. First I broke the glass from the windows. They were tightly barred, but plenty of air could circulate in the room. Then I took a blanket from the bed, and with the water in the tin pitcher that was in the room I saturated it, taking care to waste none of it. I was going to make a desperate venture that meant either death or liberty."

"When I had wet the blanket thoroughly I lighted the candle, and then, taking it in my hand, I went to the door and deliberately applied the flame to the woodwork. It was old and dry. Almost instantly a little tongue of fire crept up the door; and, setting the candle down where it would be safe, I watched the door burn until I saw that the fire would soon get beyond my control; then, taking the wet blanket, I smothered it out. When I had succeeded in doing it I wet the blanket again, and once more applied the candle to the door. In like manner I put out the fire again, and at the expiration of an hour I had burned a place in the door sufficiently large for me to creep through. It is true, my hands were badly burned, and my face was blackened and burned also; but I thought little of that. I was too much excited to even know that it was so."

"Think of it! For all those years I had not seen a human face except that of the deaf and dumb man; for all that time I had not heard a human voice except that of Paul Reade; I had not touched a human hand; I had not felt the influence of human sympathy, and now all that and more was promised me. Is it wonderful that I forgot my pain?"

"I put the candle where I could get it in the event of wanting it again, and crept through the hole that I had burned. It let me into an outer room that was kitchen, bedroom and sitting-room for the man who had been my sole companion for so long. Scarcely able to control my emotions, I tried the door of that room. It was not locked. I threw it open. I felt the cool air upon my scorched face."

"I was free!"

"I wonder what will have occurred before we sleep again to-night?"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE SHADOW ON HER LIFE.

There was little more to tell after that. The terror of finding herself so absolutely alone, without a friend in all the world, was small by comparison with all the trials through which she had passed, and received small comment. She told how she had wandered about during all the long hours of the night, frightened at each sound, in the terrible fear of recapture, and of how on the following day she had met Mrs. Presbury, directed, as she believed herself, by the hand of God.

Of how she had told the good woman the story of her life, and of the shelter that had been offered her until such time as she could find that friendship which by right belonged to her. She explained how she was forming her plans to strike at Paul Reade, in order that she might rescue her child, but that she feared to do it until the plans were sure of their effect, lest she should find herself once again in the prison from which she had so recently made her escape."

There were embraces and tears between mother and daughter, for neither had the smallest doubt of the identity of the other. But under all her happiness at the escape of her mother and the knowledge of her parentage, Marian did not forget Underwood.

She turned to him, and with the tears still standing thickly in her eyes, she took his hand with a grateful smile.

"I owe it all to you!" she exclaimed. "You have been the best, the staunchest, the most disinterested of friends. You have saved us both. What do I not owe you?"

"You owe me the privilege of being your friend still," answered Underwood, with a characteristic smile. "There are a great many things to be done, and you owe me the privilege of doing them for you. I rather think that both of you are in too much of a hysterical state to know just what is best for you at this time, and I want you to promise that you will allow me to arrange everything."

"That is like your kindness," answered Marian. "You know that it is just what I would have desired, though dared not ask. Only God can reward you for it all."

"And He will, be sure of that," exclaimed the elder woman.

"And now," cried Marian, "let us go to good Doctor Judson and tell him that his surmise was true; let us tell him that—that man was not my father."

The call upon Doctor Judson was made, and radiant with that happiness of which she never could be deprived, Marian returned to Wildhurst with the others for the night.

Contrary to his expectations, Underwood remained over in order that he might drive Marian and her mother to town the following morning, and it was not until he and Marian were separating for the night that June Beckwith's name was mentioned.

"I saw June today," he said to her, as he held her hand in his to say good night. "It was to speak to you of him that I came today."

She colored, and for the first time a little shadow crossed her brow.

"Not until tomorrow!" she exclaimed pleadingly. "I am so happy tonight that I don't want to think of—him!"

"And can't you find room in your heart to pity those who are not happy? He knows the truth—all the truth—little one, except that you are not Paul Reade's child, and his whole soul is in revolt because he cannot come to you. He loves you as he has always loved you, Marian, and he has begged me to arrange a meeting between you and him. He has begged me to assure you that he will make no attempt to see you again after that. He bade me tell you that he will keep his word to Miss Gordon, as he felt you would have him do; but he says that he must see you at once. You will not deny him that, Marian?"

There were tears in her eyes, and her lip quivered pitifully.

"Don't ask it," she whispered. Tell him to forgive me. Tell him that there is no one to blame but only the hideous circumstances that have surrounded us both. Tell him that I shall pray to God every night of my life to send him happiness, but I cannot see him. I have not the strength."

"Marian! Child!" exclaimed Underwood earnestly. "Think! How much has been given you to-day? Everything that you have asked of God! Think of June! The fault is not his. He is the most innocent victim of all. He loves you, and he is going out of the sunshine into the eternal shadow in order that he may keep his pledged word. You will believe me, and I believe that I know whereof I speak, when I tell you that June is not to blame. His engagement to Anne Gordon is not because he wished to hurt you. It was not done in a spirit of pique. It was the result of most unfortunate circumstances. I don't think you have the right to refuse to see him; but, even if you have, in pity, don't do it!"

There was a little pause between them. Her very soul was trembling with delight at the thought of meeting again the man whom she loved more than all the world, and yet loyalty to her friends made her think that it was wrong. Feeling that she could not decide for herself, she lifted her eyes at last, and answered in a low tone:

"You have been my good friend in all things. I owe all my happiness now to you, and you shall guide me in this as well. You wish me to see him?"



She felt a thrill pass to the very center of her heart.

"I do, for June's sake."
"Then I will do it."
"That is right. At least, he deserves as much as that. You need not fear him, child. In all the world there is not a man more honorable than June Beckwith. I would trust him to the death, and beyond it."

"I do not fear him."
She said it simply, with her eyes upon his, and, leaning forward, Underwood touched her hair with his lips. She seemed an angel in her purity to him, and her sex was purified and glorified to him because of her.

"Good night," he said gently. "And God bless you!"

She did not turn away at once, but lifted his hand and kissed it.
"You are so good," she said brokenly. "If it were only possible that I could give her to you in exchange for what you have done for me, it seems to me that I would eternally thank God on my knees."

He smiled sadly.
"You cannot give me a heart, little one," he answered softly. "It is very late. Let us go now. You will need strength tomorrow to say—good by to June. Ah! little one, how can you do it when you shrink so from the word?"
"I shall find the courage—for his sake. Good night!"

She turned and left him then. At the head of the stairs she found her mother waiting. How strange it seemed to her as she put her arms about the slender waist and pronounced the word, and yet there was an infinite tenderness in it.

Mrs. Reade led her to her room where they were to pass the night together, and as the light fell upon Marian's face, she saw the tears on her cheeks, and, drawing the girl to her, kissed her. "What has your good friend said to make my darling unhappy tonight?" she asked, seating herself and drawing the girl down beside her.

But Marian slipped to her knees, and for the first time since babyhood buried her head in her mother's lap, and for a few moments wept there in silence. Then when she could control her emotion sufficiently, she raised her head and dried her eyes.

"Are you sleepy?" she asked, with a little shadowy smile.

"No. I have slept for too many years to want to sleep now."

"Then will you listen to the story of my life?" For answer, the mother drew her daughter closer and kissed her tenderly.

With those dear arms about her, Marian told it all—the story of June, of her grandmother's secret, of the robbery, and the last scene that had completed the dramatic climax.

It was late in the night when it was all finished; then, clasped closely in each other's arms, they went to bed and to sleep.

The shadow was still upon Marian's life, but mellowed by her recent good fortune, until it seemed to her like a softened halo that had fallen about her. She asked God's blessing upon the lover whom she was to see the following day for the last time, and then slept more from exhaustion than anything else.

They were all up at an early hour the next day. Even Mr. and Mrs. Presbury seemed to absorb something of their excitement. There was little breakfast eaten, and it was with a feeling of greatest relief that they heard the carriage announced that was to take them back to town, for Mrs. Reade was to return with them.

Underwood took Marian's hand as she was about to leave the room, and in a low tone said to her:

"So much has been crowded into the last few days that I am as nervous as a woman. Somehow I have a premonition that this is to be one of the most eventful of all. I wonder what will have occurred before we sleep tonight?"

She turned a trifle pale before replying, then answered solemnly:

"We can only trust it all to God. I dare not think."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

JUNE'S ANGUISH.

It was not to Anne Gordon's home that Marian went on her return to the city. Much as she loved her old friend, she felt that she could not be quite free there, not as she had felt in the olden time, for there was June Beckwith still standing between them like the specter that would not be laid.

She could not go to see her old friend, with love for that friend's fiancé so cruelly alive in her heart; but at least her friend could come to her, and after having reluctantly told the situation to Underwood, he decided that he would take her to his own home and place both her and her mother under the care of his housekeeper.

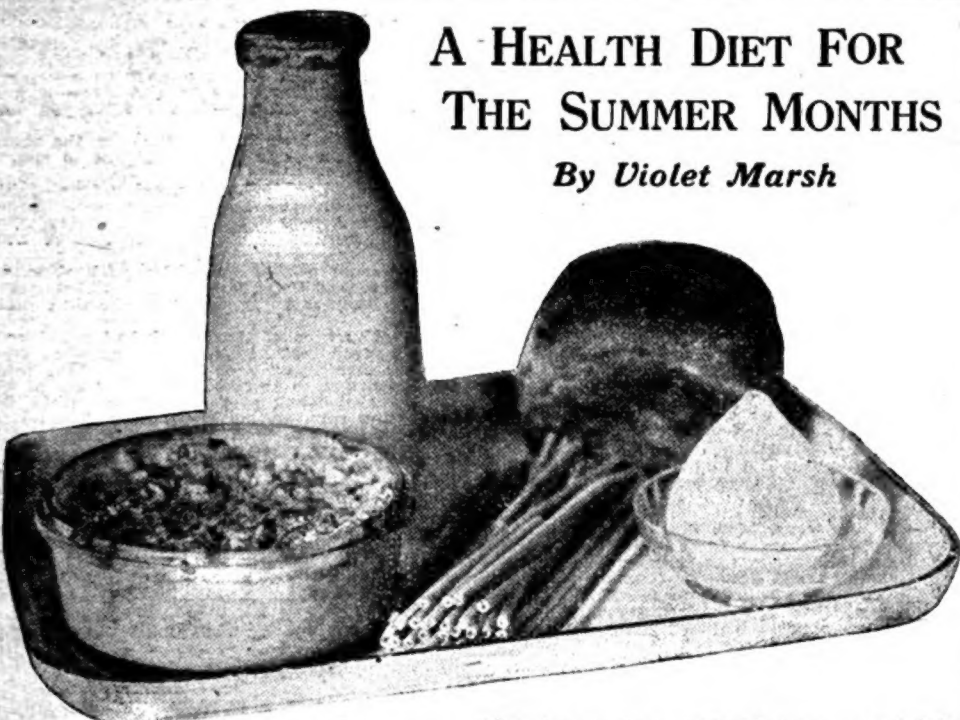
"There could be no exceptions taken to an arrangement like that," he said; and they agreed. It was, therefore, to his own residence that they were driven, and when they were in the room to which the housekeeper had shown them, Marian asked for pen and paper, and hastily wrote the following note:

"MY NEVER-FAILING FRIEND: Mr. Underwood has told me of all your kindnesses to my grandmother. It is but another evidence to me of what an angel you are. I cannot express my gratitude. That is beyond words. But will you not come to me here, at Mr. Underwood's house, and bring my grandmother with you? I have that to tell you

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)

A HEALTH DIET FOR THE SUMMER MONTHS

By Violet Marsh



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HOW to keep well during the heat of summer presents no less a problem than that of resisting the cold of winter. The fundamental requirement of each is a properly nourished body, and as warm weather approaches the diet must be rearranged to meet nature's own changes in the system. In summer the body loses a large amount of moisture through perspiration, which must be put back through the drinking of much water, and the eating of fruits, vegetables, milk, and other foods composed largely of water. One of the direct causes of constipation is lack of moisture in the body, brought about by not drinking sufficient water, and further aggravated by the use of cathartics which operate through drawing the water from the tissues.

In formulating a health program for the servantless women on the farms, who are mothers as well as housewives, it must be considered that the home duties keep them more closely tied during the summer months, for added to the routine housework is the canning, more milk to handle, more farm help, visitors, and the endless amount of cooking which it all entails.

It is a conceded fact that hot weather slows down the digestion processes, and because of this the woman who works continually indoors, and on whose well-being depends that of her family, must so organize her cooking program that mental and physical rush will be eliminated, for thereby more will be accomplished and nervous indigestion avoided. With children as well as adults, loss of appetite in hot weather is usually the first warning that something is wrong with the digestion, and if right here the diet were attended to, many an attack of bowel disturbance would be avoided.

Generally speaking, the summer diet should consist of milk, cheese, eggs, fruit, vegetables, red meat not more than twice a week, lamb, fowl and fish each once a week, cereals and bread. Fats are necessary, which are best taken in the form of olive oil in salads, good butter and whole milk. Many find that sweet cream causes intestinal indigestion. Rich pies and puddings are harmful in summer. Eat all the raw vegetable salads possible, such as lettuce, tomato, celery and cabbage.

"Early to bed and early to rise" is absolutely essential to the summer program. Providing all are in good health, there should be no stragglers at the breakfast table, but all should eat together at one hour consistent with the various duties. This morning meal should be appetizing and nourishing, for the success of the day, health and good temper are greatly influenced by getting the right start. At this point the housewife is entitled to, and should take, a recess, a short time in which to relax out of doors before starting the dishwashing of the morning meal.

Food Combinations for Summer

The heavy meal of the day is better taken at noon, which allows of a simple supper at night. A good, old-fashioned bowl of bread and milk is an excellent restorative at the end of a hard day's work. Most children like it, and it makes a good emergency supper when it is late or too hot for a fire. When milk is abundantly taken, meat should not be eaten at the same meal. Milk contains fat, casein, albumen, sugar and minerals, either suspended or in solution, and the tendency to think of milk as a beverage rather than as an important food comes partly, no doubt, from the fact that it is a liquid.

Crowders are a very acceptable means of serving milk. Made in the proportion of two cups of milk, one cup of finely-cut raw potato, one sliced onion, seasoned with butter, pepper and salt, and slightly thickened with finely-rolled cracker-crumbs, a nutritive and palatable dish is obtained. One cup of sweet corn may be added just long enough before serving to again bring the chowder to a boil. Add sufficient milk to give the right amount of liquid. Milk gravies may be made in various combinations, and when thickened with flour and enriched with butter may be served with potatoes or other vegetables, or poured over toast. Hard-boiled eggs cut fine or grated cheese may be added.

SOUR CREAM WHIPPED, sweetened and flavored with nutmeg makes a delicious sauce for boiled rice, sponge cake or to eat with sweet berries. As sour cream turns to butter very quickly, care must be taken not to beat it too long.

COTTAGE CHEESE.—In families where milk is abundant, cottage cheese should be made an important food, especially in summer. It is very simply made by putting the curd into a large shallow pan, and into it stirring-boiling water.

Set the pan into another larger one containing boiling water. Stir occasionally and when quite warm test by rubbing a little in the hand. The curd should never reach the stage of forming into a mass, but must be only thickened to a creamy consistency. Dish carefully into a thin muslin bag and hang two hours to drip. Remove from bag and work in salt and a little heavy cream. The second way to make cream cheese is simply to put the curd into a bag and hang it in the sun to drip and "make." This process makes an excellent cheese, which can be digested by very weak stomachs. Flavor as above.

Cheese being a concentrated food, many find it more or less constipating, so that it becomes necessary to eat plenty of fruit and vegetables to obtain the proper food balance. If the family does not at first take kindly to these home-made cheeses, a taste for them may be acquired through combinations, of which there are many. All the fruit salads are improved by adding cottage cheese. By plentifully spreading the cheese between thin slices of bread to be eaten with a dish of lightly sweetened berries or other fruit a delicious supper is prepared that can be served out-of-doors and much work saved. Cream cheese beaten up with jam and thickly spread over a thin shortcake is an appetizing combination.

MACARONI constitutes an excellent food that is enjoyed by most people. First cooked in boiling salted water, but not too long, then baked either in a cream or tomato sauce, combined with cheese, makes a well-balanced meal when served with plenty of string beans or green peas. Cooked in this way macaroni may be warmed over without injuring the flavor. Good bread and well-cooked cereals can always be on hand with which to make the foundation of many a hot weather meal. Quick breads that require a hot oven should be baked in the early morning.

Miscellaneous Recipes

RICE OMELET.—Boil rice in plenty of salted water so that the kernels will be separate. Drain. Beat three egg yolks until very creamy, add three dessertspoons of cold water, two cups of cold rice, one scant tablespoon of sugar, season with pepper and salt. Stir until well blended, then add the egg whites beaten stiff. Pour into a buttered frying-pan that is not too hot. Work around the edges with a knife and when the omelet begins to get firm, place the pan in a moderate oven and finish cooking. Butter generously, fold once and turn onto a platter. Top with slices of jelly.

PEAS WITH POTATO PUFF. Beat one-half cup of hot milk into two cups of freshly-mashed potato until very light. Add two well-beaten eggs, one cup of cooked ham cut into small pieces, and one-half teaspoon of salt. Beat again, spread in a thick ring on a serving dish and place in a hot oven until well puffed. Heap with peas and serve at once.

POTATO SALAD.—Mince one onion, a few sprigs of parsley and as much again tender celery, stir, sprinkle with salt and pepper, press down with a plate and let the mixture stand one hour. Boil with the jackets on five medium-size potatoes. Cool without peeling, then dice and mix with the onion and celery. Over the whole pour a little good salad oil and sprinkle with lemon juice. Toss, spread on a bed of lettuce leaves and serve.

MACARONI.—A good quality of macaroni is always of a yellowish color. Boiled macaroni increases about four times in size. Boil in a large amount of water with one level teaspoon of salt to every quart. Add macaroni to water when it is boiling rapidly. The time of cooking varies somewhat, but when a piece cuts easily pressed against the side of the kettle it is done. Drain through a colander and plunge at once into cold water, then drain. This prevents the macaroni becoming sticky. To bake macaroni, prepare as follows: Make a white sauce from butter, flour and milk. Put the macaroni into a baking dish in layers, each layer being spread with the sauce and a sprinkling of grated dairy cheese. When the dish is full, sprinkle with fine bread-crumbs, dot with butter, lightly sprinkle with grated nutmeg and bake in a moderately hot oven until the crumbs are brown (see illustration in picture at top of page).

MEXICAN HAM.—Cut a slice of ham one inch thick, and rub into it one tablespoon of brown sugar mixed with half a teaspoon of mustard. Lay in the bottom of a baking dish that can be covered. Pare and slice thin enough potatoes to cover the ham to a depth of three inches, sprinkle with pepper and add strips of fat ham unless there is a good rim of fat around the edges of slice. Cover with fresh milk and bake two hours in a moderate oven.

KOUMISS.—One cake of compressed yeast dissolved in one cup of lukewarm water. Add to this two level teaspoons of brown sugar and

three cups of fresh milk. Shake all together and fill bottles or glass jars about two-thirds full and seal. A good strong top is necessary as the pressure of fermentation is very great. Keep in a warm place, shaking several minutes every three hours. When this is done, securely wrap the jars in a towel. The koumiss is "made" when it separates in the jars. Keep two or more days before using.

JUNKET.—Crush one junket tablet and stir it into two cups of lukewarm milk. Add one-fourth cup of sugar, one-eighth teaspoon of salt, a few grains of nutmeg or cinnamon and pour into one large or several small dishes to harden in a warm place, then remove to cooler place.

STRAWBERRY SHERBERT.—Hull one quart of strawberries, cover with one and one-fourth cup of sugar, let stand one hour, then crush and squeeze through a double thickness of cheese-cloth. There should be about two cups of juice. Add to this one cup of water, and one dessert-spoon of lemon juice. Freeze in the usual way, remove dasher, and stir in the stiffly-beaten white of one egg. Pack in salt and ice and let it stand two hours.

RICE CAKES WITH STRAWBERRY SAUCE.—Beat one cup of well-cooked rice until smooth. When cool add one tablespoon of melted butter, two well-beaten eggs and three-fourths cup of sweet milk. Add one cup of sifted flour sifted again with three teaspoons of baking powder and one-half teaspoon of salt. Beat hard and cook on a hot griddle. Make the sauce as follows: Cream one-third cup of butter, slowly add one cup of powdered sugar, then the white of one egg beaten stiff, and one cup of mashed strawberries. Beat well together and serve.

PEANUT BRITTLE.—Boil two cups of brown sugar, one cup of corn syrup and one cup of water until a little tested in cold water will become brittle. Add butter the size of a walnut and half a pound of peanuts roasted and shelled, and pour at once into a thin sheet to cool.

STRAWBERRY PRESERVE.—Wash berries and thoroughly drain. Take an equal weight of granulated sugar. Hull the berries, putting all the soft and bruised ones in a separate dish. Mash these, add a little water, and cook them ten minutes, or until the juice is drawn out. Strain. By measure there should be three times as much sugar as juice, which amount can be made up by the addition of water. Boil juice and sugar ten minutes, or until it is thick. Into the boiling syrup drop a few whole strawberries at a time and cook slowly until clear. Skim out and put into a sterilized jar. When the fruit is all cooked, unless the juice is thick, boil it a little longer and pour it over the preserve. Seal.

STRAWBERRY AND PINEAPPLE MARMALADE.—Shred the pineapple; hull and wash the berries. Use equal parts, and to each quart use three cups of sugar. Cook all together very slowly about one hour, or until thick.

Stella Rosevelt

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

continued, with a smile, "that there are two years' income to be disposed of in some way, and I am only making up lost time. I like to go about the world, and I like to go in style, as I told you once before, and so my mistress must help me keep up appearances."

"Are you sure you are doing just right, Uncle Jacob, in giving me all your money?" Star asked, hesitatingly, after a few minutes of thoughtful silence, while she watched the sunlight play among her new treasures.

"To whom should I give it, I should like to know?" he questioned, bluntly.

"But I have no legal claim upon you, and you have relatives. I'm afraid it will make trouble."

"No, it won't; I've taken care of that, I can assure you," he interrupted. "My will is made, signed and sealed, and in the hands of one of the best lawyers in the city. You are to have the whole of my fortune, excepting what the law demands for blood. I've given a dollar to each of them, just to clear myself and keep them from breaking my will; and they'll never get another red cent," he concluded, with more asperity than she had ever seen him betray before.

"I'm afraid you are piling a mountain upon my small shoulders," Star said, with a little laugh.

"It is a mountain which I shall take care won't crush you; and, besides, I hope to help you bear it for a good many years to come, if my health keeps on improving as it has done during the last few months; and then, I reckon, it will not be very difficult to find some one else who would be willing to take a share of the burden," Mr. Rosevelt concluded, shyly.

Star flushed, and then her face grew sad. She knew that he meant she would find suitors for her hand; but she could not forget her first love, and she knew that she should never meet another who would win the place in her heart which she had given to Archibald Sherbrooke, unworthy as she believed him to be of it.

That evening Miss Meredith and her brother called. "How fortunate that you came tonight," Star said to the young lady during their conversation. "You would have missed us if you had waited longer, for tomorrow we go to Newport for a few weeks."

"Do you?" That is delightful, for we have our rooms engaged there, also, for next week, and intend to remain a month," Miss Meredith returned, with evident pleasure, while Mr. Rosevelt, who was conversing with Mr. Rosevelt, but with one ear open toward the young ladies, felt a sudden heartthrob at the intelligence.

"Newport is very gay this summer, I am told," Miss Meredith continued. "Everybody," so to speak, is there, and it is one of the most charming places in the world to visit. Have you ever been there, Miss Gladstone?"

"No," Star answered. "I have been so busy with my studies ever since I came to this country, that I have not been anywhere."

"Since you came to this country?" Grace Meredith repeated. "Are you not an American?"

"No; I am an English girl, and it will be two years in November since I left merry England."

"Are you some lady of high degree, come here to get your education? I am almost inclined to think so," laughed her friend, bending an admiring glance upon Star's beautiful face.

"No, indeed. Don't go to weaving any romances about me," she answered, flushing slightly, "for I am only plain Star Gladstone."

"But 'plain Star Gladstone' belongs to a very good family, nevertheless," interrupted Mr. Rosevelt, who had overheard the latter part of their conversation, and would not allow Star to depreciate herself.

"Miss Gladstone is the loveliest girl I have ever met, and you wouldn't let me get a word in edgewise with her, Grace," Ralph Meredith said, in a pained tone, after they left the house.

"Are you 'star' struck so soon, brother mine? You'll have opportunities enough to 'get your words in' sideways during the next few weeks, and you can comfort yourself for your disappointment to night with the thought that I was paving the way to glory for you," laughed his sister.

"Were you not surprised to learn that she is English?" she asked, thoughtfully.

"Yes, rather; for I have been told that English girls are not very pretty; but she is wonderfully beautiful."

"What will you wager that she does not turn out to be some lady of high degree?"

"Pshaw! Grace, you are always imagining some unlikely story or other. You should not read so many novels. Don't put her entirely beyond our reach, if you please. It is quite enough for the present to know that she is Mr. Rosevelt's heiress and the author of that charming little book, without being some princess in disguise."

returned the young man, somewhat impatiently. "I think I shall like Miss Meredith," Star said, musingly, to Mr. Rosevelt, when their visitors were gone.

"She appears to be a very agreeable young lady. I should like you to form some pleasant friendship," the old gentleman returned; then, with a keen glance, he asked: "How are you pleased with her brother?"

"He is quite entertaining."

"Very fine-looking young man; don't you think so?"

"Is he?—yes—rather," was the absent reply; for speaking of England had sent Star's thoughts across the ocean again, where she saw in imagination a noble, patrician face, with dark, fathomless eyes, and curling chestnut hair; for Archibald Sherbrooke—she could never think of him in any other character—was her ideal of all that was manly and grand.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?"

Newport was teeming with all that was gay, beautiful and attractive during this particular season of which we write.

Never had so much wealth and luxury been represented there, or so many elegant equipages seen driving through the streets or along the smooth, sweeping beach.

Not the least attractive among these equipages was the light and airy, though costly, phaeton of "Mr. Rosevelt's ward," with its embroidered lap robes, its luxurious velvet-cushioned seats, its plump, sleek and spirited gray ponies in their gold-mounted harnesses.

Star had created quite a sensation when she arrived at the hotel where they had taken rooms; and the tall, distinguished old gentleman, with such silvery hair and beard, and who appeared so devoted to her, was scarcely less a target for all eyes. But when it began to be whispered that Miss Gladstone was not only the heiress of Jacob Rosevelt, the millionaire, but also the authoress of that bright little book which for a year had created such a sensation in New York circles, the excitement increased, and everybody was on the qui vive to obtain an introduction.

When, on the second evening after her arrival, she came into the great parlors of the hotel—for there was to be a grand hop or assembly there that night—leaning on Mr. Rosevelt's arm, and looking "so divinely fair" in her shimmering robe of cream-colored silk and mistlike tulle, garnished with velvet-leaves, golden-hearted pansies, her shining hair coiled like a crown about her small head, with a cluster of pansies nestling lovingly among its glossy plaits, every eye was attracted by her loveliness, and everybody—of the masculine gender, at least—was ready to "rave over" her, "swear by" her, and "fight for" her if need be.

She was whisked away to the ballroom, and the evening sped like a vision of delight.

She had been taught to dance at home, notwithstanding the fact that her father was a clergyman, for in all English homes dancing is considered a necessary accomplishment, because it imparts ease and grace to the manners of the young.

Mr. Rosevelt followed, for he enjoyed looking upon the merry dancers, and taking up his station near a window, and by a stand of flowers where he was partially shielded from observation, he watched his pet with a fond smile upon his lips, proud of her beauty, proud of her intelligence and of the admiration she was attracting.

While standing here, a group of half a dozen ladies and gentlemen gathered near him, and he overheard a conversation which amused him, and caused at the same time something of a feeling of triumph to pervade his heart.

"Have you seen the new arrivals?" asked a gentleman of one of his companions.

"No; what new arrivals do you refer to? There are many every day."

"An old codger from New York—rich as a king, they say—and his ward, who bids fair to be the beauty of the season."

"Indeed!" returned the lady, assuming a piqued tone. "How dare you make such an assertion, and in the presence of three acknowledged beauties, too?"

"I beg pardon if I have offended," the gentleman roughly replied; "but—I have had Washingtonian instructions regarding the principle of truth."

The young lady tapped him playfully upon the arm with her fan, while she remarked, significantly:

"How glad I am that you have told me of it!" whereupon the whole party joined in a laugh at the "truthful" gentleman's expense.

"But about this fair charmer," the lady pursued; "who is she, and what is the name of this 'old codger' who is 'rich as a king'?"

"The lady's name is Miss Gladstone, and she is not only beautiful, charming and rich, but is also the author of 'Chatsworth's Pride,' which you have doubtless read."

"Oh! a bluestocking!" cried the gay girl, with well-affected horror; and just here another voice chimed in—a voice which made Mr. Rosevelt start and listen more intently:

"Miss Gladstone! How strange I never heard the author's name before! There was only a simple star upon the title-page where the author's name should have been. Mamma!" in a startled tone, as if a strange idea had suddenly come into the speaker's mind, "it cannot possibly be Stella Gladstone, can it?"

"Certainly not," returned Mrs. Richards—for both she and Josephine were among the group referred to, having come from a neighboring hotel to attend the hop. "Such a thing cannot be possible; she could not write a book."

The woman spoke contemptuously, and yet the utterance of that name produced an uneasy sensation in her mind.

"What is the gentleman's name? Whose ward did you say she is?" she asked, a moment later, thinking that would throw some light on the subject.

"I declare I have forgotten," the gentleman returned; "it's a high-sounding name, though, and he is an aristocratic-looking old fellow, too. By the way, Miss Richards," he continued, turning to the young lady, "I am willing to wager a handsome fan against a new pair of gloves that Miss Gladstone's phaeton and pair of ponies will be the envy of every lady in Newport, for a more trappy turn-out I've never seen in my life."

"Then she drives her own ponies, does she? Well, I must say you have aroused my curiosity to the highest notch, and I'd like to see this paragon of perfection, Mr. Pendleton," Josephine said, a feeling of jealousy springing up in her heart at hearing another's praises sounded so profusely.

"You can be gratified, for there she stands now," replied Mr. Pendleton, drawing her attention to the spot where Star stood surrounded by an admiring crowd.

Her back was turned toward them, and they could not judge of her beauty; but they saw a tall, willowy figure in trailing robes of exceeding richness, a stately head crowned with golden hair, and there was a familiar something about the fair stranger which made both mother and daughter look more closely, while their eyes were filled with anxious foreboding.

"She is elegantly dressed, I must confess," Josephine said, putting up her glass to get a better view of the "belle of the evening;" "and, mamma," she added, in a lower tone, "is it my imagination, or is there something really familiar in that figure? Can it be Stella?"

"Impossible! What could have put such a foolish notion into your head? Where in the world could she get money enough to flourish in such style?" Mrs. Richards retorted, impatiently.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)

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Money in Bee Stings

By Sam E. Conner

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PRODUCING honey is not the only way in which bee keeping may be made profitable, as Mrs. S. H. Stockman of East Auburn, Maine, has proved. Rarely does she have more than two colonies of bees, yet her returns each year from them is greater than when she sold the honey from forty or fifty colonies; you see, instead of selling honey she now sells the stings.

This Maine woman has kept bees for more than forty years. Up to a quarter of a century



MRS. S. H. STOCKMAN IN VEIL AND GLOVES HANDLING HER BEES.

ago her interest in bees, as a business venture, was confined to their honey-producing abilities. In this she was successful, the annual output being about a ton of honey. The largest single year's production which Mrs. Stockman ever recorded was twenty-two hundred and fifty pounds. Twenty-five years ago she became interested in the other side of the bee industry; that of selling their stings. She very quickly found that there was more money and less work in stings than in honey. Since that time she has devoted her energies to stings.

Tried As By Fire

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3.)

considered foolhardy but the great majority of the better thinking people looked upon him as a hero.

The newspapers had spread the word broadcast and the parsonage was flooded with letters and telegrams, all containing words of praise and sympathy for the man who was brave enough to face the possibilities of illness and perhaps death in a most horrible form, in order to carry comfort and cheer to two stricken girls.

To Gordon Armstrong, alone in his study, the ringing of the church bells brought a feeling of sadness.

"How I wish I could be in my pulpit," he thought, "but as much as my people love me there would be a general stampede if I so much as appeared at the church door."

On his library shelves were a number of medical books. Unwisely he delved into article after article on smallpox until his whole mind was obsessed with the idea that he was sickening with the dread disease. Wednesday evening his courage almost failed him as he crept into bed with aching back, throbbing head and taut nerves.

For what seemed hours he lay awake, thinking—thinking—thinking. Life seemed so bright—the future so promising—and then there came before him a picture of Myra Livingstone as he had seen her last in health—and then the picture changed and Myra's eyes looked at him from an unfamiliar, pain-distorted face.

Was he dreaming or did he once again hear her voice—faint but sweet—as she thanked him for his visit to her sister and herself.

At last his tense muscles relaxed and he fell into a sweet sleep. When he awoke, refreshed, the sun was brightly shining and the memory of the night before was like a bad dream. Realizing that medical books were poor companions for days of "waiting and watching," he determined to set his mind on sermonizing.

Strangely enough, his mind seemed to focus on the text, "Go forward" (Ex. 14:15). Those who heard him deliver the sermon his first Sabbath out of quarantine, united in saying that it was the strongest message he had ever delivered from the pulpit of the Memorial church.

Anxious, weary days as well as bright happy ones must pass in the making of the year, and when the Sabbath before "Conference" broke, bright and clear, Gordon Armstrong was in perfect accord with the day. For him the dark, trying days of exile were at an end and once more he was at liberty to preach to his dear people.

Long before the time for service the crowd began to pour into the Memorial church. As Mr. Armstrong entered, the pent-up emotions of the great audience found expression in "Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow." There was not a dry eye in the company; men and women and children sobbed aloud.

Reaching the pulpit, Mr. Armstrong tried to speak but could not; then, suddenly, completely overwhelmed by this expression of love on the part of his people, he bowed his head on the old Bible and wept like a little child.

At the close of the service old and young pressed forward to take him by the hand. A hush fell over the company as through the crowd came a tall, black-robed figure, shaken with emotion. It was Mrs. Livingstone.

In a voice scarcely audible she said: "Mr. Armstrong, can you ever forgive me for my bitter opposition to you? You've touched my heart very deeply by your kindness to me and mine. You risked your life to"—her voice broke—"how can I ever show my gratitude?"

It was the closing session of the annual M. E. Conference. All interest was centering upon the reading of the appointments. Much to the annoyance of the Memorial Committee, two city churches were insisting upon having the Rev. Gordon Armstrong appointed as their pastor. The district superintendent would promise nothing as Mr. Armstrong had only been appointed to Plattsburg to fill an unexpired term of another man.

As the bishop stepped to the front of the platform with the fateful paper in his hand, a silence that could be felt fell upon the vast audience. The future of more than two hundred men and churches was hanging in the balance.

"Who will be our pastor?"—"Where am I going?"

Mrs. Stockman's customers are the large manufacturing druggists of the country and they buy an average of fifty thousand bee stings from her each year. They would take more, but Mrs. Stockman does all the work herself and this is all she can handle. The fact that the demand is greater than the supply shows this to be one field of endeavor for the woman upon the farm which has not been overcrowded.

From the bee stings the purest formic acid is secured. Each sting contains a small drop of the acid, which is in much demand for the treatment of certain diseases.

The equipment for this business of producing bee stings is not elaborate. Having the colony or two of bees which are necessary, all else needed is a bench by a window, a powerful reading glass, pair of fine-pointed tweezers, a small dish filled with sugar of milk and a can full of soapuds. With this simple outfit one is ready to draw the stings from thousands of busy bees.

Having secured from one of her bee colonies a sufficient number of bees for the time she proposes to work, Mrs. Stockman goes to her bench. The room is darkened by drawing the shades of all windows except the one at which she labors. This done, the box in which the bee stock has been collected is opened, given a slight shake and out come the bees. The light from the unshaded window attracts them and they cluster on the glass or screen. With her left hand Mrs. Stockman reaches forth and picks up a bee. Why don't they sting her? Easiest thing in the world to answer: She takes them by the head and not by the sting part of their anatomy. This, so she says, is very simple after you learn the trick. Having captured the bee, she holds it under the glass, which magnifies it several times, and draws the sting with the tweezers. Immediately the sting is dropped into the sugar of milk, which forms a coating of it and prevents souring. The bee is dropped into the soapuds, which kills it, as once the sting has been removed a bee is of no further use in the world.

These stings are shipped in glass bottles holding five hundred and are sent by parcel post, so that Mrs. Stockman does not have to leave her own dooryard in carrying on the business.

During the quarter of a century which she has been engaged in this business, Mrs. Stockman has drawn more than a million bee stings. Her largest day's work was when she took fifteen hundred stings. The best record which she ever established was on September 17, 1918, when in three hours she deprived a thousand bees of their stings.

While she is frequently stung, the wounds have never been serious, and this occurs much less frequently than would be supposed. The only time, says Mrs. Stockman, when the bees sting her is when she grows careless and does not pay attention to the work; when she gets to thinking of other matters connected with the farm and unthinkingly picks a bee up by the wrong end. "It is my fault, always," says she, "and not because of the bees being ugly."

As "Memorial Church—Gordon Armstrong" was announced quickly-suppressed hand-clapping from the Plattsburg delegation testified to their delight over the appointment. Their beloved pastor-friend would be with them for at least another year.

The next five years were busy happy ones for Gordon Armstrong. His coveted degree from the university had been won and a beautiful new church edifice had taken the place of the old weather-stained structure where he had preached his initial sermon.

In the recess at the back of the pulpit was a magnificent pipe organ, a gift from Mrs. Livingstone in memory of her dead daughter, Elsa.

When Mrs. Livingstone first spoke about installing the organ she expressed the wish that it might be put in as an expression of her gratitude to Mr. Armstrong, but the matter coming to the notice of the preacher he called to her and insisted that he would appreciate her gift doubly if the organ were made a memorial for Elsa, and when the church was dedicated the "Memorial Organ" was presented by the pastor in a few well-chosen words. His reference to the dead girl was touching in the extreme.

Many changes had taken place in the membership of the church. Several of the "Old Guard" had been mustered out and many new faces were seen at the Sunday services. The pastor, now "Dr." Armstrong, preached every Sabbath to audiences that taxed the seating capacity even of the new structure.

At the Livingstone home on Euclid Boulevard, Dr. Armstrong had become a welcome visitor. Just a month before "Conference" the town papers had published in the society column the announcement: "Mrs. Livingstone announces the engagement of her daughter, Myra, to Rev. Gordon Armstrong, Ph.D., pastor of the Memorial M. E. church. The marriage will take place in the near future."

At the parsonage the ladies were busy superintending the laying of new rugs and the placing of newly-purchased furniture. Dr. Armstrong watched the work of renovating with peculiar interest for the home was being prepared for the reception of his bride.

Glorious with sunshine was their wedding day. The Memorial church was crowded to the doors a full hour before the time set for the ceremony.

The strains of the old familiar wedding march hushed the hum of voices and focused all eyes upon the opening door at the rear of the church.

Attired in a simple suit of tailored grey and leaning upon the arm of the man she loved, Myra Livingstone passed up the long aisle to the altar. It was a simple service but an impressive one.

As the officiating bishop pronounced them "husband and wife" and they knelt for the final prayer, the organ, Elsa's Memorial, sounded forth, softly, almost caressingly, the opening bars of the beautiful wedding hymn, "Oh, Heart of Love," and from the choir loft behind the pulpit was wafted down in sweetest melody:

"Oh, Heart of Love, Thou Lord of Life and King,
This day of plighted troth, by hand and ring
Crown Thou, we pray, with Thine own hallowing,
Dear Heart of Love.

Oh, Heart of Love! In this thy golden hour
On these, made one in Thee, Thy blessings pour,
The three-fold benedictions of Thy dower,
Dear Heart of Love."

Five years ago that day Elsa had passed out from her suffering into rest. Myra and Gordon in the midst of their happiness had not forgotten. As they knelt for the final prayer, almost unconsciously Gordon's clasp on the hand resting so confidently in his tightened as he thanked God that Myra, his wife, had been spared to crown his life with joy and happiness.

At "The Elms," the home of the bride, a simple wedding breakfast was served for the members of the two families only.

The wedding gifts were numerous and costly but nothing received more attention than a small, exquisitely framed painting. Its very oddity was its charm—a full-blown crimson rose half concealed by a bit of rare old lace. No card was attached and when Gordon saw it first he turned to his mother and teasingly

queried: "Who lost the card this time?"

Then turning to Myra, who was standing near the gift table, he took her hand and placing it in that of his mother he whispered tenderly: "Mother, this is our Rose—a genuine American Beauty—love her as you love your boy."

At an early hour in the afternoon the young couple left for their trip which was to end at "Conference."

"Tried as by Fire" and proving true—faithful in the performance of duty, however hard—with such a record behind him, Gordon Armstrong entered into his new life full of well-deserved joy and gladness.

All nature seemed to rejoice with them as, amid the waving of handkerchiefs and showers of rice, they said "good by" to the dear home friends.

The old sexton of the church had asked as a special favor that he be notified at what hour Brother Armstrong and his bride would leave the town, and so as the train pulled out of the station the chiming of the church bells fell upon their ears, and as Myra, through a veil of happy tears, looked at her husband she softly whispered: "Old bells,

"Ring out the Old,
Ring in the New,
Ring, Happy Bells, across the years."

The Child at the Family Table

By Mary B. Tyrrell

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EVEN a very small child may be taught patience, courtesy and self-restraint at the family table, and if he is a nuisance at mealtimes when he is three or four years old, we may safely conclude that the effort to teach him good table manners a few months earlier was lacking.

If the children are fed at the family table some special consideration must be given to the menu. There are some vegetables of special food value for the children, because of their mineral content, carrots or spinach, for example, which in some households do not appear on the table because the older members of the family do not care for them. The grownups will gain in health if they put forth an effort to eat these things with seeming relish, and in so doing will help to train the children to a wider range of diet.

Rich desserts must be cut from the children's diet, and no doubt the grownups, too, would be better off if fruits were substituted for pastries but it is not necessary to keep the family menus restricted to such foods as are suited to the children, which is one of the chief reasons for the separate meals for the little folks.

Children can soon be taught that there are some things that are for the grownups especially. "Meat is for Daddy's supper, not for Gene's," said a small boy cheerfully, at the dinner table. The child is less likely to ask for helpings from the family diet, if the special food he should have is served to him attractively, on his own pretty dishes, and if he is made to feel that he has the privilege of "treats." The little lad who must not eat radishes is quite willing to "trade" the forbidden food for an extra helping of his favorite rhubarb.

The nursery table seldom has the oversight that prevents bad table manners, and if there are several children to eat together, each one may acquire some disgusting trick and impart it to the others.

The patience and firmness needed to correct the outcroppings of the first bad manners is seldom exercised at a separate table (out of sight, out of mind), and it is far more difficult to teach the children to eat properly if the presence of their elders is lacking.

In the matter of table conversation, the idea that "children should be seen and not heard" is a relic of the dark ages. All the educational effort of today is to draw out the child's powers of self-expression, and if he is taught to do this in his school, and forbidden to do it at home, the first step has been taken to alienate him, as too often happens, from the family life, and lead him to feel more freedom and happiness away from his parents than when with them.

The child may sit at the table and talk at the table without being over-boisterous or obstreperous. Surely it is no less rude for the parents to repress their child for their own selfish convenience than it is for him to interrupt them to make his opinions known.

Mutual courtesy, which the child must learn from his parents, will settle the question as to how much the child should be allowed to talk at the table, but the policy of repression, too often followed, makes for a self-consciousness, sometimes an unpleasantness of disposition, that may persist for years and do much to mar the life all through youth and even in the years beyond.

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JUNE is June! There is no other month like the prime of the year. All the promise of Spring is now finding fulfillment, and even when I cannot get to where woods are, I know that the foliage is reaching toward the flush, its green fresh and undimmed by dust and drought that may come with the later heat.

Billy, who has the advantage of being able to enjoy Nature both externally and internally, is thoroughly happy these days and is out-of-doors more than ever. Meanwhile the dust gathers over his set of Macaulay, and neglected letters, which he has failed to absorb, threaten to overflow the room where I work. Perhaps it is being out in the park and streets so much that has caused Billy to become even more of an observer and critic than his naturally censorious temperament demands. Or perhaps it is but the stimulus of being fed with the pros and cons of young folks' ways which Cousin Gus Trick and Cousin Jack Wilcox have diffused through the letters of our League—but, whatever it may be, the fact stands that Billy has lately taken to making stinging remarks concerning the "dippers" and "dappers" he has met during his sidewalk strolls and his lawn-luncheons in Prospect Park.

"Uncle Lisha," said he, seriously, as he came in yesterday: "I must say I think something is radically wrong with young people nowadays. The boys don't want to work any harder than is necessary to puff a cigarette and carry around a pair of polka-dotted shoes, and the style of dressing with girls seems to have reached the limit—to say nothing of the way they try to decorate their faces. It really makes me discouraged to watch 'em, Uncle. What's to blame?—the war, the movies, or who or what?" And Bill stared gloomily and questioningly at me, gritting his teeth ominously as he regarded the mountain range of letters in front of my desk.

"Billy," answered, "for the sake of June, do not begin one of your reforming arguments. It is too lovely a day to disperse awful prophecies, and besides see how busy I am! Now please to get to work on some of these letters and do not fret so much about the wildness of present-day youngsters you have been seeing on Fulton Street, Broadway and Flatbush Avenue. Time will take care of 'em and teach 'em sense—even if their mothers and fathers do not."

"But, Uncle Lisha," pleaded Billy, looking at me reproachfully; "you never say a word about it. Why, if you had seen some of the things that I have!" And here Billy paused, and rolled his eyes until his bushy, fuzzy eyebrows made such strange undulations that I had to hold up a letter before my face to hide my grin.

But Billy was not to be fooled.

"That's right, Uncle Lisha," he exclaimed wrathfully. "Go ahead and laugh! You laugh at everything. I tell you that is a serious matter. Why, the papers and magazines are full of the way young folks are dressing and carrying on these days. If you don't notice it, others do." "Billy," I replied, aroused at last; "never fear but what I notice just as much as you do—and read more, too. But I may think differently about what I read and notice. You or anyone else would have a hard time making me believe that young people today are all headed for the bow-wows, and have so much more of evil in hearts, dress and manners than in past history. Youth is always youth, Thank Heaven!—and age is always age. You are not so old, Bill; but you are ancient enough to be 'agin' young folks most of the while, and not with 'em or part of 'em. Youth expresses itself in different ways in our time than in the past, but from those who are of recent vintage and with no worse motives. We may have the 'toddle' and not the waltz or two-step; joy rides instead of buggy excursions. Boys may be safety-razored and not whiskered, and our girls bobbed-haired and not long-curved—but they are the same boys and girls as ever. Careless of age or what age may think, they go their ways; looking always with eager inexperienced eyes toward a future that is theirs and not a past that is Experience's. To change these things you have got to change Youth itself, Billy, and I don't think even you will want to try that!"

"But you are right, Bill, in saying the world of print is filled today with more or less unkind criticism of youth—with the innocent 'dapper' getting the hardest dig from those who are quite certain nothing so dreadful and silly in youth's girlhood was ever seen before. But the reason that most of these criticisms fall of wisdom, sympathy and justness is that the makers of them err in not looking backward to their own early days. And this is just where bewildered parents often err, too. There are foolish parents as well as foolish boys and girls, and the mistakes of fathers and mothers, well-meant though they be, are sometimes as serious in their effects as the sins and follies of over-exuberant youth. There are parents, for instance, who bring too little authority to bear, and others who exert too much; and they end by losing their children's love and the right to guide them because they have failed to find youth's viewpoint. And they have to do this, for youth can never and nor assume the point of view of an older generation. They are forever separate. The leading of youth wisely and with love is a difficult task. It can only be handled by 'looking backward' and gaining in this way an adjustment to the minds and hearts of those who are starting the adventure of life. If we do not, or cannot accomplish this backward looking, we have no chance of dealing sympathetically, of judging clearly, of criticizing justly. Youth will brush our advice and criticism carelessly aside and go flipping and flapping on in glad and foolish way."

"I sincerely believe, Billy, you old grumbler, that the jeremiads of you and others concerning present-day young people are more than exaggerated in prophecy and lamentation. The 'flappers' existed in ancient Thebes and Alexandria and has been with us in varied and often lovely form through the later centuries. Let her still preen her young wings in happy, foolish fashion and wear her feathers as she will. It is a way of youth which is as old as the earth. Why not turn rather to some of the cheerful signs of the young generation? The young men of the past, for instance, dressed even more lightly and smoked and drank more than our boys of today. Booze has received a death blow and is dying with horrible groanings, and tobacco's smoky grip will be loosened somewhat before long, too. For all narcotics must go, banned by the spread of

knowledge and by our weakened race's instinct toward self-preservation. Those who attack the manner of dress of our modern girls forget that with all its defects it is really more healthful and sensible than in the past. Look at old fashion books, Bill, and find this out. The worst fault is in tottering-heeled shoes, but the growing use of rubber-soled sport footwear is the saving grace here.

"Streaks of red and black have no place on the clean faces of young girls, Billy, and I'm with you there as far as you want to go in your kicking. These efforts at adornment fall of all purpose. They are barbaric and ugly. The natural functioning of the skin is injured and the youthful texture ruined forever. Here is where mothers must come in and take a strong hand when other advice fails."

"I'm for our youth today, Bill, and I'm for them strong. They are the last-comers and the world belongs to them. I believe they will make a better place of it than it can be made by you continuing doleful grumbling on June days."

I looked hard at Billy, but I don't believe he heard a word of the last part of my almost-lecture. He was reading a six-page, green note-papered letter from a girl in Colorado—and he was grinning broadly as he turned the closely-written sheets. All his worries of "dippers" and "dappers" were forgotten. Billy does not always remember, but I do, that there would not be so many grins in life for all of us, so much of singing, so much of beauty, if it were not for the youth of this old world.

And now for the letters:

MADISON, MAINE.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:
I have attempted to write to the Cousins' Corner many times and have torn up the letter each time. It is seldom I see one from Maine and I wonder why? Surely there are scores of Maine cousins who can write interesting letters!

How many of the cousins are school teachers? I have been teaching for two years in a rural school, two miles from home. Here, in the rural schools, there are three less than a year. My first two terms this year I taught without a vacation between and the third term will begin in time to close about the middle of June. You may smile, if you like, but please don't laugh, when I tell you that I have only seven pupils! Even though the number is small, I have the following grades: first, second, third, fifth and seventh. In the golden days last autumn, the children and I enjoyed being out of doors what time we could, gathering nuts and bright-colored leaves 'neath the trees on the hillside. We ate our lunches and had our physical exercises outside, too. When the snow came, we went sliding down those same hills. One night when I got home, after riding in a blizzard, there were icicles on my glasses! There are several squirrel families living close by. These little animals are unusually tame, often tripping up to the window sills and staying for hours at a time. We place pieces of crackers or cookies on a fence post and it is fun to watch one of the little fellows steal up cautiously at first, finally more bravely and seize it. How happy and content they are!

I am five feet, three inches tall; weigh 117 pounds, have dark brown hair, brown eyes, and am twenty-two years old.

Now, Uncle Lisha, if you will print this misdeed of mine, I will send you a huge piece of chocolate cake with thick white frosting, and a bowl heaping full of my delicious mousse—any flavor you may prefer. I hope this is an inducement!

Sincerely, your niece, BROWNIE.

I don't know, Brownie, why there should be less letters from Maine than from—well, say Missouri, for instance; unless it is that the cousins like to send their family messages on long trips rather than to make pleasant neighborly calls. Yet the news you send makes me think the reason may be mainly because the Pine Tree State's population is dwindling so. For what has become of all the boys and girls in Somerset County when seven pupils have to make up five grades in your school. This is a sad state of affairs and needs a remedy. Brownie, I think as good a teacher as you must be deserves a larger school and I am going to make you an offer. There are no less, according to Billy's count, than seven thousand, four hundred and thirty-nine boys and girls living within two blocks of where Bill eats his bran muffins and I write these words. Now if you will send parcel postage, Brownie, and tell me just how many you want, why I'll have these mailed, or otherwise I will send assorted specimens, carefully packed. Any nationalities you wish can be furnished, even Siamese, Rumanian and Czechoslovakian. I have all kinds of stock in all sizes. These boys and girls are of good quality and would just love to get away from sidewalks and subways and be up rambling around the woods and feeding the Somerset County squirrels with Uneeda biscuit and molasses cookies. So send on your order, Brownie, and I will have Billy get some pasteboard boxes and cord and help in the packing. That school of yours shall not remain empty while Brooklyn holds the proud title of the City of Baby Carriages.

I want to tell you, Brownie, how lucky I lived to hear that you were taking your play and learn out with you and letting them play and learn at the same time in Mother Nature's old, old classroom. That old fellow who said there were "sermons in stones and books in the running brooks" knew what he was talking about and where the best lessons could be learned. If I were a boy again, Brownie, I should much prefer to go to school in Madison, Maine, than in Brooklyn, N. Y.

About that mouse you are going to send me, I say, thanks, very much, Brownie. Any little wood or field mouse will do and I think chestnut or acorn flavor would be nice. I like the little spotted variety best. Don't bother to send a whole bowl full; three or four will be enough. Meat is not so high here now. I would not send the chocolate cake in the same package, Brownie, as every mouse I ever knew had a good appetite and there might be nothing but a crumb or two of white frosting left for Bill and me. Thanks again, Brownie, and when the animals and the cake arrive, I'll reciprocate at once by sending just as many boys and girls for your school as you tell me you want—only be sure and enclose postage and give size, shape and color when you order.

LIVINGSTON, TENNESSEE.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:
I am a little boy nine years old. I love to read the cousins' letters and your answers. I like to read the



Ask the Way

to prettier teeth—you are welcome to it

A new-day method is bringing millions whiter, cleaner, safer teeth.

It is used by your friends, your neighbors. It is advised by dentists, urged by modern authorities. Glistening teeth seen everywhere now show the benefits it brings.

This is to offer a ten-day test to reveal its results to you.

It combats the film

The purpose is to remove the film which keeps teeth dim and dingy. Not for beauty only, but for safety. Most tooth troubles are now traced to film.

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. The ordinary tooth paste does not effectively combat it. It is also the basis of tartar.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look cloudy or discolored. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

New methods found

Dental science has now found two ways to fight that film. Able authorities

ties have proved their efficiency. Now careful people employ them nearly all the world over, largely by dental advice.

A new-type tooth paste has been created, to comply with modern requirements. The name is Pepsodent. Those two film combatants are embodied in it for daily application.

Two other essentials

Two other effects are essential, as proved by modern research.

The saliva contains two great tooth-protecting agents. One is a starch digestant, one is alkalis. One is to digest the starch deposits which cling to teeth and gum them. Often they ferment and form acids. The alkalis are to neutralize mouth acids—the cause of tooth decay.

Pepsodent stimulates those factors. It multiplies the starch digestant, multiplies the alkalis.

Watch the film go

Note how clean the teeth feel after using Pepsodent. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

These are facts you should know at once. Write us today for the 10-Day Tube. Cut out the coupon now.

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Only one tube to a family.

MERCED, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:
A new cousin wishes to shake hands with Uncle and his family of cousins. There, that is accomplished, leaving my arm rather exhausted from the hearty greetings. I hope everyone is well and happy.

I live in a small town near the foothills of the wonderful Sierra Nevada Mountains. Ninety miles distant in the heart of those mountains, is the Yosemite Valley, "The Land of Snows," where people from many countries journey to see and marvel in the beauties which Mother Nature has bestowed upon this famous resort. Here we find ancient redwoods, magnificent waterfalls, lakes, bubbling brooks scrambling over moss-covered rocks, the invigorating, pine-scented atmosphere and mysterious forest covered ravines. I am a devoted lover of the outdoors, and my biggest desire is to live on a farm in the wilds, which, I admit, is a "wild" wish. Did I hear a cousin say she needed any hired help?

Were you ever rolled by a "breaker"? I was rolled twice in one day at Santa Cruz, a seaside resort where many of Merced's good people spend their summers. It is a terrible sensation to feel oneself turned upside down and flung about until one's head is all dizzy. And I lost a perfectly new bathing cap, too.

I enjoy the cousins' descriptions of themselves, so as there may be others who also do, I will briefly tell you how plain I am. My eyes are dark blue, hair brown, complexion fair; I am 5 ft. 3 in. short, weigh 125 lbs., and the most important of all is, I became a voter the day before April fool's day.

I like happy people and my motto is to scatter as much sunshine as I possibly can.

Our county has two daily newspapers, and I work for one of them. If any of the cousins have some poetry they wish to publish, send it along. Or, Uncle, you might write an editorial about "Disarmament" or the "High Cost of Living."

I would like very much to hear from cousins who live on large ranches or in the mountains.

Well, folks, I fear this is too long, so will close, trusting that Billy is taking his siesia when this is opened.

Sincerely your niece, SHIRLEY MAE SMITH.

If you like the pleasant job of scattering sunshine, Shirley, you live in a good part of the country to pursue your happy task. Certainly it is generally accepted as a fact that California has plenty of the bright commodity to spare. However, it will take quite a lot to go all around our Big Family—not that many of our number need it, I'm sure, but still we are all of

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)

Takes 10 Years From the Age

Graying hair ages a young face and makes you seem middle aged, even when it is premature. Restore it to its original natural color and look 10 years younger. This is simple, sure and easy, no risk of the streaked, discolored, freakish hair which is worse than gray. Nothing to wash or rub off.



natural color of your hair. Better, enclose a lock in your letter. Test as directed on single lock and abide by results. Then get full sized bottle at drugist or direct.

Mary T. Goldman, 1169 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul Minn. Please send me your FREE trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. The natural color of my hair is jet black..... black or dark brown..... medium brown..... light brown, drab or auburn.....

Name..... Address.....

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recommends the care of the skin, not the indiscriminate use of cosmetics to cover blemishes.

Anti-Wrinkle Cream, erases lines, keeps the skin youthfully smooth; \$2.

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Look in your mirror and write Elizabeth Arden a frank description of what you see there. She will send you personal advice together with her booklet "The Quest of the Beautiful".

ELIZABETH ARDEN

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FRECKLES

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots.

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—in guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

Have a complexion that everyone admires
Dispel the blotches
Restore skin health
and beauty by using

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Thousands of women are recommending the DELRAY ELASTIC REDUCER. REDUCES and SHAPES the ankle and lower limb. Acts like a corset. Worn day or night. IMMEDIATE improvement in appearance. Must be tried to be appreciated. Order a pair TODAY, giving ankle and calf measurements. Postpaid, in plain wrapper, \$2.00 per pair. (None C. O. D.) Stamp brings interesting booklet, sealed.

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Shave, Bathe and Shampoo with one Soap.—Cuticura

Cuticura Soap is the favorite for safety razor shaving.

The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

Saving Our Skins

EVIDENTLY the generations back of us attached real importance to complexions, for there has come down to us an expression which we hear used constantly—"saving her skin." If a man has passed through some trying financial difficulties and comes out on the right side, his neighbors say: "Well, he saved his skin this time." If a woman is in a tight social place, but manages to get out of the predicament without loss of prestige, we all say: "Well, she saved her skin, after all."

But that is not the kind of saving I am going to talk about to my girls this month; I just wanted you to notice that enough importance was attached to skins in days gone by for a very picturesque expression to become a part of our ordinary conversation. And, pointing to a moral, I wanted you to attach as much importance to your skin as our ancestresses did to theirs.

This is the season of the year when it is easy to do real damage to a skin, for the sun above us is pouring down his blistering rays, strong enough to burn a skin to its serious damage; and if one is near the water, the beach sands are hot and reflect the glare of the sun, and the water itself is hot and blisters in the heat and light. So there you are! And it certainly behooves us to take a few precautions.

And let me say that precautions are much better for your skin than all the cures and treatments in the world. One can mend a broken arm, but it is better not to break it; and one can soothe and heal a burned skin, but it is better not to blister it.

If you go in bathing or swimming, do not sit in the hot sand after, exposed to the sun. Have a big parasol to spread over you; a sweater cape to throw around you as you come out of the water—even a bathrobe will do, anything that will cover your wet skin from the sun. Then under the parasol or big umbrella, pat your skin dry. If you are wise you will carry a bag for little accessories when you go bathing, and one of them will be a bottle of a soothing hand or face lotion, which you can rub into the skin and which will be absorbed at once by the heat.

But bathing is not the only way in which one exposes the skin—picnicking, berrying, playing tennis, working in the garden; all these are skin-destroying tasks or pastimes, unless the face is protected from the sun's rays. So get a big hat—the bigger the better—one of the big farmer's hats is fine for berrying, gardening, etc. Line it with some pretty color, put a big soft fold of the material around the crown, and strings if you choose or use a hatpin, whichever you prefer; then never sit outdoors without it.

For "dress-up" occasions where you do not want to wear anything of this kind, carry a parasol. They are really very attractive accessories, forming a lovely background for a face, besides affording the protection needed.

And then, of course, don't forget the cold-cream jar—your best friend in summer. Rub plenty cold cream into the skin before going outdoors, letting the skin absorb it, then dust on powder, and gently pat it with cotton. Neck as well as face needs this treatment, while the hands should have a good hand lotion rubbed in, after washing, always.

Answers to Questions

ANNE.—I judge you need a good internal cleansing. Impurities of the body need to be carried off so that they will not try to come out through the pores. The first thing you should do is to drink lots of water every day; then you must be very careful of your food, not eating foods which are hard to digest, but rather those which help elimination—which means, of course, the throwing out of the body of any impurities. Eat prunes every day—soak them over night, after washing, then cook them in the water in which they have been soaked, over a slow flame for an hour or more, until they are very soft. Eat a good big dish of these every morning for breakfast. Don't drink coffee, tea or eat fried foods. Pork and veal are hard to digest, so avoid them. Bacon is all right, because it is easily digested. If you are inclined to constipation, cut out potatoes and white bread, and eat instead green vegetables and fruits, and lean well-cooked meat—roasted or broiled. Having done these things, you have taken the first step toward giving your body proper materials for cleansing it internally; don't forget the water, eight or ten glasses a day, between meals. Never drink when you have food in your mouth, because that prevents you from giving it the proper chewing, and while the water softens it all right, it needs softening by the saliva in your mouth which contains elements which aid digestion. I think it might be a good idea for you to take a good dose of castor oil, or a thorough enema before starting on this carefully arranged diet, so that you may start on the right. Then, of course, you need a good body bath every day; be careful not to rub the sore pimples on your face, but bathe them gently with hot soapy water and a soft cloth, and rinse them with the aid of another soft cloth dipped in clear warm water. Apply a little cold cream to your dry warm skin and gently rub it in, being careful not to break or irritate the pimples. Washes just your face will not be enough; your whole body should have a thorough washing in hot soapy water and a thorough rinsing in clear water every day. Use a little cool water last of all. If you will do as I suggest, and eat only the foods which are good for you, with prunes every day, spinach as often as you can get it—or other "greens," such as lamb's quarters, dandelions, etc.—berries, melons, etc., your face, I am sure, will begin to clear up very soon.

EMMA JANE.—First, I must say what I have said many times before: that the health of the hair depends upon the health of the body, and that hair to grow must be given nourishment through a well-nourished body. So look to diet, exercise, and all the things which build you up as a whole. Then for things which build up the hair which will not grow thick, massage the scalp every night and morning. This promotes the circulation, feeds the scalp, and makes the hair healthy, provided the body has the elements of health to pass on to it. To massage the scalp, let the hair down, slip the fingers of your left hand flattened under the hair on the left side of the head, pressed firmly against the scalp, while your right hand is used in the same way at the right side of the scalp. Now without raising the fingers, move the scalp back and forth on the skull. If the scalp is tight and does not want to move, that indicates at once that here the trouble lies, for the blood cannot circulate properly nor the hair receive proper nourishment with a tight scalp. Move the fingers to another spot on the scalp, after a thorough massage of the first spot, and continue until the whole scalp has been gone over in this fashion and is glowing with healthy warmth. Remember not to let the fingers rub back and forth but to press them firmly and move the scalp, not the fingers. Of course the fingers go along with the scalp but they do not rub back and forth against the hair

itself. Don't sleep with the hair done up. Let it down at night, brush it very gently indeed, air it thoroughly, then sleep with it either hanging loose or very loosely braided. In the meantime, eat properly and enough, drink lots of water, look after the body as a whole. About the almond bleach, it is not injurious to any skin—quite the contrary. No skin stays "bleached" if it is exposed to the sun or to any other condition which can affect it. The way to keep your skin white and clear, is to protect it. About rolling the eyes, I should drop that exercise if I were you. It won't make your eyes bright. Good health is the only thing that will do that satisfactorily, so make up your mind to eat sensible nourishing things, to exercise, bathe daily, get plenty of fresh air, enough sleep, drink lots of water and see that the eliminative processes of the body are kept as they should be. Feet cannot be reduced in size, but they can be made firm of flesh by exercise. So practice feet exercises and leg exercises. People do not lay so much stress on small feet as they used to; indeed it is quite fashionable to have good-sized feet. You see, girls of this day are more athletic than our grandmothers were, and naturally have and need larger feet. A six shoe is quite an ordinary thing now, where women used to crowd their feet into fours and fives. Here is a good foot exercise:

Exercise for the Feet

Standing with heels together and toes slightly apart, hands on hips, chin up, back straight, rise slowly on the tips of your toes without bending back or knees. Maintain position on tips of toes for a moment, then slowly let heels sink to floor again. Repeat ten or fifteen times.

Another Exercise for Feet

Taking same position, rise on tiptoes, then keeping back perfectly straight, bend the knees, and sink to a squatting position without letting the heels of the feet touch the floor. Rise again, sink again, and repeat for fifteen times.

OKLAHOMA.—Bowlegs have been straightened by an operation. In fact, very recently quite a noted actress had her legs straightened in this way. This means, of course, that the greatest of beauties in the world most of us cannot afford it. I do not know whether you can improve the bowed condition by exercise; it would depend, largely, on how bowed the legs were. Will it comfort you at all to know that of the legs one sees on the city boulevards these days—and one has a good chance to examine them—a large number are far from straight? One of the prettiest I have seen has legs that are very decidedly bowed. She wears her dresses just a tiny bit longer than the other girls, but she goes in bathing in an ordinary bathing suit, and I can't see that anybody pays any attention to it. She thinks about it a good deal herself, but nobody else gives it a moment's thought. Here is an exercise you might practice:

Special Leg Exercise

Standing with legs about eight or ten inches apart, back straight, hands on hips, bend each foot on its side. Back to flat-footed position; then on side again. Practice rapidly and bend the feet as far forward as possible, each time. You might practice the tiptoe exercise given "Emma Jane," but with the feet about eight inches apart, and as you rise to the tiptoes bend the legs inward.

BUTTERFLY.—You should not wash your hair every week unless it is exceptionally oily. Once in two weeks is often enough, and with hair which is not oily once in three weeks will of course be all that is necessary. Too frequent washing removes the natural oil from the hair, on which it depends for health and growth. You say you wash your face in hot soapy water at night and rinse in cold water; and have blackheads. You would have, if you use only cold water for rinsing, because cold water cannot wash away soap and your pores would be clogged with the soap you had used. Do not rub soap on the skin, but only use it in the water. Then rinse in very warm water many times, then in tepid water, and finally in cool water. Use tepid water on the face in the morning. Pressing out the blackheads, as a constant habit, rather tends to keep the pores enlarged. If you press out the contents of a pore, always touch it at once with alcohol or peroxide. I am sorry it is against the rules of this department to express an opinion on proprietary remedies; for what is good for one skin may be injurious to another; and also it is impossible to know the ingredients of all such remedies. A good face bleach is the almond meal face bleach recommended by me in February COMFORT. But no bleach should be used constantly. If the face is tanned, use a simple harmless bleach, such as the almond meal preparation, once; then take care of the skin.

M. E. K.—The way to reduce your stomach is, first of all, not to take much food at a time. Stomachs become enlarged and "fallen" from ill-treatment, and I

or lamb or mutton, chicken (roasted or broiled, but not fried), fish but no pork or veal; no potato, but spinach or asparagus, or string beans or carrots, squash, etc. For dessert, fresh fruit again. For supper, a dish of tomatoes, some cold meat, a baked apple. A stomach will be large if it is over-filled with either solid fruit or liquid, and if it has become enlarged by constant over-feeding, then one has to be very careful indeed as to the amount put in it at any one time. You speak of shortness of breath; if this is one of your over-full stomach, you will get over that in time. Exercise will help to reduce your waist and abdomen, but the important thing is to eat less at a time. Shortness of breath often comes from heart trouble, and in that case of course exercise is injurious. Better be sure about this; though you sound as if all the trouble came from having formed the habit of a too full stomach and probably from drinking a good deal at meals. Your weight would make this seem to be the case. A good exercise for reducing abdomen and waist, not to be practiced, of course, if there is any heart trouble, is as follows:

To Reduce Waist and Abdomen

Lying on back, raise right leg at right angles with the body, without bending the knee. Let leg return to level, but very slowly indeed. Repeat with left leg, then with both, fifteen times each.

Address all letters containing questions to KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

arguments on what to teach the child at home and could talk forever on the subject but will stop.

I was raised with a family of boys, therefore know well many boys so can say this to girls: no decent boy likes the girl who makes herself conspicuous by being either extreme, prudish or vainish. Follow a sensible medium if you would be respected—you are no better than the crowd you are with.

This letter is already long and I haven't said a word about many things of which I wanted to talk.

I am just a little wife, twenty-two years old. Was brought up on a farm, can milk cows, drive horses, was a teacher, make my own clothes and sew for others, do all kinds of housework, drive a car and help my husband make cheese. I have always tried to learn to do one new thing each year and for this coming year I have set my goal on a cheesemaker's license. I enjoy the Sisters' Corner very much and receive much help through its columns. HAPPY.

MT. PLEASANT, TEXAS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: In answer to Kentucky Lassie's question of whether there is such a thing as love at first sight, I will say that there is. My husband and I loved at first sight and were married in three weeks from the time we first met and there isn't a happier family anywhere than we are, with our three children, eight, four and two years of age. Of course all cases may not turn out as happily as ours has. Mrs. O. A. C.

INDIANA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: I have been a silent reader of this cheery Corner for a good many years but have hesitated about writing for I felt that other letters were of more importance than mine but I read Black-Eyed Susan's letter this morning and I can keep still no longer. In regard to remarriage I say never, for I am writing from my own experience.

My first husband was the best man ever. We never had a cross word in all our married life. I never asked for anything but what I got it and whenever I wanted to go any place I went. He was taken, leaving me with two baby boys. I found it a hard task to earn their living and my own so after a period of five years I married again, a nice, respectable man of reasonable means. Our life was perfectly happy for two years at which time a baby girl came to our home and then trouble began. My husband won't have one of my boys in the home at all and the other boy never sees any pleasure, or I either, since the baby came. Baby plays all over the house, makes all the noise she wants to but there is trouble if my boy doesn't sit down and act like an old man when he is in the house. Nothing is ever wanted for baby but what she gets it but my boy never gets anything without there being a fuss made first, not even a pencil or tablet and he has never had a suit of clothes in his life. The boy is anxious to learn to work but he never does anything right and generally receives a kick or a whipping. Husband is a great church member, is very liberal with money to pay the preacher but forgets his religion as soon as he gets home. I scarcely ever go to church for I haven't clothes fit to wear as I haven't had a Sunday dress since I was last married. I never go anywhere only to see my other boy and that's only about twice a year and husband has to go along. The car fare is about two dollars and he will be cross for a week afterwards and will fret about the money he had to pay out for us. I do everything I can to please him but he is never satisfied. I know some of you are wondering why I stay with him but I can't leave my baby and



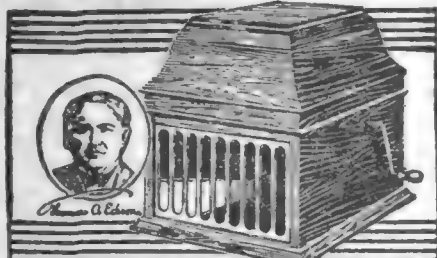
SAVING HER SKIN WITH A BEACH PARASOL.

suggest that you be careful to eat moderate meals, and not to drink with your meals. Do not take more than half a glass of liquid at one time, and let that be between meals. Drink plenty of liquid, but in these small amounts. When you lie down, lie on your right side. You are over weight, showing that you need to reduce. Cut out potatoes, rice, white bread, macaroni, gravies, fat meat, for the time being. Eat fruits, green vegetables and lean meat, chewing every mouthful until it is liquid, and being careful to eat very moderately and especially not to drink with your meals. You ought to lose about forty pounds, at least thirty. Cut out sweets altogether, no pies or cakes. Eat for breakfast, two soft-boiled eggs—three and one-half or four minutes, no longer, and taken out of the shell as soon as the time is up; a dish of berries or melon without sugar, or a dish of prunes cooked without sugar. The eggs will give you the nourishment needed. For dinner eat a piece of broiled steak, of roast beef

I can't earn a living for so many. It isn't often that a second marriage is a success so I say to Black-Eyed Susan that as long as she can make a living she had better stay single. I only wish I could make my choice again. TROUBLED.

EAST LAKE, 8017 Hillman Ave., ALL.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: This is my first attempt to get into the corner and I will tell Mrs. Long how I cured my children (Henry, five, and Annie Laura, three), from fighting. When they begin fussing and fighting I just take a rag or piece of cloth and wrap it around their hands and pin the cloth to their sleeves to keep it from coming off. It has worked wonderfully. Another thing to stop a quarrel or fuss is to put a small piece of adhesive plaster over their mouths. I hope this will help yours as it has mine. (CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)



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Stella Roosevelt

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

"But if she is really the author of the book—it has been very popular, you know—" "Nonsense!" interrupted her mother. "I tell you such a thing could not be possible."

Nevertheless, Mrs. Richards was closely watching the object of their conversation, and her heart was beating with a painful throb, for the young girl did strangely resemble that poor orphan whom she had so despised and ill-treated, and who had fled from her tyranny.

But her uneasiness increased, for just now she observed a tall, white-haired gentleman moving toward the girl, and upon reaching her side, he bent down and spoke a few words in her ear.

His back also was toward them, but the matron's face was dark with trouble; she grew white with the sudden fear which possessed her, and she moved forward to get a better view of the couple.

At that instant Star turned and lifted her bright face to reply to Mr. Roosevelt, who had left his position by the stand of flowers when she ceased dancing and approached her, her eyes shining, her cheeks glowing, and her coral lips wreathed with bright smiles, and both Josephine and Mrs. Richards recognized her instantly.

A low cry of surprise and dismay broke from Josephine Richards' lips.

"It is—it surely is Stella Gladstone," she said; "and that man talking to her is certainly Uncle Jacob Roosevelt! What can it all mean?"

"Roosevelt! Yes, that is the name," said Mr. Pendleton, who had caught it, and who had first called their attention to Star. "Jacob Roosevelt, the millionaire, I heard him call this afternoon, but I forget names so easily."

"Jacob Roosevelt, the millionaire!" repeated Mrs. Richards, with white lips and astonished eyes, while a tumult of emotions raged within her heart.

"Yes; he must be very rich, for they have every appearance of it, and Miss Gladstone's turnout, which was sent on before them, is a marvel of luxury and elegance. But—do you know them?" Mr. Pendleton asked, regarding her curiously.

Mrs. Richards' thoughts worked very rapidly. If this was really Jacob Roosevelt, and she could not doubt the evidence of her own eyes, he must by some stroke of luck have recovered a portion, if not the whole, of his fortune since leaving her house; and in this case he became at once an entirely different person from the feeble, poverty-stricken individual who had come to her a little more than a year ago to sue for food and shelter.

Therefore, she had a new role to play, and she would begin at once by claiming him as a relative before these friends of hers.

"It would be very strange if I did not know him, for he is my father's brother," she said, calling to her lips her blandest smiles; "but I am sure I had no idea that he was here in Newport. Come, Josephine, we must go and speak to him," and she drew the astonished girl away before they could question them any further, and she wished to collect her own scattered senses a little before encountering those two whom she had so deeply injured.

"What can it mean, mamma?" Josephine repeated, with a blank look, for she had no longer any doubt about the identity of the strangers.

"I don't know, but I am going to find out," she answered, resolutely.

"Then you are convinced that it is Stella?" "Yes, it is that girl fast enough; there can be no mistake about it, and what a sensation she is making! She seems to checkmate us at every move."

"Where can they have been hiding all this time?" Josephine asked.

"How do you suppose I know?" retorted her mother, sharply. "I am more interested to know where all the money comes from to enable them to cut such a swell. Why, the dress she has on must have cost a cool three hundred, to say nothing about her other expensive fixings; and then you heard what Pendleton said about her carriage and ponies."

"Well, he said she was the author of 'Chatsworth's Pride,' and if that is so, it must have brought her a good deal."

"Pooh! you don't suppose one book is going to enable her to live and dress like a young empress, do you?" returned Mrs. Richards, scornfully. "No; Uncle Jacob has recovered his fortune, or else—"

"Or else what?" "He has played it upon us."

"Played what upon us?" "Why, poverty, you goose!"

"Mamma! that would be too dreadful. I never thought of such a thing," Josephine said, feeling almost faint.

"Nor I, until this moment; but I can account for their appearance here tonight in no other way. If he has done this thing, and that girl gets all his money, it will be a bitter pill to swallow, I can tell you."

"But she could inherit nothing; she is no blood relation."

"And he could make a will."

"Not a bit of it; your Uncle Jacob is keen enough to look out for that, I assure you. But come this way; they are passing out into the hall, and I am going to sift this matter at once."

She drew her daughter from the upper door of the parlor, just as Star and Mr. Roosevelt passed out at the lower one, intending to waylay them and demand an explanation of their presence.

First Aid to the Neighbors

By Frances L. Garside

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WHEN in the final reckoning of success measure is taken of results finer than material gains, it will surprise many to see the quiet little neighborhood activity step ahead of the large factory in the city.

"I give employment," the factory might say with vehement belching of smoke, "to two thousand able-bodied men."

The quiet little neighborhood activity might turn away without a word. Employment to some twenty or thirty or forty women seems so insignificant.

But—in the final reckoning this little first



MRS. CAROLYN A. TEFFT.

aid to women who need small sums with which to supply the small needs of those who do not ask much, is the greater thing. The able-bodied men are able to march to other fields for employment should the factory close; the little neighborhood activity furnishes employment to women who are too old to take positions in industrial life—too encumbered with cares of family and household to walk beyond the front gate to earn money, and who are not trained in the ways of the world.

Almost without exception these opportunities to earn money and remain at home while doing

"What does this mean?" Mrs. Richards demanded, in a low but authoritative tone. "Stella Gladstone, how is it that I find you here? Uncle Jacob, where have you been all this time, and what strange freak of fortune brings you here in this unaccountable fashion?"

Mr. Roosevelt started slightly on beholding his niece standing in that excited attitude directly in his path; while Star grew pale at first, for she had always stood somewhat in fear of the arrogant woman while she was an inmate of her house. But remembering that everything was entirely different now, she quickly recovered herself.

"Tell me what this means?" Mrs. Richards repeated, looking from one to the other, noting Star's delicate beauty with a pang of bitter jealousy, her self-possession and grace; Mr. Roosevelt's improved appearance, his rich apparel, and more than all, the air of pride and fondness which pervaded every look and attention which he bestowed upon his companion.

"Well, Niece Ellen," Mr. Roosevelt returned, in a quiet tone, while he met her eye with a cold, steady glance that made her very uncomfortable, "it appears that you are considerably excited over this unexpected meeting. Suppose we retire to your anteroom, where we can converse unobserved."

He turned and led the way, with Star upon his arm, to a small room upon the opposite side of the hall; they entered, and he shut the door, for he did not care that any one should overhear what passed between them, nor did he intend that Ellen Richards should do or say anything which should make them objects of remark.

"Now, Ellen, what is it that I am to account to you for?" he asked, in the same quiet tone which he had before used.

She colored angrily, but she was determined to get at the bottom of the matter.

"I have heard strange rumors tonight," she remarked. "I am told that Stella has become an authoress—that she is very popular, as well as her book, and I want to know what it means. A year ago you were both dependents upon my bounty; now I find you sailing about, like a couple of meteors, among the other shining lights of society. I want an explanation of the cause of this change."

"Certainly, Ellen; since you desire it, I will explain with pleasure. We left your house last October, as you doubtless well remember, and took up our abode in New York City. Star entered the Normal College at once, and by assiduous application to her studies succeeded in completing the course, and graduated in June, since when we have been trying to get all the enjoyment out of life that we could. You have heard rightly, Ellen; she did write that popular little book, 'Chatsworth's Pride,' and it is a source of pride to me that I have the honor of introducing in society its popular author as my ward and heiress."

"Your heiress!" Mrs. Richards cried, growing pale.

"Yes; Miss Gladstone is named as such in my will, which is now in the hands of my lawyer," the old gentleman replied, quietly.

His niece looked from one to the other in blank dismay. She had feared she should hear something of the kind, but it was none the less a shock to her when it came.

"Your heiress—heiress to what?" she demanded, sharply.

"To the whole of my fortune, madam."

"Your fortune!" she sneered, but her voice was hoarse from passion and baffled hopes. "A year ago it was—beggary!"

Mr. Roosevelt smiled serenely. "Apparently, yes," he answered. "But I was then, what I am now—a millionaire. The misfortune of your lifetime was made then, Ellen; for if you had cordially received the feeble old man who came to your house in such a forlorn condition; if you had given him kindness and sympathy, such

it, picking up the task in the lull between dinner and supper, are furnished through the energy of some other woman. She discovers, originates, invents. Being by heredity a home body, she begins to make the thing she has discovered, originated or invented, right in her home. Because she is a home body, loving and depending on her neighbors for many things, she turns to them for assistance in her venture.

These are Mrs. Carolyn A. Tefft, of Belvidere, Ill. She was a milliner, and being unable to find the exact flowers she wanted one day, she made them. They still lacked the quality she sought, and she supplied it with paint and brush. It was a bunch of sweet peas. It should have been a laurel wreath for that is what Mrs. Tefft's neighbors think she should be wearing now. A friend saw the flowers and asked her to make her a spray; she began to make all the flowers that trimmed her bonnet. Then, naturally, because the flowers were so unusual and so artistic, she ceased the making of the bonnets.

That bunch of sweet peas is now trailing in sweet profusion from Maine to California. In the beginning it furnished work for one assistant. More orders came until, today, less than seven years since the first sweet peas blossomed under her hands, she gives employment to fifty women who gather in her home to do the work, and scores more who do it in their homes.

One variety of flowers in the beginning; now 350 varieties. Solely for hats when she made the first flowers, she now makes them for every sort of decoration from party gowns to lamp shades. Some idea of the extent to which the business has grown (which means how many of the neighbor women are employed) may be gathered from this item: Mrs. Tefft uses over ten thousand yards of ribbon a month, and recently her products have been shipped to New Zealand, Australia and Shanghai to fill orders from those distant lands.

Women come to her for all day, for half day, or do piece work at home. "I think," said Mrs. Tefft, "the thing which makes me happiest in the work is that I am able to give employment to so many who are crippled or invalid shut-ins—and such beautiful things to work with! They tell me the beautiful colors and fabrics make them forget their pain. It would not be so helpful to them if their hands were employed on ticking or ugly cardboards. I have been urged to turn my business over to a factory in a large city. There are two reasons why I refuse. The first is that employment would be taken out of the hands of so many of my neighbors, and the second is that the flowers would look machine-made."

There live in Ligonier, Ind., two sisters, Ona and Rosalie Wilkinson. They make quilts, and some half hundred women gather in their workroom every day, and laugh and chatter and sing as they bend over their quilting frames. All are from the neighborhood. To many, as in the industry of making flowers, there would be no way of earning money if this little neighborhood activity ended.

There are scores of women doing these things. "Ours is such a little industry," they say deprecatingly. "I think the owners of the large businesses would laugh at our output, for it is small compared with what the factories turn out."

But—in the final reckoning it may be found that the smaller business was the greater success. Those who furnish employment to women, employment which brings money they could not otherwise earn because of the encumbering duties of family and home; those who do this are achieving something greater than they know.

And usually, bless them, it is women. A man invents, discovers or originates, and the large city beckons, and he moves away. Sometimes he doesn't wait for it to beckon. But the woman, being more loving than ambitious, stays.

as you were wont to do when he was rich and prosperous; if you had shown him something of love and tenderness, instead of coldness and contempt, making him feel that he was a burden and an intruder, you would have had the bulk of my fortune, for your brother had already forfeited his share. I thought that my final return to this country would give me a good opportunity to test your and Henry's sincerity, and I resolved to do so. I went to him as a poor man; I was received coldly, and made as uncomfortable as it was possible for any one to be made. Then I said to myself, 'Ellen's womanly heart will prompt her to be kind to me, if not for my own sake, for her father's,' and so I came to you also in the guise of poverty."

"It was mean—it was dishonorable to take advantage of me in that way," Mrs. Richards said, with white, quivering lips.

"Not at all. I wanted to know you as you were, not what you pretended to be. I do not need to tell you the result of my plan; we all know it but too well. No one gave me a word of sympathy or kindness save this dear girl"—he laid his hand tenderly on Star's shoulder—"who did her utmost to make the old man forget as far as was possible his bitter disappointment, and who had already earned his love and gratitude by saving his life, almost at the sacrifice of her own, during that terrible voyage across the Atlantic. She has been like a sunbeam to me from the first; and when I saw how unkind you all were to her, also—how you were betraying your trust and breaking your promise to her dying father—I resolved that she should become my especial care for the future."

"I do not need to recall to your memory the last night that we spent in your house in Yonkers. It must be as fresh to you as it is to me. You taunted us both with our poverty and dependence. You drove her to desperation by your unjust accusations and your heartless language. She could not endure that kind of a life any longer, and she knew that I also was anything but happy; so she came to me, told me the secret of her success as an author, and of the income which her book bade fair to bring her, and begged of me to go with her to share her substance, asking in return only the comfort of congenial companionship and the protection which my presence would give her. I was sorely tempted, as I have told her, to confess the part I had been playing, and proclaim her my heiress on the spot. But I thought, considering all things, it would be better to wait until she was through with school, while I wanted to study her a little more closely before committing my all to her. She has stood the test most nobly. She has been the light of our home. She has labored early and late to minister to my comfort and happiness, and now she is going to reap her reward. Everything that I can do for her to make her life bright, I shall do while I live, and when I am gone, she will have the fortune which, under different circumstances, would have been mostly yours."

Mrs. Richards was pallid with anger, mortification and bitter disappointment when Mr. Roosevelt concluded.

"Well, miss, you have played your cards very cleverly, haven't you?" she finally found breath to ejaculate, and turning with blazing eyes upon the fair girl who, all unwittingly, had usurped her place in her uncle's affection and will.

Mr. Roosevelt's face grew stern.

"She certainly has, Ellen," he said, before Star could speak, even had she wished to do so, "especially as she could not, by any means, have known that there was anything worth winning by her acts of devotion and self-denial. And now let me tell you, that true kindness and sympathy will always win, where arrogance and pride will only gain contempt, and lead to disappointment and regret."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)

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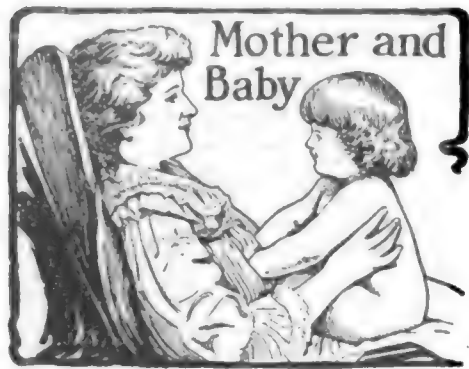
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Through the columns of this department our Doctor's advice regarding maternity and child welfare will be given free in answer to questions by our subscribers. Address Mother and Baby Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and be sure to give your full name and address. Names will not be published.

Summer Diseases of Babies

DURING the months of June, July and August we shall take, as subjects for our talks, the diseases that babies suffer with during the hot summer months, hoping that we may be able to offer some suggestions that will be helpful in their care and treatment, and prevent them from serious illness.

SIMPLE DIARRHEA.—Under this head we shall discuss a mild form of diarrhea to which babies are very subject, in which the condition appears to be one of mere functional disorder, and very little, if any, congestion of intestinal mucous membrane. The causes of simple diarrhea are unfavorable hygienic conditions, badly ventilated, damp dwellings, contracted or crowded quarters, unhealthy state of mother if nursing baby, use of artificial food at a too early age, especially if improper food, feeding, and very hot weather. The most important of these causes is improper food, with exclusion of proper amount of milk. The habit of allowing babies to eat food from the table prepared for older members of the family is a dangerous one, and a fruitful cause of stomach and intestinal complaints. There is not much doubt but what most babies have too many sweets, especially candy. Diarrhea may follow as a consequence of an attack of indigestion, and may occur in babies previously healthy, and continue for weeks. The symptoms of simple diarrhea are discomfort, disturbance of temper and comfort of baby, restlessness, peevishness and disposition to cry; the baby sleeps less than usual, often starts and moans during sleep, more marked during night, as is the case of any ailment of babies. The baby may seem perfectly well during the day, with the exception of slight paleness and weakness, appetite diminished, baby will not eat as often or as much as usual.

The stools are thinner and more copious and the odor becomes acid and offensive. In severe cases the stools are more fluid, watery, and may be of a deep green color, intermixed with portions of mucus; also you may note undigested curds mixed with mucus on napkins. The number of stools may vary from two to ten during twenty-four hours. The abdomen is seldom distended or painful to touch, the general appearance of baby is paler and thinner, eyes somewhat hollow.

The duration of the disorder is short, a few days or a week, and terminates in complete recovery to health, without having exposed the life of the baby; but if the cause is not removed, if the baby has a delicate constitution, or the treatment not proper, this simple diarrhea may run into enterocolitis and the dangers of the latter disease.

The treatment of simple diarrhea, first, consists in attention to diet, exercise and the state of the gums. We mention state of gums, as often you may get disturbed digestion and diarrhea from a tooth or teeth trying to come

through; gums are swollen and red. The relief is the lancing of swollen gums under antiseptic precautions. This often seems brutal in young babies, but it is not, as nature forces the tooth through the gums and you simply help out by cutting down on the tooth coming.

In severe cases, gums badly swollen, baby feverish, digestion upset, it is good judgment to make a circular incision over the swelling, and allowing it to bleed freely, and the relief is most satisfactory to all concerned.

In regard to diet, if baby is nursing, we must take into careful consideration the health, diet and temper of mother, all of which circumstances more or less affect her milk. If we consider the mother's milk is good and is only disturbed in its healthy properties by some transient cause, it should be allowed to nurse, but not quite as much as usual.

If we decide the mother's milk is unhealthy, the baby should be weaned at once. Its diet should consist of milk or cream weakened with water, unless it has been clearly shown by previous experience that these articles of diet do not agree with baby. If baby cannot take milk and this is proven by patient trial, it is best to try rice water with a little cream in it, or thin gruel.

If baby is six or eight months old it is well to let it have a chicken boue or a juicy piece of beefsteak to suck, or carefully prepared chicken or mutton water or broth. It is best to continue ordinary outdoor exercise unless cold or damp; in fact, in good weather, exposure to air is more important in simple diarrhea than in health. The only precaution is to not allow baby to weaken or tire itself, particularly in warm weather, as this seems to aggravate the complaint. Baby should be given a teaspoonful of castor oil to remove any intestinal contents, especially in this important if the stools are green.

Bismuth subnitrate, in doses of one to five grains according to age, is the most valuable astringent we have to check bowel movements, and should be given from three to six times a day, depending on frequency of movements.

For baby six months old, if discharges are frequent and painful, should give bismuth subnitrate, two grains every two or three hours, to which you may add two drops of paregoric. Subject for next month's talk: *Summer Diseases of Babies.*—Continued.

Questions and Answers

ENLARGED THYROID GLAND.—I have a daughter, thirty-four months old, who has an enlarged thyroid gland on the right side of neck that does not seem to be relieved anything we can do for it. What is the cause, and what can I do for it?

Mrs. G. W. N., Bagley, Minn.
A.—There are several kinds of enlarged thyroid glands, and the exact causes have not been definitely settled. Would suggest that you put your daughter on Syrup of Hydrated Acid (Gardner's) in one-half teaspoonful doses, well diluted in water, three times a day, after meals. Locally, should apply iodine spread on cloth like a poultice, covering the whole gland. This treatment if followed out faithfully for several weeks gives most gratifying results.

CRYING BABY.—What can I do for my three-month-old baby who cries, kicks and grunts all the time she is awake? Her hands and feet are cold most of the time, and I have to give her something for her bowels. She sleeps very well during daytime.

Mrs. B. P., Itmann, W. Va.
A.—You do not state whether you are nursing the baby or not, but there is not much doubt that she cries from indigestion. If you are nursing her, get your own bowels and digestion in normal condition, avoid foods that seem to cause gas, take after each meal two teaspoonfuls of Elix. Lactated Pepsin. Give baby milk of magnesia in teaspoonful doses often enough to keep her bowels regular. A baby does not cry all the time unless there is some cause for it, and as indigestion is the most common cause, correcting this will relieve crying.

HEMORRHOIDS.—Please tell me what to do for hemorrhoids that have troubled me badly since baby was born seven months ago. The bleeding is profuse, and the pain so severe, that I can hardly endure it.

Mrs. G. W. N., Bagley, Minn.
A.—Keep bowels freely open with tablespoonful doses of Nujol; after each bowel movement insert an iodoxy suppository, which you can get at most drug stores. For a while, until relieved, you should sit in a sitz bath, hot as possible for twenty minutes. You can arrange a bath in a large wash-bowl, the hot water relieving the congestion of pelvic organs.

CONSTIPATED BABY.—My three-month-old baby has lumpy stools, although of a good color. What causes this, and what causes baby to cramp when bowels move? (b) How does a baby act when liver is not right?

Mrs. G. G., Louisville, Ky.
A.—The bowels not being open would cause the lumpy movements, also cramps. (b) Vomiting, later on jaundice, are symptoms of liver troubles.

ENLARGED SPLEEN.—For a year I have had an enlarged spleen, and attacks of malaria. My baby, eighteen months old, also has enlarged spleen and throat trouble. Please advise us what to do.

Mrs. J. L. B., Cato, Ark.
A.—Would suggest that you and the baby go to some competent physician for an examination and treatment. While it would seem that you both needed quinine, it does not seem advisable to suggest treatment, with so little information.

URIC ACID POISONING.—Can you tell me how to avoid serious trouble from uric acid poisoning of a confinement? My history is as follows: Have had female trouble ever since I was twelve years old; have had pain in back of head and neck most of the time. Eight years ago when my baby was born, I had a serious attack of uricemia and was unconscious thirty-six hours; had a slight attack two years ago.

Mrs. J. B., Patridge, Kans.
A.—You should have the urine examined often, and be sure that the bowels and kidneys are performing their proper function. Should drink lots of water between meals, and have milk and buttermilk make important part of your diet. The danger signals that you will note are dizzy headaches, swelling of feet or any part of body.

WEANING BABY.—I am going to wean my thirteen-month-old baby and am waiting for advice as to what to rub on breasts at that time. What shall I feed baby?

Mrs. H. H., Oconto, Wis.
A.—Bind the breasts singly to chest with bandage or adhesive plaster, the object being to prevent the milk coming into breasts; drink very little liquids, using the breast-pump if breasts get painful. Baby's diet should be mostly of Elix. Lactated Pepsin, stale wheat bread toasted, graham crackers, baked potato and soft-boiled occasionally.

FANNEL BANDS.—Are the little knitted bands, that tie on the side or those that lap through as good as fannel bands?

A.—I think fannel bands are preferable.

EZEMA.—My seven-month-old baby has one tooth, also has eczema all over her body. The stools are greenish and jelly like, not relieved by castor oil. Does the feeding or the eczema cause the green stools, and are they dangerous? Please suggest remedy for eczema.

Mrs. L. M., Whitby, W. Va.
A.—The teething probably caused the eczema, but there must be a hyperacidity of all secretions. Give baby lime-water in food, three tablespoonfuls a day. Give teaspoonful doses of milk of magnesia often enough to keep bowels regular. There are a great many kinds of eczema, but should sponge off parts affected with Dakin's solution, then apply a little sulphur ointment. If the sulphur ointment does not seem to agree, apply a little oxide of zinc ointment.

ANEMIA AND MALNUTRITION.—My five-year-old baby daughter does not seem well; no appetite, pale, thin, blotches come out on tongue occasionally, seems nervous, sleeps with eyes partly open, has vomiting spells quite often, and complains of her stomach hurting her. She swallowed a penny when about two years old. Would this cause the trouble?

Mrs. F. M. M., Salt Lake City, Utah.
A.—Do not think the penny would cause any annoyance, but the X-ray examination would eliminate it from consideration. This seems to be a case of anemia and malnutrition, and would suggest an outdoor life as much as possible, careful, nutritious diet, milk, broths, soft-boiled eggs. Should give Ferrous Neoferrum, or Peptomangan (Gude's), in teaspoonful doses, three times a day, after meals.

RICKETS, RUPTURE.—My baby sweats on head and body if room is warm. Does this indicate rickets? (b) How can I tell if baby is ruptured?

Mrs. J. C. R., Haigler, Nebr.
A.—No, this does not indicate rickets. (b) If baby is ruptured you will notice a protrusion or bump at navel or on either side lower down, especially if baby coughs or cries.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

I am the mother of three healthy babies, five, three and one and one-half years old. Elmer is the baby, and I have my hands full, as I do all my sewing and housework and part of the washing, and I have time to crochet.

Mrs. Moxley, I'll tell you another way to break babies from sucking their fingers. Take a piece of cardboard, cut hole in center and put arm through it, fastening it at the elbow. Cardboard should be large enough so the arm cannot be bent to get the fingers to the mouth.

I would like to hear from some of the sisters.
OWESTER NIXON.

MILTON, OREGON.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

That's what most of you are. One sister gave me a most uncomfortable feeling a few months ago when she wrote that she refused to shake hands with the farmer's wife who helped her husband with the outside work. I had my hand extended for a good old-fashioned greeting and she passed me right up because I do a little work outdoors. I've never broken down my health by doing heavy work but I pile brush when my husband is clearing timber, and I have shocked an acre and a half of hay a few times, but my main job this spring is driving the tractor while my husband applies lime. We also raise fine large pumpkins, not to mention pears, peaches and every kind of berry. The foothills are covered with wheat and lots of the bottom land is in alfalfa.

When I visit folks I like to go and spend the day so this accounts for a lengthy letter.

Good by,
MARY E. RUIBERG.



BETTY MAY RUIBERG.

that our river has as much drop in six miles as the Mississippi River has from St. Louis to the Gulf of Mexico. Regarding the products, we raise the biggest apples than can be grown. Most people in the Middle States and in the East and even in California, have no conception of what first-grade Oregon or Washington apples look like. We also raise fine large pumpkins, not to mention pears, peaches and every kind of berry. The foothills are covered with wheat and lots of the bottom land is in alfalfa.

When I visit folks I like to go and spend the day so this accounts for a lengthy letter.

Good by,
MARY E. RUIBERG.

ALLEN, MISS.

DEAR MRS. W. AND COMFORT SISTERS:
I have been a reader of COMFORT for only a short time but in that short time I have learned enough to know that Pearl Vasey knew what she was saying when she stated that the COMFORT sisters had "golden isn't it wonderful that so many people, scattered all over the United States, can have such a sisterly spirit?"

I live on a farm and have two little girls and one baby boy. There was never one who liked farm life better than I, and it keeps me busy. I do all my work. In evening season I can do everything possible from my garden, as well as making and caring for the garden. Besides my sewing, housecleaning, laundry, etc.

Just now I am making a bedroom set consisting of spread, bolster cover, table runner, scarf for the mantel-piece, chair back cover and window curtains. Also a dining-room set consisting of serving table cover, dining table cover and curtains for inside of closet door. These are made of four sacks. This is how I do it. I pull thread in order to cut straight and hem all edges with tiny hem on fingers, in running stitches of No. 100 thread. Fagot these together with No. 10 crocheted thread or fine thread doubled. Fagoting is like thornstitching (brier stitching) but instead of working on top of goods, catch the edge of each hem. This makes a dainty insertion. After putting together enough sacks to form the article wanted I fagot on a colored border on which I apply two red cherries, made of red gingham, two small green leaves and stems made of green thread. In the center of each dining-room piece I applied three red apples, two green leaves of gingham and stems of green. It takes a long time to save enough sacks and if any of you feel so disposed I'd like to have you send me a sack. This is the way I remove the letters from the sacks. Roll in good lye soap, put in enough cold water to cover and pour boiling water over them. Cover pail and let soak and steam. Rub, boil and then rinse well. Your devoted sister,
MRS. W. E. WEEKS.

ACURRN, CALIF.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND ALL OF COMFORT SISTERS:
May I come in if I promise not to stay very long? I am a brunette, blue eyed, five feet, six inches tall and weigh 132 pounds. (What can I do to reduce?) I am plump but not fat, but muscular. Have brown, wavy hair and am nineteen years old. I am enclosing a picture of myself and would like to see it in COMFORT.

At first, like all young girls, I read only the stories, recipes and Uncle Charlie's letters, but later I learned that the subjects discussed in the Sisters' Corner were helpful and very interesting.

I will tell you what I did to make my room look new. The bed, table, dresser and footstool were of a maple color. I decided to make the room lighter in color so I scraped off the old varnish and then used sandpaper to make the surface smooth. Then I applied two coats of ivory enamel. It took heaps of pains and patience, but it certainly is worth while. There are three French windows and a French door in my room, with the glass marked off in eight panes each, and two other doors, one leading to the other bedroom and the other leading to the front porch, with the upper half of glass. I made "half" curtains for all the windows out of a cream-colored crepe material, and placed them in rods. I crocheted a piece for the outside (glass) door. There is a built-in bookcase on two sides of my room which contains shelves for sewing materials, etc. I pasted some flowered wall paper on these and the appearance was much improved. The large wardrobe, desk chair and desk were not varnished. I thought they looked better in the natural maple color. I placed a square mirror in the center of a table and now it resembles an expensive dressing set. I will appreciate letters from the cousins and sisters.

With best wishes to all,
MISS EVA M. FERRY.

Sorry, Eva, but a snapshot doesn't reproduce well, so I've pasted your picture in the upper right-hand corner of my COMFORT Sisters' Album, on page 94. You don't mind if I keep it, do you?
—Ed.

BATESVILLE, 143 S. Park Ave., IND.
GREETINGS TO OUR DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND THE GREAT COMFORT SISTERS.

I have been waiting for someone to tell us about their COMFORT Kodak Album, as no one seems to own one I will tell you about mine—and then the rest of you will want one also. I am fortunate enough to have COMFORT pen friends in a number of different states, and they like myself, find great pleasure in taking pictures and we have exchanged "shots" until now not even Henry Ford could afford to purchase my collection. It contains views from far-away Oregon, interesting New York, some fine Western ranch views, not mentioning all the good-looking and smiling faces of the COMFORT folks themselves.

To be sure we will see Mrs. Wilkinson safely through since she went ahead and launched a pin for us.

Have you begun to think about spring housecleaning? It's time for it. Albert A. Rand offers some seasonable advice to us. He says, "Perhaps it's quite a long time since some of our homes have had a thorough cleaning and now that the spring season is here, it is well that we remove some of the rubbish and make room for bright new goods. There's worry, for instance. Isn't there a little of that knocking around your house somewhere, getting under foot and tripping you up every once in a while, just often enough to keep you from being perfectly happy? Then that's one thing that ought to be slated for the

ash can right away. A good soap that will remove the stain of worry is Sunshine Soap. It does the work neatly and quickly. Then perhaps there are some of the last year's mistakes and failures lying around, ready to bob up into your face and taunt you the minute you begin to think of something. 'Ha! they'll sneer. 'Remember you tried that last year, and it didn't work. You can't do anything about that again. No use to try.' Yes, last year's failures and the memory of them certainly belong with the garbage. If any traces of them refuse to come off readily you'll find that liberal application of the spirit of success will banish them completely. There's another clutterer of some of your houses that is going to be harder to clean out perhaps than any of the others, yet it certainly needs to go, for it has no part in the well-kept house. That's the sting of those thoughtless words that somebody let fall and the hard feeling they caused. Maybe the one who uttered them didn't mean them and maybe she did, but whether or no, you can't feel right until their memory has been eradicated. And if you want a good eradicator, try the balm of forgiveness, applied freely. It will remove even stain if you apply it full strength. It costs a great deal, sometimes, but it's worth all its costs.

Light along with these thoughts we might also remember:

"Nothing gained by worrying,
By hurrying, by scurrying,
With fretting and with hurrying
The temper's often lost;
And in pursuit of some small prize,
We rush ahead and are not wise,
And find the unwanted exercise
A fearful price has cost."

It's time to go to work and stop visiting so
Good by and good wishes,
Miss EDNA STOCKINGER.

Thanks, Miss Edna, for the snapshot of your cheerful self. It is pasted securely into my COMFORT album.—Ed.

BARGERSVILLE, IOWA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:
I like to read the Sisters' Corner and have taken COMFORT for years and expect to take it as long as I live.

Texas Blue Bonnet, you certainly have my sympathy over losing your fern. It was too bad your first second letters were not printed so you could have shown your doubting-Thomas friends that COMFORT is a real honest-to-goodness paper all the way through. I just want to say right here if there is anyone who doubts about the people getting wheel chairs, that I know for a fact that COMFORT does give wheel chairs as I helped get subscriptions for a little crippled cousin of ours, and he received a fine wheel chair.

Lena, I wish I knew some way to help you in your trouble, but I can't say I can. I am sure you are ever ready to help us in our trouble. I am a believer in prayer and if you will put your trust in the Heavenly Father and ask him each day to give you strength and wisdom to show you how to overcome this fault of your husband, that he will do it. Try to steal away somewhere alone when you are tired and discouraged, and tell God about it. I like that old song, "What a Friend We Have in Jesus." I shall remember you in my prayers.

I will give you a pen picture of myself. Am five feet, two inches tall, weigh about 150, brown hair, brown eyes and neither a fright nor a beauty. Age, thirty-five and forty. Have been married seventeen years to one of the best of men. We are still all in all to each other.
Love to all.
MRS. CECIL BROWN.

ARKANSAS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND CONTRIBUTORS TO THE CORNER:

Sitting here in deep meditation, after reading the many splendid letters of the corner, I feel that the efforts of Mrs. Wilkinson and the sisters, through the medium of COMFORT, are directly instrumental in bringing about better conditions in our homes, by helping to clear up clouded domestic skies by the cheerful, helpful letters that fill the Sisters' Corner. Hats off and Godspeed to you in the great work you are doing. My enthusiasm for an ideal home has arisen to the point that I'm begging Mrs. Wilkinson to grant me assistance for a few minutes so that I might be helpful to some by calling attention to one of my home environments which, if remedied, would make my life more pleasant. As it is I cannot say this.

To begin with, I am musically inclined, having taught music, like good literature and try to cultivate the art of entertaining. On the other hand, my husband, an accomplished musician, seems to abhor the idea of our even trying to play together; as a result, although being supplied with several instruments, my home is almost destitute of music which is disappointing to me, as I find the experience and accomplishments I had attained, are gradually slipping away from me. If I say, "John, get your violin (or cornet) and let's run over the music I received today," the reply is, "Oh, that junk is not fit to listen to," or, "I don't feel like playing." I hope there are other similar cases, and while we do not clash at all, I feel that we are failures in this particular thing.

In conclusion, I think everyone should try to be considerate and congenial toward each other, along the lines that help to make the home a more cheerful and delightful place in which to live.
—A LUMBER JACK.

THOMASVILLE, R. R. 3, No. 2, CAL.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a silent reader of COMFORT for many years and like the Sisters' Corner. I've wanted to write for a long time but like many others, lacked confidence.

I have been an orphan ever since an infant. My mother died young and we have had many misfortunes, but prayers made every cloud wear a rainbow. Let us all pray now.

I am the mother of two children, a boy three years and the baby, Evelyn Gwendoline, whose picture I am sending. She is eighteen months old but large for that age.

I never had the privileges when I was a girl that the girls of today have. Some have too much freedom, I think mothers should be more strict. I have enjoyed this little vein and now I am going to stop. Good-bye to you all.
—CHERRYBLOSSOM.

EVERLAN GWENDOLINE CLODFELTER.

Cheerfulness.—A daughter like Baby Evelyn would make the most unfortunate person in the world cheerful. She has beautiful eyes, as well as the dearest little nose and mouth and ever so many dimples.—Ed.

CHERO, ILL.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:
Will you now a lonely soul to come into your wonderful circle? I have been reading COMFORT 16 years but have never dared to intrude. But having read a letter by "A Marine's Wife," I felt I must take a chance. I am thirty years old, brunette, five feet, three inches tall and weigh 150 pounds. I got married ten years and heartbroken over the fact that God had denied me the greatest gift of Life, in my loneliness I have turned to adoring and craving after the babies of my friends and relatives and am very happy when the little youngsters say, "I like Auntie Vasey." (Rose.) Another of my babies is in doing all I can for our disabled boys. I am a member of the world-wide known Women's Relief Corps and am proud of the work it is doing by the different corps over the entire country. My best

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)

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Philadelphia, Pa.

Love Will Find the Way

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

which will electrify you both. There is nothing but good—all good. I ought to be the happiest girl in the world, and should be, but for the shadow that must ever rest upon my dear grandmother's life. I wish you would tell her, for me, that nothing under heaven could ever change my love for her. Under all circumstances, she is my more than mother, who must be first in my heart forever.

"Ever gratefully and lovingly yours,"

"MARIAN."

She despatched a messenger with it; then, with her hand clasped in that of her mother, she sat down to await the return of Mr. Underwood.

It was not long. They had barely begun to consider what their action had best be toward Paul Roade, influenced, as it must be, by their affection for his unhappy mother, when a servant came to request that Marian should join Mr. Underwood in the drawing-room.

She left her mother and went down at once, but in the hall Underwood met her.

"June is waiting for you in the library, little one. Will you go in at once?"

Every particle of blood forsook her cheeks. She lifted her eyes to his, and swift tears filled them. A violent trembling seized her; but after a moment of such deep emotion she shook it off, and answered bravely, if a trifle tremulously:

"Yes; I will see him at once."

He bent forward and kissed her lightly on the brow.

"God give you strength!" he whispered.

He led her to the library, and softly opened the door. He closed it behind her just as gently, and with something of the feeling that oppresses one when a wife is left alone for the first time with her lifeless husband, he walked noiselessly away.

And Marian was alone with June.

She stood there with downcast eyes, never lifting them, and yet feeling his presence there, and he stood grasping the high back of a chair, steeling every nerve against his own inclinations, lest he rush toward her and clasp her to his aching bosom.

He was trembling from head to foot. A terrible rush of emotion swept over him, and he dared not speak until he had again obtained the mastery.

And then, when his heart was again subservient to his will, he crossed the floor and stood before her. She had not heard his footsteps, and yet she felt the near approach. She feared to lift her eyes. She dared not attempt to speak lest her voice fail her.

And then she felt the close clasp of his fingers—June's fingers—upon her own! She felt a thrill pass to the very center of her heart! And then his voice—June's dear voice—spoke to her. The words were ordinary enough, and the voice stiff and dull, but she knew the effort it cost him.

"Marian," he said indifferently, "there is much for which I must ask your forgiveness. How shall I do it?"

Dull as the first sentence was, softly as the second was spoken, the agony of heart was in them both. She caught the fingers that held hers swiftly, and lifted her eyes to his.

"Oh, June," she cried, "can't you understand that there can never be any talk of forgiveness between you and me? The past is dead and buried beyond resurrection, but at least there can be no bitterness in either heart against the other. You have come for an eternal farewell. Let us speak it as quickly as possible."

The tone was strained and choked. She had withdrawn her hand, as if she could bear contact with him no longer, and he passed his hand across his brow wearily, clearing it of the cold moisture that had gathered there.

He did not even hear the close of her speech, apparently, for without taking note of it, he said, miserably:

"And there are things of which you need forgiveness, Marian. Could you not have trusted me a little more, dear? Could you not have understood that nothing could have come between you and me? Did you think that your father's faults or sin or crimes would have weighed a jot against your love? Oh, Marian, why did you not trust me?"

"Don't!" she whispered, putting up her hand as if to defend herself from a blow; "don't! It is eternally too late now! You must not forget—her!"

"I do not—I do not; but at least it can do no harm for us to understand each other now. We know already, and God knows! No more harm can be done than has been already. It can not injure your purity nor my honor for me to tell you that no wrong has been committed, no matter how great, would have broken my heart from yours. You were my betrothed wife, Marian. Think, dear, my betrothed wife! Was there so little of your confidence, then, due to me? Could you not come to me in the affliction that lay upon your soul? Did you not dare trust the man who loved you with the secret that shadowed your life?"

"But you don't understand it all. Go back, June; think of that night at the opera. Don't you remember? Don't you recall your own words about—insanity?"

"Insanity?"

"Yes. Don't you remember?"

"I do; but what had that to do with you?"

"You don't know what my birthday-present was on the day that followed, do you? You had given me your love, and that was the most precious thing that earth or heaven held. I went home, scarcely able to bear my happiness, only to be told that my mother was that thing which you most despised on earth—a lunatic! I had never suspected it, and the hardest part to bear was the knowledge that you would despise me. I could not tell you, June—I could not!"

"Your mother?"

"Yes, dear. Now you understand; you see how impossible it would have been for me to face the disgust that would have crossed your brow; you see how impossible it would have been for me to hear the words from your lips. I love you, but we must part." Oh, June, don't blame, but pity, me!

"And do you think I would have spoken then? Do you think I could have spoken then? I can hear the cruelty of those foolish words now as I uttered them in that box. But some one there said, 'Love is lord of all.' It is true, Marian; madness had not threatened the woman I loved. Oh, if you had but told me! I would have taken you and shielded you and held you in my arms, so that harm could not have touched you. And it was that, after all, that divided us! It was my own brutal words, my own cursed folly, that recoiled upon my own head! Darling, could you not see that my love was so great that mountains of shame and humiliation and sorrow would have

been as nothing for it to overcome? Oh, Marian, Marian, this is more than I can bear!"

He turned away, and a heavy groan left his white lips; but she caught his arm quickly.

"Good by!" she cried hoarsely. "I am going now. We should not have risked it. I can bear my own suffering, but not the sight of yours. It is eternal, June—it must be! God bless you forever and forever!"

Her voice was choked with tears, her face white with anguish.

He turned to her to say farewell, as she had bidden him; but the sight was too much for him, as it would have been for any man who loved as he did. He caught her in his arms; he forgot Anne Gordon, he forgot his honor, he forgot everything.

"I can't say it!" he groaned, with his lips upon hers, her body pressed closely against his breast. I can't say it. I love you so that my lips will not form the words you have commanded. You are more than life, more than soul, more than heaven to me. Oh, my darling, my darling, did you not know that if you but trusted, love could find the way through any calamity?"

"Love has found the way!"

"The sweet voice came to them from the conservatory, laden with the breath of flowers, tender as the thrill of a harp-string in heaven. They looked up. It was Anne Gordon.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

and sympathies are all with "Our Boys" and I am never happier than when I am planning some new way of raising money for relief work. Each of the 38 members feels just as I do and now that the new staff of officers has been initiated we shall endeavor to make this a promising year. My only regret is that so many people have forgotten all the promises made to our boys when they left for "over there," and it hurts me to see so many of our lads walking the streets, looking for work. I congratulate our Hoosier sister, from Mishawakee, Indiana, on her work for the boys. I have also enjoyed Aunt Sally Lou's letter, but I want to say how much easier it is to get acquainted with your neighbors in the country than in a big city. I was born in Chicago and lived there for twenty years, and with the exception of my immediate neighbors I was a stranger in a strange land. At the age of twenty I married and went to live on a little farm in Michigan. I became acquainted with all my neighbors in the country in a few miles around. We had our Saturday night barn dances, our Sunday prayer meetings, and twice a month our Ladies' Aid Society met at the different homes. I certainly enjoyed the five years of my farm life and now I'm back in the city again, for Cleora is only a little subdivision of Chicago, and I'm as lonesome as can be. I would like to hear from any sister who would care to write.

Wishing good old Comfort and dear Mrs. Wilkinson success,

A LONELY SISTER.

PENNSYLVANIA.

DEAR "MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS": I do so much enjoy the sisters' letters, they are so real and helpful in many ways.

I want to ask their opinion on a subject that I haven't seen discussed before.

What do you think of our American girls marrying foreigners?

Also another question: just whom should we designate as foreigners, those born in America of foreign parents or those born in foreign countries and becoming naturalized, or neither?

This intermarriage among the working people and middle classes is becoming more and more frequent.

WILD ROSE.

OAKDALE, TENNESSEE.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON: Will you allow one to enter from the Cumberland Mountains of Tennessee? Oakdale is located in Morgan County, on the banks of the Big Emory River. Mountains rise almost perpendicular on every side, and the Cincinnati Southern Railroad enters the town from north and south through tunnels.

The name of our bungalow is "Brookcroft," and signifies "hid away." A little, winding stream almost encircles the bungalow, and only a few feet away, and is a constant reminder of the perpetuity of life. A rustic footbridge is built across this stream, connecting the yards with a spring of pure water. Overlooking the footbridge are two graceful hickory trees, and as I look upon them in all their majesty, I am reminded of the lines by Joyce Kilmer, which read:

"A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts its leafy arms to pray."

Away from the rocky borders of the creek are the forest covered hills; intermingled with the tall trees are to be found the beautiful rhododendron and mountain laurel. When the summer storms pass over I have admired the lofty and serene temper of the mountains. They seem to extract from the assaults of the storms new beauty, and to nurture the lofty mountains that the vales below may be latterly blessed. I think Nature would teach us many noble lessons if we would open our minds to same.

As you climb the hills about our home the tinkling of cowbells can be heard for miles around. Cattle roam at large in the Cumberland of Tennessee, and bells are strapped around their necks. Merchants carry cowbells in stock for the benefit of their customers. There are different sizes and tones to the bells. It is a babel of confusion to the stranger, but not to the owner of a cow. When he wants to locate his cow he gets out on the mountain-side and listens for his bell. In the evening it is a beautiful sight to see a large herd of cattle making their way down the mountain-side to the homes of their owners.

So am content to remain "hid away" in our little home here in the mountains. I helped to win the war by acting as county chairman of the woman's division of the Morgan County Liberty Loan Committee throughout all the drives that were made, and also acting as secretary to my husband who was the Federal food administrator for the county. It was a privilege to serve in this way, but I now have no ambitions whatever to hold political office in any capacity. I am satisfied to remain in my home, do my own housekeeping, and to take care of my precious little baby boy, William Angel Burton. His middle name was my maiden name. He is the only child now in our home. His little brother, J. D. Jr., died at the age of about three years, with less than twenty-four hours' illness. This happened a little over a year ago. And so our home has not been without its shadows.

The American Red Cross through its bureau of pictures made a moving picture of "Brookcroft Bungal-



WILLIAM ANGEL BURTON.

most encircles the bungalow, and only a few feet away, and is a constant reminder of the perpetuity of life. A rustic footbridge is built across this stream, connecting the yards with a spring of pure water. Overlooking the footbridge are two graceful hickory trees, and as I look upon them in all their majesty, I am reminded of the lines by Joyce Kilmer, which read:

"A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts its leafy arms to pray."

Away from the rocky borders of the creek are the forest covered hills; intermingled with the tall trees are to be found the beautiful rhododendron and mountain laurel. When the summer storms pass over I have admired the lofty and serene temper of the mountains. They seem to extract from the assaults of the storms new beauty, and to nurture the lofty mountains that the vales below may be latterly blessed. I think Nature would teach us many noble lessons if we would open our minds to same.

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The American Red Cross through its bureau of pictures made a moving picture of "Brookcroft Bungal-

low" and the surrounding country in a reel, entitled, "My Brother's Keeper." And if any of the readers have chance to see this film of motion pictures you will recall the rustic footbridge and Scotch collie dog. This collie and little J. D. Jr., used to play together on this bridge. But now the little boy is gone forever. But there is hardly a day passes but what I think of the lines by Eugene Field:

"Pitty-pat and tippy-toe,
All day long they come and go."

I enclose the picture of William Angel Burton, age about ten months, when his picture was made.

Yours cordially, Mrs. J. D. BURTON.

HOLTON, IND.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I am a born Hoosier and live near a small town of about 250 inhabitants. We have a six-room cottage with forest trees for shade. Am a great lover of flowers but this year will have none as sickness caused me to lose all my dahlias, canna and gladiolus bulbs and I could save no seeds for the same reason. Seeds aren't expensive but husband had but little work last winter (he is a carpenter by trade) and trying to pay for our home. I will have to look at the empty flower beds and think "It might have been."

I do not like town or city life but love the big outdoors. I like to have a garden, chickens, a cow and bees. I pity the poor city children and how much they miss in life. Even those who are fortunate enough to hear the high-class music don't know what sweet music is unless they have been in the country and heard the birds singing, cattle lowing, horses neighing to each other, the bark of the faithful dog as he runs by his beloved master's side, chirping of crickets, frogs croaking and afar off the faint bleating of little lambs and the tinkle of cowbells, even the locust as he sings out his prediction of a hot day. Can any such sweet music be wrought by man? Daily surrounded by such music and the beautiful colors of nature, how can one grow tired of the country as the color scheme and music changes with the rolling around of the seasons? The city is a continual rumble of cars and the same bleak walls the year around.

Mrs. M. T. Haynes, if you will visit us you may stay until you satisfy yourself that husband and I do not quarrel; no praise to me though, as it takes two to quarrel, and will not. My husband once made the remark: "If I had to quarrel with a woman to live with her I'd leave first," and I today am a better woman by thinking deeply of that remark. Sisters, we are all human but we women are too apt to nag. Our husbands work hard, often denying themselves pleasures for their wives and families. Of course the women work hard as well, and sometimes when they are hardly able to be going. I think the sister who leaves her supper dishes in order to be with hubby won't have it said that her husband went to other places evenings because she denied him her company. My experience, when we first went to housekeeping, I thought everything simply had to be done up in apple order and as we were not over-blessed with this world's goods I did work for others. I was often too tired to even carry on pleasant conversation with my husband, and the conversation I led was business and financial worries each evening. So one night he said, "Now dear, I work hard all day which I realize you do too; when evening comes let's rest physically and mentally and let financial matters alone. Then at the end of every two weeks we will go over the books together." And from that day I have tried to be a true pal to him. We have a boy twelve years old, and a baby girl four months old. I sometimes thing hubby and I are as full of mischief and play as our boy. I believe, as Mrs. J. M. Comer, in teaching children to leave things alone. We could go anywhere with our boy when he was smaller and he wasn't handling and meddling with everything as I have seen many children do, often spoiling pictures, book bindings, etc., by fingerling them, climbing into chairs to reach things. We must not only be might look but did not have to handle things. Neither do I think most stories should be told to or before children. We do not burn a lamp at night so our boy isn't afraid of darkness. I know a man past middle age who confesses he is and always was afraid after dark. When asked if when a child ghost stories were told to him his reply was, "Yes," said when he entered a dark room older ones would say, "Be careful or the 'looney' room will get you." So you see through parents' thoughtlessness his whole life was spoiled to a certain extent.

I think we should try to find good in others instead of repeating things we hear. I often think of a story I once heard of an old lady who was noted for always saying good of those she spoke of. One woman said, "I bet she would say something good about the devil." The other thought surely not of him, so they went to the old lady's house and during their stay spoke of the old fellow. "Well," the old lady said, "he is persevering."

A sister mentioned having a postal card shower on her wedding anniversary. My fourteenth wedding anniversary was May 19th and on June 29th I will be thirty-four years young. A card shower will be greatly appreciated.

With best wishes, sisters, Mrs. M. H. MEVIER.

A Prayer

"Oh, let me live the fullness of each day. Let me be grateful for the happiness it brings. Help me endure its sorrows."

"Let me awake each morning with a song in my heart and grant my voice the strength to give it music."

"Teach me to be cheerful and patient. Help me be silent when I feel wrathful or resentful. Show me the value of a kindly word, the warmth of a smile."

"Keep watch over my heart lest any thought of malice enter there and guard my words that I may not speak ill of others. Help me each time I see another's fault to acknowledge one to my own account. Make me just and let me keep faith with humanity that I may live in peace and pleasure with my associates."

"Teach me my duty and help me that I may not shrink from any sorrow or suffering I may endure in its performance, knowing how worth while is a clear conscience."

"Keep my thoughts and my lips pure and my spirit undivided."

"Grant that I may ever be satisfied in my own little world, content in the wonder and simplicity of an all-wise plan."

CRANDALL, S. DAK.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

To answer Lena I will say that I certainly do believe in love at first sight. Nearly seven years ago I married a man I loved the very first day I met him and he has not failed me in any way since. He was a widower with two children and a widow with one child and we are all happy in our home, though it is not the finest in the world by any means. There is a companionship between us all; we play with our children as though we were children once more.

To cure those small boys of fighting, try putting them in a small room together and telling them to fight it out and that they are to stay there until they can behave or until they are in good humor again.

As to economy, I believe it is my second name, anyway it begins with E. I have learned to use flour sacks even for table-cloths and they can be made very pretty by crocheting and placing it between the sacks, with an edging to match around them. They are easily laundered.

Use stockings for undershirts; cut open the stockings, sew together and hem or crochet around the bottom. I make most of our underclothing of flour sacks. I am exactly five feet tall, very dark brown hair, blue eyes and have a great propensity to tease.

Happy wife and mother,
Mrs. HENRY J. BOUDREAU.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)

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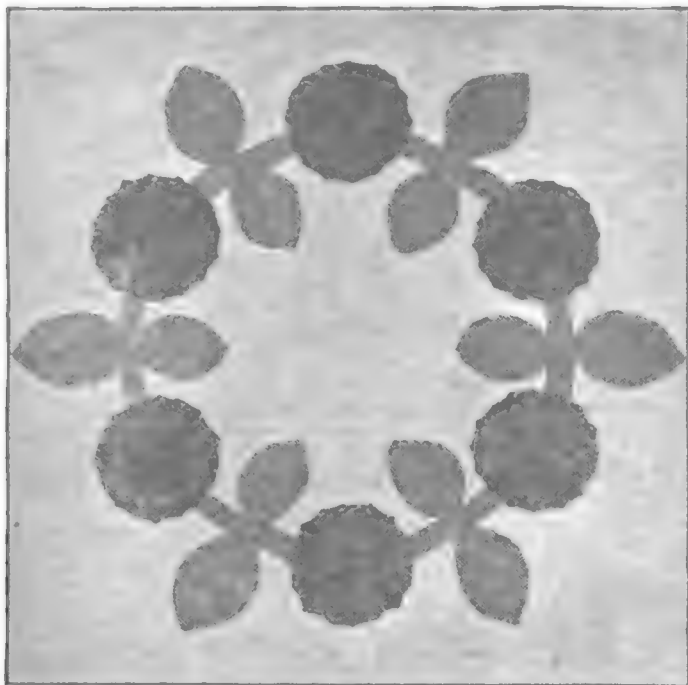
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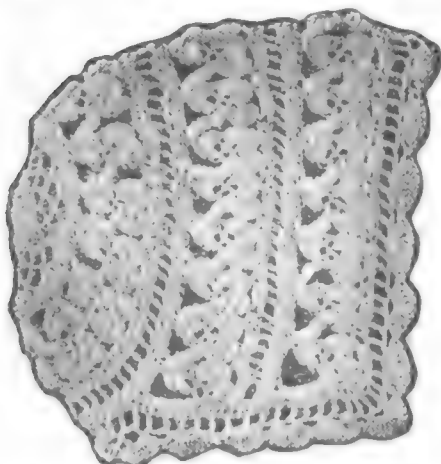


Wreath of Roses. An original design by Mrs. Margaret Turney, Md. The six roses, with slightly scalloped edges, are of red, leaves and circle of green, applied on bleached muslin.

Infant's Cap in Clover Leaf Crochet

THIS dainty little model which is designed for spring and summer wear, is made of cream-colored silk-knit. Work is begun in the center of the crown with a ch 5, join in ring, ch 3.

1st round—29 tr c in ring, sl st to top ch 3, ch 5.
2nd round—1 sl st in 2nd tr c, ch 5, 1 sl st in 4th tr c, repeat around, making in all 15 chains, join last one by sl st to 1st st of 1st ch, sl st to center of this ch.



INFANT'S CAP IN CLOVER LEAF CROCHET.

3rd round—Ch 5, 1 s c under ch in last round, repeat around, same as in last round and join in same manner.

4th round—Same as 3rd round.
5th round—7 d c under each ch 5, join by sl st.

6th round—7 s c on 7 d c, * ch 15, join last 5 sts in ring, ch 5, 1 s c in ring, ch 5, 1 s c in ring, ch 5, 1 s c in ring. Under 1st ch 5 work 1 s c, 2 d c, 2 tr c, ch 1, 2 tr c, 2 d c, 1 s c, repeat the same under other 2 chs 5, joining the center of 3rd group to 1st of 7 s c, 15 s c over ch 10 back to center wheel, 7 s c on 7 d c, repeat from * 13 more times, making 14 clover leaves in all. Break thread.

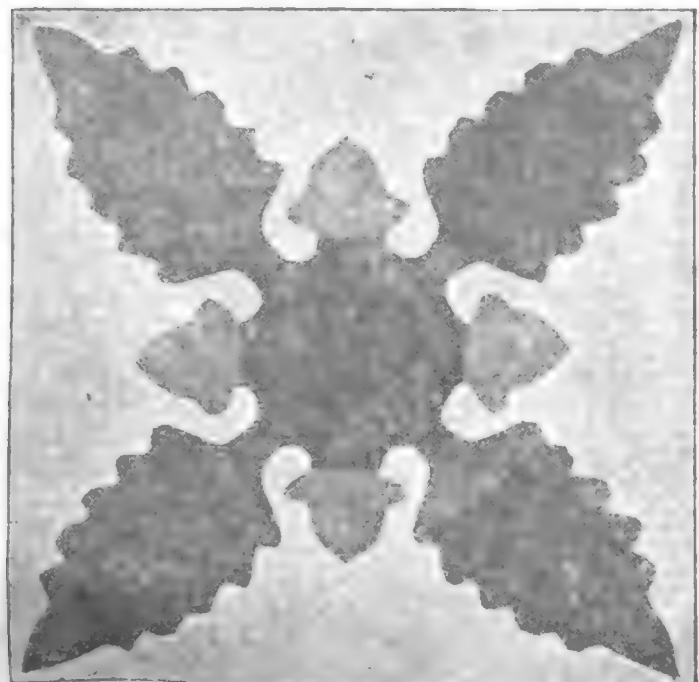
7th round—Join thread to center ch 1 of last clover leaf, ch 4, join to center ch 1 of 1st group of doubles of next leaf, ch 5, 6 or 7 according to how one works, and join to center ch 1 of center or 2nd group of leaf. This chain should be just long enough to make the center of the cap about as large as a saucer. Join to 1st ch, ch 3.

8th round—3 d c under ch 4, 9 d c under next ch, 4 d c under next ch 4, repeat all around joining to 1st ch 3, ch 5.

9th round—1 tr c on 2nd d c, ch 2, sk 1, 1 tr c, repeat around, join to ch 5, ch 3.

10th round—2 d c in sp, 1 d c on 1 tr c, repeat around, join, sl st along over spaces to the space over 2nd clover leaf.

11th round—1 clover leaf, then over last row



Oak Leaf and Acorn Design. A modern example of applique by Mrs. Inez H. Geiger, Cal. The center is of red, acorns of brown, and leaves green. Back ground of unbleached muslin.

Caps for the Baby Tots

sl st over 2 sps, 1 clover leaf, 13 more leaves, the 3rd group of the last one being just over space above the 2nd leaf from the center of the back of the cap. This leaves space over 4 leaves for the back of the neck. Sl st to center, join and break thread.

12th round—Beginning on the side (right) of the cap shown in illustration make 1 sl st in center of 1st group of 1st clover, ch 6 or 7, 1 sl st in center of 2nd group of same clover, ch 3, join to next leaf, repeat working as in 7th round, after sl st in center of last clover leaf, turn, ch 1.

13th round—Same as 8th round.

14th round—Same as 9th round.

15th round—Same as 10th round.

16th round—15 clover leaves.

17th round—Chain completely around the cap.

18th round—Work as in 7th round.
19th round—Spaces all around.
20th round—Scalloped edge all around as follows: Ch 5, sk 1 sp, 1 s c in next sp, ch 5, sk 1 sp, 1 s c, repeat around, join sl st to center first ch, scallop 9 tr c under next ch, 1 s c under 3rd ch. Repeat, join and break thread.

Square Centerpiece in Spiderweb Effect

BY HELEN P. METZGER.

Crocheted of No. 50 cotton with No. 11 steel hook this lace will be about three inches in width, and the finished centerpiece 14 inches in size.

Chain of 51 stitches.

1st row—8 c in first st of ch, * ch 6, sk 4, tr c in next, ch 6, sk 4, 3 s c in next three sts. Repeat from *, ending with s c in last st of ch.

2nd row—Ch 10, * 1 s c over 6 ch, 1 s c in tr c, 1 s c over next 6 ch, ch 5, tr c in middle of 3 s c, ch 5, repeat from *, ending with tr c in last s c.

3rd row—Ch 10, * 3 s c in 3 s c, ch 6, tr c in tr c, ch 6 and repeat from * ending with tr c in 5th st of 10th ch.

4th row—* Ch 5, tr c in middle of 3 s c, ch 5, s c over ch 6, s c in tr c, s c over ch 6, repeat from *, ending with a s c in 5th st of 10th ch.

Repeat these four rows of directions twice, making two rows of blocks or webs. When beginning the third row, sl st over one web, making the third row to consist of only four webs. When finishing this row, ch 10 as a foundation for the added web. Turn, s c in first stitch of this ch, ch 6, sk 4, a tr c in next ch 6, sk 4, s c in corner of last web made. Repeat directions from first row.

The 4th, 5th and 6th rows consist of five webs each. The 7th row consists of four webs, the 8th, 9th and 10th rows of five webs, the 11th of four webs, the 12th, 13th and 14th of five webs each, the 15th of four webs, the 16th and 17th of five webs each.

When beginning the 18th row, work over three webs, then break thread. This makes corner scallop. Skip one web and attach thread to corner of next web. Work over this last web (repeating the four rows of directions), then turn and work alongside over five webs. Make six scallops along each side (including the two corner scallops). Join with needle and thread.

Edging

Join thread to corner. In first space make 2 s c, 2 d c, 2 tr c. In second space, 2 tr c, 2 d c, 2 s c. This makes a tiny scallop over each web. Repeat around.

Sew lace to a square of linen of suitable size. This lace may also be used for yokes, runners, scarf ends, etc. The interested worker will discover many pleasing variations of the pattern.

Baby Bonnet in Filet Crochet

Not Illustrated.

This beautiful little bonnet in filet crochet is of rose design, with a star crown.

Use No. 40 mercerized crochet cotton and No. 12 steel hook.

Work is begun in the center of the crown with a chain of 6 stitches, join in ring.

1st row—Ch 3, 19 d c in ring, join.

2nd row—3 d c, ch 2, sk 1, repeat, joining last ch 2 to top of ch 2 which represents first d c.

3rd row—5 d c over 3 d c (2 in first and last

sts and one in between), ch 2, repeat, join.
4th, 5th, 6th and 7th rows—2 d c in first d c and last, with 1 in each st between, ch 2, repeat around, join. In 7th row there will be 13 d c in each section.

8th and 9th rows—Same as 4th row, with ch 3 between sections.

10th, 11th and 12th rows—Same as 4th row, with ch 4 between sections.

13th row—Sl st in second d c, ch 3, 20 d c in d c, * (ch 3 d c under ch 4) twice, ch 3, 21 d c over 23 d c, skipping first and last, repeat, join, last ch 3 to top of chain 3 representing first double.

14th row—Make 19 d c over 21 d c, beginning same as in last row, ch 3, double under next ch, repeat 3 times, ch 3, repeat around, join.

15th to 22nd row—Same as 14th row, decreasing the number of doubles in each section of star by 2 in each row and increasing the sps between by 1. The 22nd row will have 3 doubles over 5 doubles and 12 sps between.

23rd row—Sl st to second double, ch 6, * (d c under next ch, ch 3), repeat 12 times, d c in last of 3 doubles, ch 3, repeat from * around and join to 3rd of ch 6.

24th row—Ch 3, 3 d c in each sp all around, join. This row completes the crown.

25th row—Ch 5, sk 2, a double in next, * ch 2, sk 2, 1 d c, repeat from * until there are 57 sps, turn, leaving sp between 2 points or sections for the back of the neck.

26th row—57 sps, turn.

27th row—13 sps, 10 d c, 29 sps, 7 d c, 10 sps, turn.

28th row—3 sps, 13 d c (1 sp, 4 d c), repeat twice, 1 sp, 10 d c, 3 sps, 7 d c, 12 sps, 22 d c, 1 sp, 10 d c, 4 sps, 7 d c, 8 sps, turn.

29th row—5 sps, 10 d c, 1 sp, 10 d c, 5 sps, 4 d c, 6 sps, 4 d c, 9 sps, 10 d c, 1 sp (10 d c, 2 sps), repeat twice, 7 d c, 7 sps, turn.

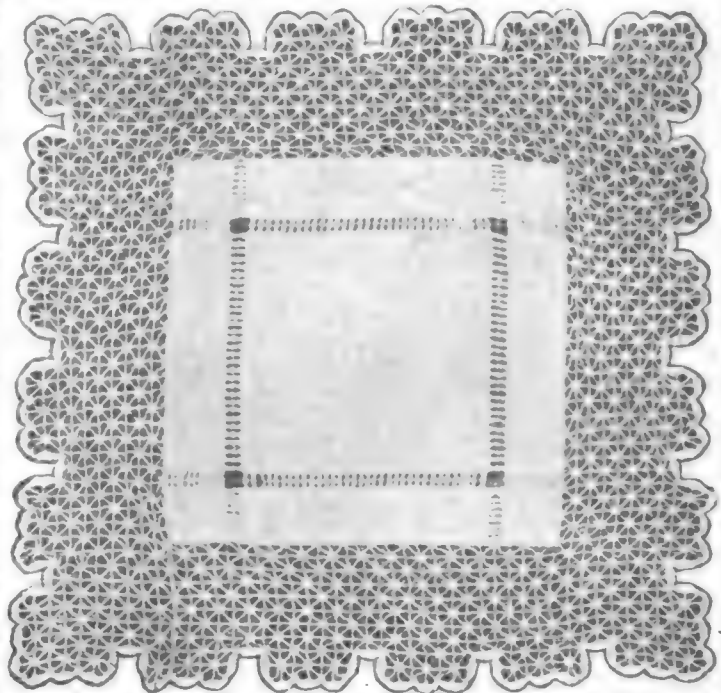
30th row—5 sps, 7 d c, 2 sps, 7 d c, 5 sps, 7 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 2 sps, 4 d c, 8 sps, 4 d c, 4 sps, 7 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 4 sps, 7 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 2 sps, 4 d c, 4 sps, turn.

31st row—4 sps, 4 d c, 2 sps, 7 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 4 sps, 4 d c, 2 sps, 7 d c, 5 sps, 4 d c, 7 sps, 4 d c, 2 sps, 7 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 5 sps, 4 d c, 4 sps, 10 d c, 4 sps, turn.

32nd row—4 sps, 7 d c, 6 sps, 4 d c, 2 sps, 10 d c, 1 sp, 16 d c, 7 sps, 4 d c, 4 sps, 7 d c, 3 sps, 4 d c, 2 sps, 10 d c, 1 sp, 16 d c, 4 sps, turn.

33rd row—3 sps, 4 d c, 1 sp, 10 d c, 1 sp, 13 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 9 sps, 4 d c, 6 sps, 1 d c, 1 sp, 10 d c, 1 sp, 13 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 2 sps, 7 d c, 8 sps, turn.

34th row—5 sps, 7 d c, 1 sp, 10 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 2 sps, 7 d c, 5 sps, 7 d c, 4 sps, 10 d c, 9 sps, 7 d c, 2 sps, 7 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 3 sps, 7 d c, 3 sps, turn.



SQUARE CENTERPIECE IN SPIDER-WEB EFFECT.

35th row—4 sps, 10 d c, 3 sps, 4 d c, 2 sps, 4 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 7 sps, 4 d c, 5 sps, 19 d c, 3 sps, 4 d c, 3 sps, 22 d c, 4 sps, turn.

36th row—4 sps, 4 d c, 3 sps, 4 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 3 sps, 7 d c, 1 sp, 10 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 5 sps, 4 d c, 7 sps, 7 d c, 5 sps, 7 d c, 1 sp, 10 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 4 sps, turn.

37th row—7 sps, 7 d c, 2 sps, 7 d c, 4 sps, 19 d c, 4 sps, 4 d c, 8 sps (7 d c, 2 sps), repeat twice, 13 d c, 1 sp, 10 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 3 sps, turn.

38th row—3 sps, 19 d c, 1 sp, 10 d c, 3 sps, 4 d c, 10 sps, 10 d c, 3 sps, 7 d c, 3 sps, 4 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 3 sps, 4 d c, 6 sps, 7 d c, 3 sps, turn.

39th row—3 sps, 10 d c, 4 sps, 4 d c, 3 sps, 13 d c, 1 sp, 10 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 5 sps, 1 d c, 10 sps, 4 d c, 5 sps, 4 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 2 sps, 4 d c, 4 sps, turn.

40th row—4 sps, 4 d c, 2 sps, 7 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 5 sps, 4 d c, 9 sps, 4 d c, 6 sps (7 d c, 1 sp), repeat twice, 10 d c, 1 sps, 7 d c, 2 sps, 7 d c, 4 sps, turn.

41st row—6 sps, 7 d c, 2 sps, 10 d c, 3 sps, 4 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 2 sps, 4 d c, 7 sps, 10 d c, 5 sps, 4 d c, 6 sps, 10 d c, 1 sp, 10 d c, 5 sps, turn.

42nd row—8 sps, 7 d c, 4 sps, 10 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 2 sps, 10 d c, 10 sps, 4 d c, 2 sps, 7 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 2 sps, 10 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 3 sps, 4 d c, 5 sps, turn.

43rd row—9 sps, 7 d c, 4 sps, 10 d c, 1 sp, 10 d c, 14 sps, 7 d c, 3 sps, 10 d c, 13 sps, turn.

44th row—38 sps, 4 d c, 7 sps, 4 d c, 10 sps, turn.

45th, 46th, 47th and 48th rows—57 sps.

For the Edge

In the corner space of front make a shell of 2 d c (ch 5, 2 d c), repeat twice, ch 5, sk 1 sp, fasten with a single c in double, * ch 5, sk 2 sps, sh in next, ch 5, sk 2 sps, fasten in d c, repeat from * to corner, sk 1 sp before corner sp, sh in that sp, and repeat the edge around back of neck.

Any pretty border may be used instead of this, or a picot edge may be added to this pattern.

If the turnback is not desired the 46th, 47th and 48th rows of spaces may be omitted. Any attractive filet insertion can be used for the front of the bonnet.

Cap in Puff-Stitch Crochet

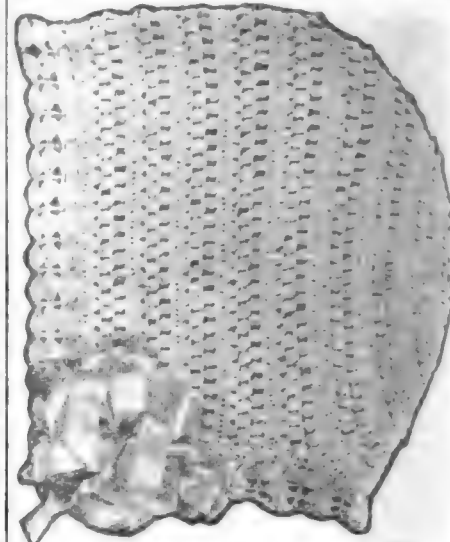
Materials. White mercerized crochet cotton No. 30 and No. 12 steel hook. A cap made by these directions will fit a year-old baby.

Work is begun as is usual in the center of the crown by a ch 7, join to form ring.

2nd round—11 d c in ring, join, ch 2.
3rd round—23 d c on double, working through both loops of each stitch, join, ch 2.

4th round—5 d c in first double, turn, draw loop through first d c, making a slip st which draws 5 d c together into a puff. Ch 3, turn, sk 2 d c and working on the right side make another puff in the 3rd double, repeat around making 10 puffs in all, join, ch 3.

5th round—Make two puffs with ch 2 between



CAP FOR ONE-YEAR-OLD BABY.

each puff in last round, or 19 puffs in all, join, ch 2.

6th round—4 d c between each puff, join, ch 2.

7th round—1 d c in each d c, working through both loops of each st, join, ch 2.

8th round—1 puff, ch 3, sk 2, 1 puff, repeat around, join, ch 2 or 3 as seems best not to have work drawing.

9th round—2 puffs between each two first puffs, 1 puff between next two puffs, repeat, join, ch 2.

10th round—3 d c between each puff in last round, join, ch 2.

11th round—1 d c in each d c, join, ch 2.

12th round—1 puff, ch 2, sk 2 d c, 1 puff, repeat, join, ch 2.

13th round—1 puff between each puff, ch 2, repeat, join, ch 2.

14th round—3 d c between each puff, repeat, join, ch 2.

15th round—1 d c on each d c, join, ch 2.

16th round—Same as 12th round.

17th round—Same as 13th round.

18th and 19th rounds—Same as 14th and 15th rounds.

20th and 21st rounds—Same as 12th and 13th rounds.

22nd and 23rd rounds—Same as 14th and 15th rounds.

24th round—Same as 12th round, making 67 puffs, then finish balance of round by working 1 d c on each d c, join to first puff, sl st over puff and ch 1 st on ch beyond second puff, ch 2.

25th round—One is now on first row of front. 1 puff between 2nd and 3rd puffs in last round, ch 2, 1 puff, repeat, ch 3, turn.

26th round—3 d c between each puff, ch 3, turn.

27th round—1 d c on each d c, ch 3, turn.

Continue working in this manner, finishing the front with two rows of puffs, two rows of doubles, repeat these four rows three times more. After completing 43 rows of doubles, slip around neck of cap to beginning of this row, then ch 3, 1 sh of 7 trebles in first d c, 1 d c on 3rd d c, 1 sh on 5th d c, repeat, two more rows of shells on shells, break thread.

Across the neck of cap work one row of spaces for running ribbon of 1 d c, ch 3, 1 d c, repeat two rows of shells the same as finish the front.

Finish the front and neck with ribbon and add full rosettes to the sides.

Mrs. LIZZIE FREEMAN.

Loop Edging

This is pretty for either huck or Turkish towels if made of heavy thread. It is made in the length and sewed to the edge after completing.

Ch 9, turn.

1st row—1 d c in 4th st, ch 2, sk 2, 2 d c, ch 2.

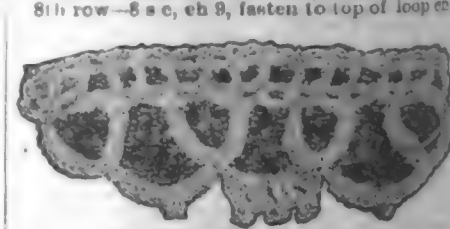
2nd and 3rd rows—Same as 1st row. End of 3rd row, ch 9, fasten in top of double of 1st row, turn.

4th row—15 s c under ch 9, ch 2, ending as usual.

Next 3 rows same as 1st row.

7th row—End as in 3rd row, turn.

8th row—5 s c, ch 9, fasten to top of loop end



LOOP EDGING.

of 3rd row, turn, 7 s c under ch, 1 picot of ch 3 7 s c, 8 s c under ch 9, end as usual. Now repeat pattern.

Between 2nd and 3rd loops ch 7, turn, 1 s c, 2 d c, 1 p, 2 d c, 1 p, 2 d c, 1 p, 2 d c, 1 s c under ch, finish loop.

Repeat pattern from 1st row.

Cross-stitch patterns can be worked on any square mesh material very easily if the weave is coarse enough, otherwise to copy a design cross stitch canvas is necessary. When this is not obtainable, however, mosquito netting put through a stiff starch, ironed and then pulled untill the meshes are straight and true, may be substituted.

Rose & Ivy Filet Crochet

Chair Back in Ivy Leaf Design

BY MISS EASTLAND.

The chair back as illustrated measures about eighteen by twenty inches not including a piece of linen nine inches deep and the width of the front.

The ivy leaves in the center strip of filet are a little larger than those in the side strips.

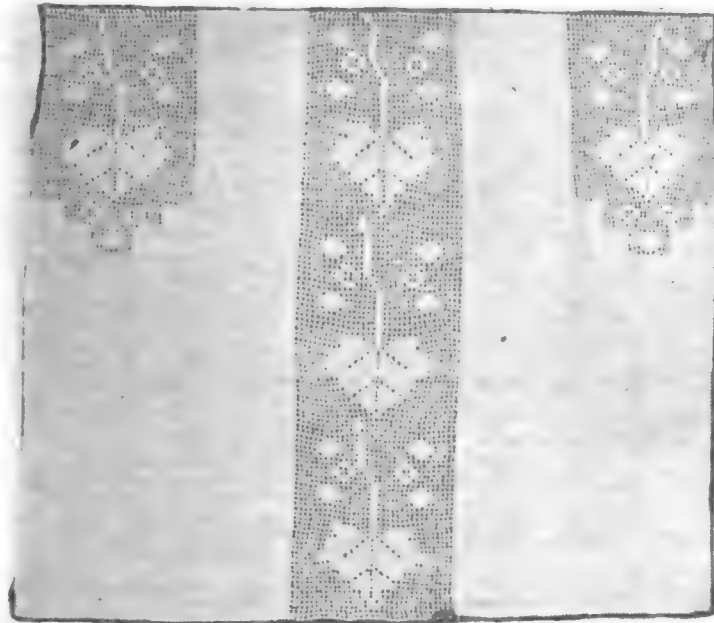
The edges of the linen are hemmed and the insertion buttonholed in.

Materials. No. 30 white mercerized crochet cotton, No. 12 steel crochet hook.

Directions for Making Ivy Leaf No. 1

Ch 105 stitches, turn.

1st row—1 d c in 9th st from hook. * ch 2, sk



CROCHET IN IVY LEAF DESIGN.

2, 1 d c in next *, repeat from * to * 31 times, ch 5, turn.

2nd row—33 sps, ch 5, turn.

3rd row—20 sps, 1 blk, 12 sps.

4th and 5th rows—Same as 3rd row.

6th row—13 sps, 1 blk, 19 sps, ch 5, turn.

7th row—6 sps, 2 blks, 11 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 2

blks, 6 sps, ch 5, turn.

8th row—5 sps, 4 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 10 sps, 4

blks, 5 sps, ch 5, turn.

9th row—Same as 8th row.

10th row—Same as 7th row.

11th row—Same as 6th row.

12th row—9 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 8 sps, 2

blks, 9 sps, ch 5, turn.

13th row—8 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps, 1

blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 8 sps, ch 5, turn.

14th row—8 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1

blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 8 sps, ch 5, turn.

15th row—9 sps, 2 blks, 6 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 2

blks, 9 sps, ch 5, turn.

16th row—16 sps, 1 blk, 16 sps, ch 5, turn.

17th row—6 sps, 2 blks, 8 sps, 1 blk, 8 sps, 2

blks, 6 sps, ch 5, turn.

18th row—5 sps, 4 blks, 7 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps, 4

blks, 5 sps, ch 5, turn.

19th row—Same as 18th row.

20th row—Same as 17th row.

21st row—16 sps, 1 d c, 16 sps, ch 5, turn.

22nd row—Same as 21st row.

23rd row—Same as 21st row.

24th row—Same as 21st row.

25th row—9 sps, 4 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 4

blks, 9 sps, ch 5, turn.

26th row—9 sps, 5 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 5

blks, 9 sps, ch 5, turn.

27th row—10 sps, 5 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 5

blks, 10 sps, ch 5, turn.

28th row—8 sps, 6 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1

blk, 1 sp, 6 blks, 8 sps, ch 5, turn.

29th row—8 sps, 5 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2

blks, 1 sp, 5 blks, 8 sps, ch 5, turn.

30th row—7 sps, 5 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 3

blks, 1 sp, 5 blks, 7 sps, ch 5, turn.

31st row—7 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 1 sp, 4

blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 7 sps, ch 5, turn.

32nd row—8 sps, 8 blks, 1 sp, 8 blks, 8 sps, ch

5, turn.

33rd row—Same as 32nd row.

34th row—10 sps, 5 blks, 3 sps, 5 blks, 10 sps,

ch 5, turn.

35th row—10 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1

blk, 1 sp, 4 blks, 10 sps, ch 5, turn.

36th row—11 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2

blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 11 sps, ch 5, turn.

37th row—11 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 3

blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 11 sps, ch 5, turn.

38th row—12 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 12 sps,

ch 5, turn.

39th row—14 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 14 sps,

ch 5, turn.

40th row—15 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 15 sps, ch

5, turn.

41st row—16 sps, 1 blk, 16 sps, ch 5, turn.

42nd row—18 st over next 6 sps, ch 9 sts, 1

d c in d c, 20 more sps, ch 5, turn.

43rd row—5 sps, 2 blks, 7 sps, 2 blks, 5 sps, ch

5, turn.

44th row—4 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1

blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, ch 5, turn.

45th row—Same as 44th row.

46th row—5 sps, 2 blks, 7 sps, 2 blks, 5 sps, ch

5, turn.

47th row—21 sps, ch 5, turn.

48th row—18 st over next 6 sps, ch 9 sts, 1 d

c in d c, 8 more sps, ch 5, turn.

49th row—3 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, ch 5, turn.

50th row—3 sps, 5 blks, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

51st row—Same as 50th row.

52nd row—3 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, ch 5, turn.

53rd row—9 sps, ch 5, turn.

Repeat.

Directions for Making Ivy Leaf No. 2

The first 24 rows on this leaf are worked same as the first 24 rows of design No. 1.

25th row—9 sps, 4 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 4

blks, 9 sps, ch 5, turn.

26th row—9 sps, 5 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 5

blks, 9 sps, ch 5, turn.

27th row—10 sps, 5 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 5

blks, 10 sps, ch 5, turn.

28th row—8 sps, 6 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1

blk, 1 sp, 6 blks, 8 sps, ch 5, turn.

29th row—8 sps, 5 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2

blks, 1 sp, 5 blks, 8 sps, ch 5, turn.

30th row—7 sps, 5 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 3

blks, 1 sp, 5 blks, 7 sps, ch 5, turn.

31st row—7 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 1 sp, 4

blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 7 sps, ch 5, turn.

32nd row—8 sps, 8 blks, 1 sp, 8 blks, 8 sps, ch

5, turn.

29th row—8 sps, 5 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2

blks, 1 sp, 5 blks, 8 sps, ch 5, turn.

30th row—8 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 4

blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 8 sps, ch 5, turn.

31st row—7 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 1 sp, 4

blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 7 sps, ch 5, turn.

32nd row—7 sps, 9 blks, 1 sp, 9 blks, 7 sps, ch

5, turn.

33rd row—9 sps, 7 blks, 1 sp, 7 blks, 9 sps, ch

5, turn.

34th row—9 sps, 6 blks, 3 sps, 6 blks, 9 sps, ch

5, turn.

35th row—11 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1

blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 11 sps, ch 5, turn.

36th row—11 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2

blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 11 sps, ch 5, turn.

37th row—13 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 13 sps,

ch 5, turn.

38th row—Same as 37th row.

39th row—15 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 15 sps, ch 5,

turn.

40th row—Same as 39th row.

41st row—16 sps, 1 blk, 16 sps, ch 5, turn.

42nd row—Same as 41st row.

The top side pieces are

finished as follows:

One row of 21 sps, ch

5, turn.

2nd row—5 sps, 2 blks,

7 sps, 2 blks, 5 sps, ch 5,

turn.

3rd row—4 sps, 1 blk, 2

sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 2

sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, ch 5,

turn.

4th row—Same as 3rd

row.

5th row—Same as 2nd

row.

6th row—21 sps, sl at

over 6 sts, ch 5.

7th row—9 sps, ch 3,

turn.

8th row—3 sps, 3 blks,

3 sps, ch 5, turn.

9th row—2 sps, 5 blks,

2 sps, ch 5, turn.

10th row—Same as last

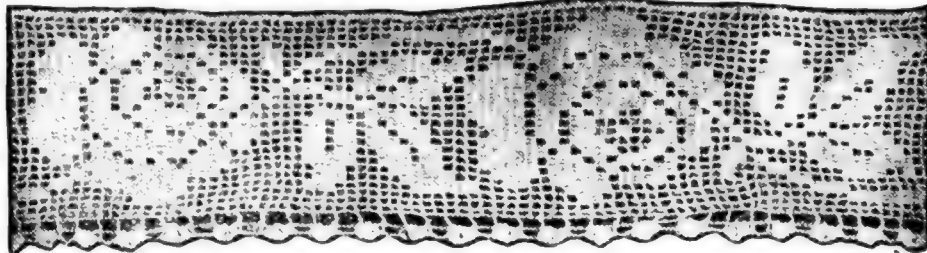
row.

11th row—Same as 8th row.

12th row—9 sps, ch 5, turn.

For Towel Ends

Daisy Lace for Bath Towel.—For this, white is used for the daisy medallions and any color



A BEAUTIFUL ROSE FILET WHICH MAY BE USED IN MANY WAYS.

preferred, or to match the towel to be trimmed for balance of the pattern.

Medallion

Ch 8, join in ring, ch 2.

1st round—25 d c in ring, join, ch 5.

2nd round—1 d c in 3 st, ch 2, sk 1 d c, 1 d c

in 5th, repeat, making 13 sps in all, join to first

ch, ch 7.

3rd round—1 s c, 6 d c on ch 7, fasten to 2nd

double, repeat.

With color ch 16, turn.

2nd row—16 singles on ch, ch 3. Join to petal

of daisy.

3rd row—Ch 2, 1 d c on 3rd single, 7 more

spaces.

4th row—3 s c in each of 6 sps, ch 3, join to

next petal.

5th row—Ch 2, 1 d c, 3 more spaces.

6th row—3 s c over 4 sps, ch 3, join to petal.

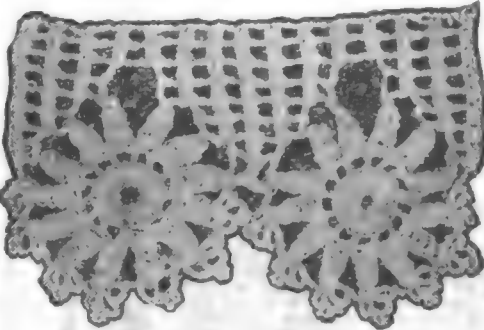
7th row—4 sps.

8th row—3 s c over 2 sps, ch 5.

9th row—2 sps.

10th row—3 s c over 2 sps, ch 5, join to next

petal.



DAISY LACE FOR BATH TOWELS.

11th row—Ch 5, 1 d c on ch, ch 2, 1 d c, 2 more

sps.

12th row—3 s c over 4 sps, ch 5, join to petal,

ch 5.

13th row—6 sps.

14th row—8 s c over 6 sps, ch 5, join to petal,

ch 5.

15 row—8 sps.

16th row—Singles over sps, ch 3.

17th row—Join to petal of 2nd daisy, 8 sps.

18th row—Singles over 6 sps, ch 3, join to

petal.

19th row—Same as 5th row.

Repeat pattern, leaving free petals on each

daisy.

Edge

After finishing last row with singles over 8

spaces, ch 3, shell of 1 d c, ch 1, 1 d c, ch 1, 1 d

c, ch 1, 1 d c in end of first free petal, repeat

shell on each petal. Work singles in spaces in

end of two rows between daisies, ch 3, repeat

shells around each daisy.

Rose Filet Insertion

This beautiful pattern can be used in ways too numerous to mention, and be made with either coarse or white crochet cotton, whichever suits one's purpose best.

Begin with ch 75 sts.

1st row.—23 sps, finishing with 2 d c, ch 3.

2nd row.—1 d c on d

c, 19 sps, 1 blk (4 d c),

3 sps, ch 5, turn.

3rd row.—3 sps, 1

blk, 19 sps, 2 d c, ch 3,

turn.

4th row.—Same as

2nd row.

5th row.—3 sps, 1

blk, 5 sps, 4 blks, 10

sps, 2 d c, ch 3, turn.

6th row.—5 sps, 3

blks, 1 sp, 6 blks, 4

sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, ch 5,

</

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The Fundamental Principles of the Radiophone

THE radio telephone or Radiophone, as it is commonly called, is an outgrowth of the wireless telegraph.

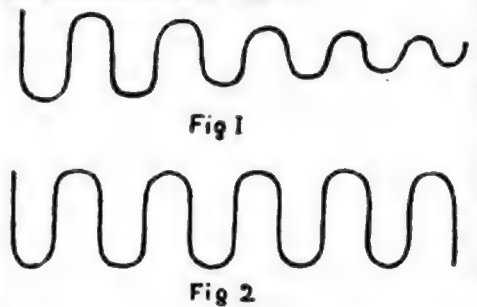
It is necessary in order to give the uninitiated an idea of the fundamental principles of the radio telephone, first to consider the principles of the radio telegraph. There have been extensive improvements in the radio telegraph during the past few years, and it is due to these improvements that we are now able to listen each night to the musical and other entertainments being held many miles away without the aid of connecting wires.

The original radio telegraph consisted of a spark coil, a gap for the spark to jump across, a key to start and stop the spark, and an aerial to convey the electrical energy into the air. Although this crude arrangement is now obsolete, it is necessary to know something of the spark gap set in order to understand the complex systems employed at the large broadcasting stations at the present time.

Nearly everyone has at some time watched a pebble dropped into a pool of still water, and seen the little ripples as they start in a small circle and expand into larger and larger circles as they get further away from the point where the pebble struck the water. The pebble caused a disturbance in the water and set the little waves in motion, and as they traveled in all directions, it was of course necessary for them to expand. Did you ever notice that these little waves, as they traveled along and their circles widened, became fainter and finally you were unable to see them at all? You will understand, if you have not already observed, that the larger the stone we throw into the water, the larger the wave will be and the further it will travel. Still another fact which governs the size and distance of a wave is the force with which the stone is thrown.

The wave that results from throwing a stone into the water very well illustrates the principles that govern the movement of a radio wave produced by a disturbance of the ether. Instead of a stone, we use an electrical discharge and in order to make a bigger wave that will travel a long distance, we store up a large amount of electricity and let it loose in a mass. Ordinarily electricity will not flow through an air space, but requires a conductor. In storing up the electrical energy, we have such a large pressure, that it readily jumps across the small air gap when let loose. This air gap or "spark gap," as it has been named, is connected on one side to the aerial and on the other side to the ground. During the time the spark is jumping across the gap, a disturbance is created in the ether surrounding the aerial. This disturbance is very similar to the disturbance created in the water by the stone and the waves which the former creates in the ether are also very similar to the waves in the water. The waves in the ether are of course electrical in character and are known as electro-magnetic waves. These waves travel at a speed of one hundred eighty-six thousand miles per second which is the speed of light. As in the case of the waves caused by throwing the pebble into the pool, the distance the radio waves travel depends upon the size of the electrical charge by which they are produced. Like the water waves, the electro-magnetic waves become smaller (of less amplitude) after the first impulse of the discharge, therefore we have a wave which diminishes or, as expressed in Radio terms, it damps. As long as we keep the key depressed, a wave train will be sent out which is shaped like Figure 1 below.

The new system of Radio transmission, which is now in use in nearly all trans-oceanic and trans-continental stations, is known as the "continuous wave" or "C W" system. The difference which is of the most interest to us is in the shape of the wave sent out. As its name implies, the wave is continuous and does not diminish nor "damp." In consequence of the latter characteristic this system also bears the name of "Undamped Radio" transmission but it and the C W are one and the same. Below we have the Damped wave (Fig. 1) in comparison with the Undamped wave (Fig. 2).



There are many methods of obtaining these undamped waves, but at the present time the Audion tube is coming into very common use, especially for the low-powered sets. The large stations which work long distances employ the Arc transmitter and also a specially designed generator. The large ocean liners nearly all employ the Audion or vacuum tubes. Any of these may be used to transmit wireless telephone as well as wireless telegraph; however, the tube transmitter is by far the most efficient, and is now in general use.

The method of transmitting speech and music by means of the Audion tubes will be fully explained in a later article. In the July issue we shall take up the principles of the radiophone receiver.

Questions relating to the radiophone, by our subscribers, addressed to COMFORT Radio Dept., Augusta, Maine, will be answered by our expert, free, in the columns of this department.

Questions and Answers

Q.—I have an antenna in my attic. It is well insulated, also have a good ground. Is it possible that this draws lightning and liable to set the roof on fire?

A.—Have no fear of it. There will be no more danger that the lightning will strike your aerial than there is that it will strike the gas pipe. A properly grounded aerial is a protection against lightning as it acts as a lightning rod.

Q.—How far will a mineral detector receive music?

A.—A mineral detector is not reliable for music over long distances. We would say about five miles.

Q.—Is it necessary to have an outside antenna to receive the music?

A.—It is not necessary to have the aerial outside.

a wire may be stretched in the attic or a loop may be used if you are only a short distance from the broadcasting station.

Q.—Is it possible to light the filament of Audions with the house lighting current if a step-down transformer is used?

A.—Yes, but a disagreeable hum will probably be heard, and it is more satisfactory to use the storage battery.

Q.—Is it possible to light the filaments of the Audion tubes with dry batteries?

A.—It is possible but very unsatisfactory as the dry cells will last only a few minutes. Storage batteries are necessary for efficient work.

Q.—Will the music be broadcasted all summer?

A.—Yes, so far as can be learned now there will be programs during the coming summer.

Q.—How long should a receiving antenna be to receive the radiophone concerts?

A.—A single wire 100 feet long is a very good aerial for radiophone receiving stations.

Q.—Is a gas pipe good for a ground for a radio set?

A.—Yes, it will serve very well, but you should have another ground for lightning protection.

Q.—Where can I obtain complete plans for making a wireless telephone receiver?

A.—There are several companies making such plans. You will receive a leaflet in a few days from one of the radio supply companies.

Q.—Do any radio companies sell crystal receiving sets for radio phone concerts?

A.—Yes, if you are near a broadcasting station you will be able to purchase a good crystal set from any dealer.

Q.—What telephone headsets are considered good?

A.—There are many good headsets on the market. You will receive descriptive circular and price list in a few days from one of the reliable makers.

Q.—What are some of the best radio books to read in order to get a working knowledge of radio?

A.—We are mailing you a list of some of the latest and best books on radio and of the radio dealers who advertise in this and other magazines and who will be able to furnish you with any of these books.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

us willing to be California Sunkist at any time. I mean any time except July and August, Shirley.

During those months I would rather have you scatter a little of the Yosemite Valley snow.

Shirley, every time I read letters like yours which take a hand in describing all of California's grandeur and glories, I commence to ponder why Fate has been unkind enough to keep me away from the Pacific Coast. And then, the next day, perhaps, I meet somebody who violently knocks everything Californian and I am again reconciled to my lot as a Brooklynite. Apparently California is a State that you either love much or don't like at all—no middle ground is possible. I have found that Billy is inclined to always regard California with favor because the last census showed how large was the State's Goat population.

As you are a newspaper worker, Shirley, and also a sunshine distributor, I fancy that your job must be on the Merced County "Sun" and not on your rival, the "Star." It stands to reason that one could not scatter sunlight from a Star. You are risking a great deal, Shirley, when you offer to publish our Family's poetry output. You do not know how many followers of the Muse are among the cousins. I assure you in advance that you will have to issue several Special Poetry Editions to care for the selections of our sonnets and lyrics which will musically flood the office of the Sun. Do send me a copy of the first Poetry Number of your paper, Shirley. If I do not read it, Billy will be sure to be able to put it to good use. As to my contributing, you can just bet all your Merced County sunshine that I could write an editorial on the High Cost of Living that would be right from the heart—and pocketbook. But I have to work so hard to keep up with the ascensions and flights of this aforesaid Coast that I have no time left to throw in any selections for your Sunny Journal. I have just paid a dollar for one dozen of what purport to be Albermarle Pippins, but I'm sure any Virginia Cousin would disdain to recognize the juiciest fruit as the product of Old Dominion orchards. But my dollar was a good juicy one, I assure you.

I hope you didn't get fooled in the election results when you cast your first vote so close to April Fool's Day, Shirley. If the time ever comes when you run for mayor of Merced, I hope it will be on the Sunshine Party's ticket and that the election will be held Mac 1st.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

I will write you once more as I did before, but I hope Billy don't get this letter again. I live with my father and mother. I also have two brothers and a sister. My sister has been married for three years. My father owns a small ranch of 800 acres. On 600 acres of this land we raise wheat and barley. The rest of the land is pasture. Our ranch is twenty-five miles from Payette and fourteen miles from Emmett. We have thirty-five head of cattle and horses and about 125 Leghorn chickens.

This country is rather hilly and in the winter I have a pair of skis to travel down hill on and, believe me, I travel some!

I have one brother older than myself and one younger, and in the season we have all kinds of fun hunting and trapping wild animals. Some winters the snow gets so deep we can run coyotes down and don't have to bother with traps. In the spring, summer and fall we are too busy for much fun, only in the evening we can join some of our friends and go swimming.

Well, I expect you would like to know what I look like: I am five feet, eight inches high and weigh 135 pounds. I have dark hair and dark complexion, and am eighteen years old. My sister has blonde hair and is a year older than I am.

I would like to hear from some of the cousins and I will try to answer all of their letters and tell them something more of the country.

Your new nephew, LEO DOUGHERTY.

Leo, if your ranch is a small one, what do you call a big one out in Idaho? Your dad must own a good-sized slice of Payette County. Do you know, Leo, that this ranch home of yours is bigger than the city ranch that Billy roams over so much these summer days? I mean Prospect Park. This municipal pasture for the use of two-legged and four-legged city animals and Fords only covers 536 acres—just about as much as you plant to wheat and barley each year! When I told all this to Billy and gave him the statistics in the case—for statistics are as dear as clover to Billy—he blinked his eyes enviously and said: "Gosh, Uncle Lisha, but these Western guys certainly have the life! Think of you and me, Uncle, cooped up here and buying our wheat and barley in pasteboard boxes! We ought to do a little prospecting some day.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

I wish to introduce myself as a new niece and cousin. As I am from the state of Washington, I am a very clever climber. This makes my second letter: Billy must have eaten my first one. If he did, I hope he had excruciating pains from indigestion. Put I believe if you don't succeed at first, try again!

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24.)

ELGINS ON CREDIT

GREATEST Watch Value Since The War! A New, Genuine Elgin: Thin Model, 12 or 16 size: complete in 20-year gold-filled case. A beautiful \$20 Elgin. SPECIAL This Month, ONLY

\$14.95

We Have Trusted Wage Earners Everywhere for more than 20 years, and we will trust you; and that all our friends may have advantage of this new offer, we have made the terms Only \$2 a Month.

But Write Today for full details and Big Free Catalog of hundreds of Bargains at new prices. SEND NO MONEY—just your name and address.

HARRIS-GOAR CO.

Dept. 199, KANSAS CITY, MO.

Clothing Agents

Profits in Advance

Our new selling plan is the greatest money-making idea of the age! You make the sale—collect the deposit—and keep it as your profit. No waiting. Old agents have doubled their profits.

Complete Outfit Sent FREE

No deposit required for big sample outfit. If you are experienced salesman, we'll send everything free. Take 2 orders a day—that's easy and it means \$75.00 a week profit for you.

The Great Western Tailoring Co. the old reliable house, est. 30 years. Express prepaid. Prices for Fall reduced. Everything guaranteed.

Send no money—just write a letter telling your experience—what you have sold. We'll ship by sample outfit free—all charges prepaid. Act quickly.

Great Western Tlg. Co.

The Pioneers Dept. 25 Chicago Ill.

Uncle Lisha, out along the Snake River when Cousin Leo has his ranch. You love apples, so Uncle, and I see there's a little town called Apple Valley right near where Leo goes skiing about and chasing wild Leghorns and coyotes. And I know I should like to work at harvesting barley—when it's right in the milk. Yum, yum!

"I'll bet you'd harvest it all right, Billy!" I replied; "but I guess you and I'll have to hang around Brooklyn a while longer. Until railroad tickets get cheaper, Billy, we'll have to keep on harvesting our wheat and barley from a grocer's five-foot shelf and not from Cousin Leo's 500 acres."

And although Billy was disappointed, he resigned himself to a little second-hand traveling by studying the map of Idaho and languorously murmuring to himself such magic names as Fruitland, Homedale and Garden Valley. I think your letter has made an Idaho fan out of Billy, Leo, and that he prefers your state now to Missouri—which has been his first choice up to now. Every time Billy goes to Prospect Park for the next few weeks, he'll be estimating to himself how the whole place would look if it were waving with wheat and barley.

KARSON, WEST VIRGINIA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

After receiving the March COMFORT and reading the mysterious letter that got Billy's goat and had him wailing overtime, I decided to try and solve it for the benefit of your beloved and valuable animal. In less than an hour I believed I turned the trick, as follows: In the alphabet this mysterious cousin used to spell his name and address, he used always the letter just before the one he should have taken ordinarily. Thus, B became A, C was B, D turned into C, etc., all down the line. According to this solution his name and address of Crooff's Limb-suitors, Njmons, Op, Iphap, becomes easily readable as Bennie Gilbertson, Milnor, No. Dakota. If this is not correct, for the sake of Billy's peace of mind try and make him believe it is until you hear again from the guy who wrote the letter.

I have not written to Bennie—or should I say Crooff?—as I have not cottoned to send him—no cotton being grown so far North as where I live.

With all good luck to you and your whiskered co-worker, I remain,

As ever, ALVA W. HOVATTE.

Thanks a lot, Alva, you wise bird, for bringing your brain cells into operation on Cousin Crooff's letter and solving the cryptic difficulty for the Family. Of course you are right, and it seems very simple now that we know the secret of Cousin Bennie's new alphabet. But do you suppose Billy was pleased and grateful to read your solution when I showed it to him triumphantly? Not the least in the world! That obstinate Goat only sniffed in a superior manner and would believe nothing of the sort. "You cannot convince me, Uncle Lisha," said he, "regarding me with an aggravating air of concentrated wisdom, 'that any simple rearrangement of the alphabet would account of Cousin—' here Billy sneezed violently three times, 'mysterious name and address. My own opinion is very different, and although my researches are not yet completed, I have good grounds already for believing that Cousin—(more sneezes) a member of the Doukhobor colony of Russians in Canada and that he has written to us from some such settlement in the north. This certainly seems much more reasonable than this childish solution of Cousin Alva's letter." And Billy sniffed again, triumphantly.

So there you are, Alva! When Billy won't bellow, and what's the use? We'll just have to let him worry and continue his "researches." You know the old proverb: "A Goat convinced against his Bill is of the same opinion still." That saying was just written about my co-worker, I believe. Billy never changes his mind; he hangs on to it.

Alva, if Bill decides that Cousin Bennie Gilbertson is a Doukhobor, why, as far as Billy is concerned, a Doukhobor he'll remain until he dies—and it may even end up by Bill's insisting that Bennie move north from Milnor, North Dakota into British Columbia.

SKELTON, R. R. 2, Spencer Lake, WASH.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

I wish to introduce myself as a new niece and cousin. As I am from the state of Washington, I am a very clever climber. This makes my second letter: Billy must have eaten my first one. If he did, I hope he had excruciating pains from indigestion. Put I believe if you don't succeed at first, try again!

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24.)

DISTRIBUTORS Wanted Big Money For FORD OWNERS

Steer your Ford with one hand at thirty miles an hour over rough roads. Shoot through sand, mud, gravel, in and out of ruts and over car tracks. Your front wheels CAN'T turn and ditch you. Your Ford will stick to the road like a packard or a Cadillac if it is equipped with



MOSPICO SAFETY SPINDLES

Give another driver just five minutes behind your wheel after you put them on your car. You've made a sale. No talking necessary—they sell themselves. Liberal profit on every sale. All or part time.

Get exclusive contract for your county. Hundreds of Ford owners within a few miles of you. Most of them will buy after a five minute trial. Make big money wherever you drive your car with these and other fast selling accessories of our manufacture. WRITE US TODAY.

MOTOR SPINDLE CORPORATION,
226 E. Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

INNER TUBE FREE 6,000 Miles Guaranteed

SEND NO MONEY

Here is the greatest tire offer ever made. Never before such low prices. Brand new inner tube given free with every one of our special reconstructed tires guaranteed for 6,000 miles. We ship at once on approval. Pay only when convinced.

Less Than 1/2 Price

28x3	\$6.40	34x4	\$9.95
30x3	6.75	32x4 1/2	10.10
30x3 1/2	6.95	34x4 1/2	10.95
32x3 1/2	7.25	36x4 1/2	11.25
32x4	8.25	38x4 1/2	11.75
32x4 1/2	8.95	38x5	12.10
33x4	9.25	37x5	12.25

Write Today No money now—just your name and number of tires wanted. Pay on arrival. Examine and judge for yourself. If not satisfied return at our expense and your money immediately refunded. No sure to state side or whether straight side or clincher. Don't delay—send now. Immediate shipment.

SAVE 60% ON STANDARD TIRES

Send No Money!

Cut your tire bill. BUY STANDARD make tires such as Goodyear, Goodrich, Firestone and other adjusted tires at 40% on the dollar. They are in first class condition and may readily be guaranteed for 6,000 miles. These are NOT double tread or reconstructed tires.

Our Low Prices:

Size	Tires	Size	Tires	Size	Tires
28x3	\$4.75	32x4	\$7.95	\$2.25	
30x3	4.65	32x4 1/2	8.75	2.40	
30x3 1/2	5.65	34x4 1/2	9.00	2.50	
32x3 1/2	6.20	34x4 1/2	9.15	2.60	
32x4	7.00	36x4 1/2	9.35	2.70	
32x4 1/2	7.40	38x4 1/2	9.65	2.80	
33x4	7.70	37x5	9.85	2.90	

ALL TIRES GUARANTEED FOR ONE YEAR. Pay on arrival. Examine before you pay and if not satisfied return at our expense, 5 per cent discount allowed when cash accompanies order. Specify whether straight side or clincher wanted. Order at once. Immediate shipment.

STANDARD TIRE & RUBBER CO.
3284 S. Morgan St., Chicago, Illinois

Auto Owners WANTED!

To introduce the best automobile tires in the world. Made under our new and exclusive Internal Hydraulic Expansion Process that eliminates Blow-Out—Stone-Bruise—Rim-Cut and enables us to sell our tires under a

10,000 MILE GUARANTEE

We want an agent in every community to use and introduce these wonderful tires at our astonishingly low prices to all motor car owners.

Write for booklet fully describing this new process and explaining our amazing introductory offer to owner agents.

Hydro-United Tire Co.
Dept. 107, Chicago, San Francisco, Pittsboro, Pa.

30 Days' Free Trial

Select from 44 styles, colors and sizes. Famous Rubber, Goodyear, Firestone, etc. Delivered free on approval, express prepaid, at factory prices. You can make a trial of 30 days. If desired, Parents often advance first deposit. 1935 can earn small payments.

Wheels, lamps, horns, equipment at half usual prices. Send No Money. Write for our marvelous prices and terms.

Mead Cycle Company
Dept. H-3, Chicago

Use Insyde Tyres

In your old casings and get from three to five thousand miles more service. Positively Prevent Punctures and blowouts. Give double tire mileage. Any tire—old or new. Can be used over and over again. Low priced. We want agents in every county as special representatives to take orders for this big money saver. Write for particulars.

AMERICAN ACCESSORIES CO. B-2023 CINCINNATI, OHIO

Automobile and Gas Engine Helps

Questions relating to gasoline engines and automobiles, by our subscribers, addressed to COMFORT Auto Dept., Augusta, Maine, will be answered by our expert, free, in the columns of this department. Full name and address is required, but initials only will be printed. That we may intelligently diagnose your trouble please state the year in which your car was made.

The Differential

HAVING received several inquiries of late regarding the action of the differential, I have decided to treat the matter in a brief article rather than to answer each inquiry separately. I do not wonder at people not understanding the principle as it is difficult to grasp from a writing. If any of the people who do not understand the principle will only inspect the cut-away models displayed at all auto shows, the matter will be made clear in a very few seconds. Seeing the assembly in operation is much different than reading an article and trying to figure out the operation from a few drawings most of which are Greek to the layman. In the rear axle case are two live axles which are joined together at the center by a differential. Each live axle shaft has a bevel gear on its inner end. The bevel gears are placed face to face (See cut).

Now note that these two bevel gears are connected by several smaller bevel gears. Some manufacturers use three and some four of these small gears which are called differential pinions. These differential gears are carried on one spider which in turn fits into the differential case and is driven with it. Fastened to the outside of the differential case is a large ring gear which in turn meshes with the driving pinion.

To get back to the principle of operation it will be noted that when the differential case revolves the differential pinions must revolve with it. When each rear wheel has the same traction as when running along on a straight road, the differential pinions apply the power or drive evenly to both larger bevel gears or differential gears as they should be rightfully termed.

However, consider a condition of turning a corner where the outside wheel must travel a greater distance than the inner wheel then it will

A.—The description you have given would seem to indicate that your difficulty is due to an improperly adjusted carburetor. Try a trifle richer mixture. I would also suggest that you remove the timer cover and thoroughly clean the timer. If these suggestions do not help, turn the motor over slowly and feel the compression. It might be that one or more of the valves are leaking and need regrounding. There is also the likelihood of a leaky gasket which allows air to be sucked slowly into the motor. This condition would cause a miss on idle or running slowly. I have assumed that you have determined that the spark-plugs are in good condition and the magneto strong.

Regarding the harnessing of one rear wheel for the operation of a machine, etc., there are several of these attachments on the market and a great many in use. I dislike very much to give an opinion on this matter but will state that it is very "hard" on the differential.

MISSES FIRE AND DIES DOWN.—My 1918 model Ford at times runs well for a while and then it will miss fire. I have to speed up when cold or it will die. I have installed new carburetor, new valves and have had valves ground; have put in new rings and new vibrator points and cleaned out lead line. Several times as if it were losing compression, and at other times as if it might be weak mixture. What would you suggest? Also please give best method of installing new crank-shaft bearings. Can I scrape them satisfactorily myself? W. S. C. Wayne, Okla.

A.—After noting the steps you have already taken in an effort to improve operation it is my opinion that the carburetor needs adjusting a trifle richer. A lean mixture will cause motor to die when cold, also popping back through the carburetor. Regarding your belief that the motor lacks compression at times, you should be able to determine this by turning the motor over slowly with the hand crank. Are your gaskets drawn up tightly so there are no air leaks? Inspect the timer. Clean it if necessary or if it is worn out put another one on. To install new crank shaft, remove motor and take off lower half of case. You should be able to scrape in new shaft. Magnet charging article was run in recent issue.

COMPETING HORSE POWER OR MOTORS.—I notice with regard to many motors particularly those of tractors, that the horse power is given as 10-20 or the like, and that those of automobiles as stated as 24 horse power or other definite figure. Kindly explain the methods by which these ratings of horse power are computed.

A. O. Clifton, Tex.

A.—In computing the tax which an owner must pay on his automobile, the State must know the motor horse power. In order to arrive at a basis that will be fair to all concerned, the States have adopted the N. A. C. C. formula. This formula allows for a piston travel of 1,000 feet per minute and is as follows: Square of the cylinder bore in inches multiplied by the number of cylinders. The product of which is divided by the constant 2.5. A manufacturer may produce a motor having six cylinders and a bore of 3 3/16 inches. The State would tax the owner of this motor for 24 horse power. If you will figure by the N. A. C. C. formula you will find that the horse power is 24.3 but the States usually drop any fraction of tax would be on 24 horse power. Your difficulty probably is due to the fact that the state places a tax on 24 horse power and yet the manufacturer may be advertising this same motor at 50 to 55 horse power. The manufacturer arrives at his rating by subjecting the motor to a test. Due to his rating by subjecting this motor may develop very high horse power and when the manufacturer states 50 to 55 horse power he is giving you the horse power which the motor will actually develop. However, as stated before, in an effort to be fair to all, the N. A. C. C. formula has been adopted and thereby you have the explanation for the variance in horse power ratings.

How VACUUM FUEL LIFT WORKS.—Please explain fully the operation of a vacuum fuel lift on a gasoline engine. W. C. H. Colquitt, Ga.

A.—The vacuum system consists of a main storage tank usually suspended at the rear of the chassis, a small tank under the motor hood into which gasoline is transferred from the main tank from where it flows to the carburetor by gravity. The small vacuum tank is divided into an upper and lower chamber. The upper chamber connects with the intake manifold and is also piped to the main storage tank in the rear of the car. The lower chamber of the tank is connected by pipe to the carburetor. As you possibly know, the intake strokes of the engine in the cylinders create suction or vacuum. These suction strokes are made use of for the lifting of the gasoline out of the main storage tank into the small vacuum tank. The action is as follows: The intake strokes in the motor create a vacuum in the upper chamber of the vacuum tank which draws gasoline out of the storage tank. As the gasoline flows into the upper chamber it raises a float valve until it reaches a height that shuts off the vacuum or suction from the motor and also opens a valve which places the chamber at atmospheric pressure. The atmospheric pressure allows the gasoline to flow from the upper into the lower chamber of the tank. The draining of the gasoline out of the upper tank causes the float valve to lower, shut off the atmospheric pressure and open the vacuum valve. The process of filling the upper chamber goes on as above explained and the operation of filling and emptying the upper chamber is automatic and continuous. The lower chamber of the tank is always at atmospheric pressure and the gasoline in this chamber is free to flow to the carburetor by gravity as required.

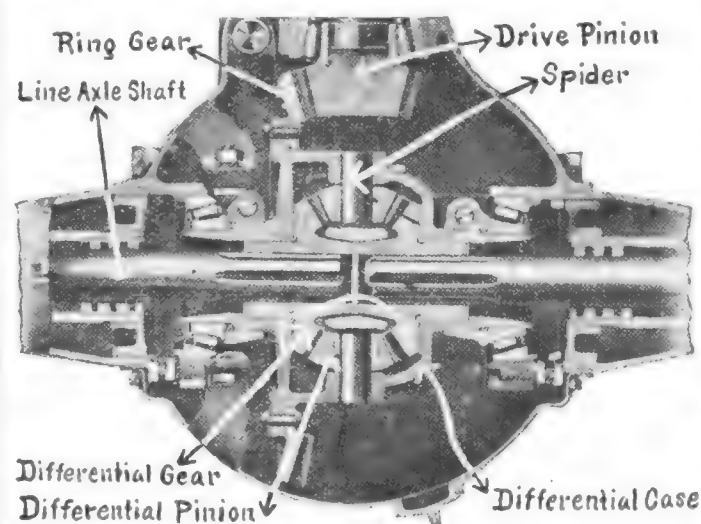
One pound of cottonseed meal per day for each 1,000 pounds live weight is the most satisfactory quantity to feed work animals, according to recent experiments conducted by the United States Department of Agriculture. A test in feeding cottonseed meal to work horses and mules at the Government farm, Beltsville, Md., was begun in 1918 and continued last year. When the meal was fed in large quantities harmful effects were apparent, however, indicating that cottonseed meal, like any other high-protein feed, must be fed with care to horses and mules.

DIFFICULTY WITH STARTER.—My 1917 model Chevrolet does not start on self-starter. I have to turn the motor over with crank. What is the cause of the trouble? Also I would like to know how to mix acids for soldering copper and brass. J. F. Jr., Girard, Kans.

A.—In all probability your starting trouble is due to a rundown storage battery. The drain on the battery for turning over the motor is so great that there is no current left for ignition. When you use the hand crank there is, of course, plenty current for ignition and you experience no difficulty in starting. Have the battery examined.

Muriatic acid cut with zinc is suitable for the soldering of copper and brass. Pour the acid into a cup or glass and drain in several strips of zinc.

CARBURETOR NEEDS ADJUSTMENT.—My 1918 model Ford misses when running 20 miles an hour or better, also when pulling in low speed with gas lever half an inch down, and when motor is running idle; but if pulling up a hill or through mud it will hit on all cylinders with gas lever down. Sometimes it runs at high speed without missing. Does it injure differential to jack up one rear wheel and use it for stationary work? J. C., Kirksville, Mo.



CUT-AWAY MODEL SHOWING PARTS OF DIFFERENTIAL GEAR.

be appreciated that both wheels do not have an equal driving power. This is accomplished by the differential pinions revolving on their axes.

Some of the inquiries indicate that a few of the readers have gained the idea that the pinions jump out of the mesh with the differential gears. The pinions are never out of mesh with the differential gears regardless whether the car is on a straightaway or turning a corner. The compensating action is done by the pinions revolving on their axes. That is how it is possible to jack a wheel free from the ground and have it spin while the other wheel remains stationary. In this case the pinions would revolve around the stationary differential gear and apply the drive to the jacked-up wheel.

Answers to Correspondents

MAGNETISM OF GENERATOR POLE PIECES.—Does the battery furnish current to magnetize the pole pieces of a generator? Will a generator generate current when it is not connected with the battery? Mrs. J. L. Delhof, Okla.

A.—You have opened up a subject upon which it is possible to go to great length. You will do well to purchase a book on electricity. There are several on the market. Regarding the battery furnishing current to magnetize the pole pieces of the generator, this condition can be brought about although it does not exist for ordinary operation. When the generator is at rest a cut-out, which is nothing more or less than a switch automatically operated, breaks the circuit and prevents the battery discharging back through the generator. However, should it be desired to energize the pole pieces it can be done by pressing the points of the cut-out together, which, as you will understand, completes the circuit and causes the current to flow from the battery to the generator.

Answering your second question regarding a generator producing current when the battery is disconnected, allow me to state that it will, and in all probability produce too much. Usually when the battery is removed it is recommended to render the generator non-productive by removing a fuse, connecting a short-circuiting clip or by some other means. The danger lies in the generator producing too much current and burning up. It is a fact that when a current is caused to circulate around an iron core, the core becomes magnetized. The core becomes more strongly magnetized as the strength of the current circulated increases. In this manner it is possible to produce powerful electromagnets, yet the instant that the current is stopped almost all of the magnetism disappears. You will note that I state "almost all." Now the point on which you seem to be in doubt is that the pole pieces do not lose all of their magnetism. There is just a little left which is known as residual magnetism. By the arrangement of the fields it is possible to build up this left-over magnetism, gradually increasing until enough is produced to charge the battery, etc. You will get the theory of how the generator builds up from books that incorporate diagrams, etc., much better than I could give you here in a limited space.

DIFFICULTY WITH STARTER.—My 1917 model Chevrolet does not start on self-starter. I have to turn the motor over with crank. What is the cause of the trouble? Also I would like to know how to mix acids for soldering copper and brass. J. F. Jr., Girard, Kans.

A.—In all probability your starting trouble is due to a rundown storage battery. The drain on the battery for turning over the motor is so great that there is no current left for ignition. When you use the hand crank there is, of course, plenty current for ignition and you experience no difficulty in starting. Have the battery examined.

Muriatic acid cut with zinc is suitable for the soldering of copper and brass. Pour the acid into a cup or glass and drain in several strips of zinc.

CARBURETOR NEEDS ADJUSTMENT.—My 1918 model Ford misses when running 20 miles an hour or better, also when pulling in low speed with gas lever half an inch down, and when motor is running idle; but if pulling up a hill or through mud it will hit on all cylinders with gas lever down. Sometimes it runs at high speed without missing. Does it injure differential to jack up one rear wheel and use it for stationary work? J. C., Kirksville, Mo.

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30 x 3 1/2	8.25	13.95	33 x 4 1/2	18.95	22.45
32 x 3 1/2	9.45	15.45	34 x 4 1/2	14.45	23.45
31 x 4	10.65	16.90	35 x 4 1/2	14.95	24.95
32 x 4	11.85	17.75	36 x 4 1/2	15.45	25.45
33 x 4	12.45	20.90	37 x 5	16.65	28.95
34 x 4	13.25	21.95	37 x 5 1/2	16.90	28.95
36 x 4	14.95	25.95	37 x 5 1/2	16.45	28.95

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30x3 1/2	5.75	34x4 1/2	9.15	2.65	
32x3 1/2	6.45	34x4 1/2	9.25	2.75	
32x4	7.45	36x4 1/2	9.55	2.85	
32x4 1/2	7.50	37x5	9.75	2.95	
33x4	7.85	37x5 1/2	9.95	3.05	

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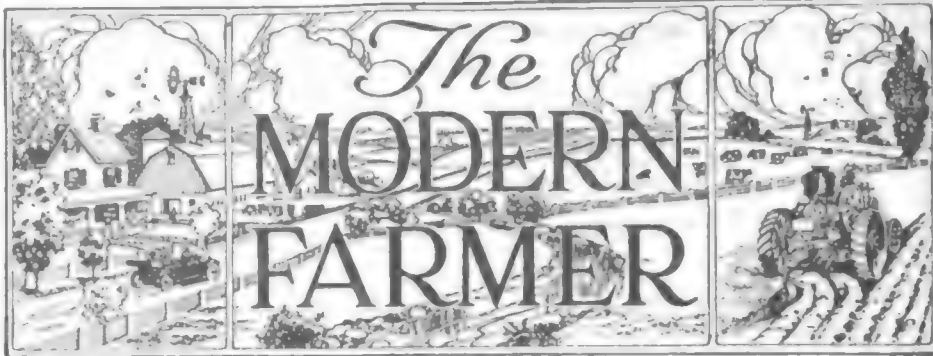
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Gardening in June

JUNE for all of us is the ideal play month of the year. "For then if ever come perfect days," with birds innumerable singing overhead among the boughs richly bedecked in their new spring grandeur of vivid green. But there are so many things to be done about the farm and in the garden that little time remains for play—unless, like many of us, you consider your garden work as play and enjoy every minute spent there with hoe or cultivator or sprinkling can.

Only a very little planting remains to be done in June. Plant sweet corn and bush beans twice during the month, and if the "kiddies" like popcorn (we have yet to find little ones that don't) plant it now, using tested seed of some well-known variety. Plant beets for winter use, and set out pumpkins and squash either in beds of their own or in the corn hills. Don't forget to plant a row of Essex rape for the poultry, and while you are at it set some extra cabbages to be bugs in the henhouse in winter. Perhaps there is an old, worn-out strawberry bed; if so, plow it up and plant the cabbage there. And while you have the spade handy, why not fix up a flower bed or two? A few rapid-growing annuals around the kitchen door and beside the front porch will gladden up the whole place—and brighten up the face of the "missus." There are any number of flowers to choose from: zinnias, marigolds, asters, verbenas, nasturtiums, cosmos and portulaca. Even dahlias may still be set out, but remember to set the tubers on their sides with the eyes up.

Controlling Garden Pests

With the possible exception of weeding and hoeing, the fight against insect pests of every imaginable kind and description in the garden is perhaps the most important June job. Unless the fight is waged vigorously and consistently the pests will be sure to "get in their work" and the garden will plainly show the evidence of neglect. If the gardener is ever on the lookout for pests, and immediately carries out a few simple control measures before they get "out of hand," their ravages can be well controlled. It is time and money wasted, for instance, to apply Paris green to potato vines after the leaves have been eaten off by potato beetles.

Spray materials of some sort will control the vast majority of insect pests. First determine what the pest is, then spray with the insecticide intended especially for it. This sounds simple—and it is, for the experienced gardener. But for the beginner there is much to learn by close observation for some insects are "suckers" that cannot be poisoned, and some are "eaters" that can be poisoned. For the suckers, therefore, a contact insecticide that kills by coming in contact with tender skin must be used.

If insects eat the foliage of growing plants, they may be controlled by using poisons such as arsenate of lead, Paris green or hellbore. The last named poison is especially useful in controlling the pests that cause such havoc upon the foliage of roses. On the other hand, for sucking insects that live on the juices of plants, ordinary poisons are useless. To kill them use nicotine sulphate or kerosene emulsion. Among insects of this class are several kinds and colors of plant lice or aphids. Look for them on the under sides of tender leaves and toward the ends of new shoots where they form dense masses or clusters that are easily discovered.

Dodder Is Serious Pest

If early steps are taken to control dodder, a parasitic plant infesting clover and alfalfa, this pest may be prevented from doing serious damage, but if permitted to spread and develop unmolested its eradication becomes a difficult matter.

During the first season of infestation, dodder usually occurs in small, scattered areas or patches in the clover or alfalfa field. As is the case with all noxious weeds, dodder should be prevented from maturing seed. This is best accomplished by mowing with a scythe all patches noticed in the field, then piling the cut plants in the spot where they grew, allowing them to dry. When thoroughly dry, burn them carefully, turning over occasionally to see that burning is complete. In this way not only the plants and immature seed, but ripened seed which may have fallen upon the ground, is completely destroyed.

If infestation is so general that patch treatment cannot be depended upon, it will be necessary to cut clover or alfalfa early, before seed has had time to form. When this is done it is well to graze the stubble closely, sheep being best for this purpose. Many farmers make it a practice to plow under early in the growing season all fields in which dodder has become well established, then plant to crops other legumes for several seasons.

Preventing introduction on the farm is an easier matter than eradicating dodder once it has gained a firm foothold. It is generally introduced in impure or dirty clover or alfalfa seed, where it may be seen with a hand lens as dull, coated, roughened, minutely-pitted seeds varying considerably in size. Perhaps the easiest point of identification is that dodder has two or three flattened surfaces, whereas clover seed is usually smooth, rounded and shiny.

When animals are allowed to graze where dodder grows, they should not have access to fields not infested, since they are likely to spread the weed by means of stems clinging to their bodies. On land which has become badly infested, and where seeds are known to be present in the soil, it is best to practice a five-year rotation, using corn, potatoes, and small grains such as wheat, oats, barley or rye until all seed in the soil has germinated and died for lack of its clover or alfalfa hosts. Other crops such as some of the grasses or hay crops may be used in the rotation, but sugar beets, onions, flax, and to a lesser extent certain other crops, are subject to dodder infestation so should be avoided.

Sudan Grass Becoming Popular

Introduced into the United States only ten years ago from North Africa, Sudan grass is rapidly gaining general and well-earned popularity as a catch crop which can be planted when other hay crops have failed. For this purpose it is rapidly replacing millet because it produces good yields of hay of high quality even under conditions of low rainfall, has a rather short growing season, and is able to thrive on a wide range of soil types. It is not suited to poorly drained, cold land, but on good well yields heavily. In California under irrigation, it has made yields of more than nine tons of field cured hay per acre, where alfalfa made only a fraction over eight tons. On an average the yields run about equal to alfalfa, but the total yield is made in three cuttings under irrigated conditions as compared to five cuttings for alfalfa. Even in the dry regions of the Southwest, grown without irrigation, Sudan grass makes from one to three tons to the acre.

Although Sudan grass is adapted by nature to use as a hay crop, it is also used with success as a soil and pasture crop. Its use as a soil crop is limited by the fact that it is easily made into hay and fed as such with very little waste, and also because corn and sorghum both outyield it and are grown generally throughout the same regions.

In semi-arid districts highest yields are made when the grass is sown in rows that permit cultivation, but the advantage in yield is offset by the increased labor necessary. For ordinary farm purposes drilling in or broadcasting gives satisfactory results, a common grain drill handling well-cleaned seed without trouble. Grown in this manner the hay is finer stemmed and matures more evenly than if grown in rows.

Sudan grass is about equal in feeding value to timothy hay. In localities where soybeans or cowpeas do well these legumes may be grown along with the grass, such a mixture producing hay of higher feeding value than the grass alone because of the increased protein content of the legumes.

In regions where both Sudan grass and any of the common varieties of sorghums are grown, the former hybridizes freely with the latter. It is therefore necessary that they be grown far enough apart to prevent crossing, otherwise the result will be a mongrel crop that is neither Sudan grass nor sorghum, and that lacks the desirable qualities of either.

Soybean Silage and Hay

Six out of seven State experiment stations reporting on the feeding of soybean and corn silage combined, as compared to corn silage alone, consider the combination silage either superior to the corn silage or state that the former requires less grain as a supplement. When soybeans and corn are grown separately, then mixed as they go into the silo, it has been found that when the two are combined in the proportion of two loads of corn for each load of soybeans best results are obtained.

Soybean hay contains about 10 per cent. more digestible protein than alfalfa hay, but in other respects they are similar in composition. Feeding trials with soybean hay show it to be about equal in all respects to alfalfa and superior to red clover for milk production when fed to dairy cows. In certain other respects soybeans have an advantage over alfalfa, however. In the first place, alfalfa is mainly grown for hay, though to a lesser extent as green feed for sheep and hogs. Soybeans can be fed as hay, silage, ground beans, meal or fed whole. Moreover, soybeans are adapted to soil conditions not suited to alfalfa, and a crop planted in the spring is harvested the same season, while alfalfa does not yield a crop until the second and subsequent seasons. Soybeans therefore have several points in their favor that recommend them highly for more general farm use.

Most Hawks and Owls are Helpful

"Don't kill hawks and owls indiscriminately," says a report of the U. S. Biological Survey. Only a very few are thieves, though the common but mistaken idea is to the contrary. A very large majority of both hawks and owls are beneficial to the farmer, living mainly upon insects and small rodents. In a sense it is a case of the twenty-four hour day, the hawks taking the day shift and the owls working at night.

Examinations made of the stomachs of hundreds of hawks and owls proved conclusively that both are valuable aids to the farmer in the war against injurious insects and other vermin. One Swainson's hawk was found to have 100 grasshoppers in its stomach, this number representing a single meal. Near a barn owl's nest 3,000 skulls were found, 97 per cent. of which consisted of field mice, house mice, common rats and wood mice. And still the barn owl is shot on sight by most farmers! In another case almost a bushel of the remains of pocket gophers was found near a barn owl's nest, showing how active these birds are in destroying these pests. Keep these facts in mind next time a hawk or owl is seen hovering around the farmyard. Perhaps it is intent on the mice and rats that abound in the straw stack or granary, and really has no serious intention of raiding the poultry yard, after all. Don't shoot until you are sure of the culprit.

Get Rid of the Roosters

A recent bulletin issued by the Missouri Experiment Station points out the large annual loss from bad eggs, and explains that even one rooster left at large on the farm during the summer months may cause most of the eggs from a large flock to be fertilized—and fertile eggs simply cannot remain sweet and wholesome for food purposes during hot weather. Even one or two days of summer temperature will result in sufficient development to give eggs a decidedly strong taste, and a week of heat will often make them totally unfit for food.

There is small excuse for keeping old roosters on the farm during the summer, and no excuse whatever for allowing them to run at large with the hens to eat feed that might better be fed to laying hens or growing chickens. When especially valuable males are kept for breeding purposes, see that they are not allowed to run with the flock. A small coop or pen will suffice for this purpose provided there is ample shade, room for exercise, and a liberal allowance of feed and water. Handled in this way, they will be better breeders in the early spring when again allowed with the flock.

Separate young cockerels from the farm flock as soon as they begin to crow, in this way preventing them from annoying the hens, and assuring rapid growth and satisfactory development. On farms where colony houses are in use

a satisfactory method of handling is to move all the young cockerels to the cornfield in early fall where they will be far enough away from other fowls to prevent annoyance, and the satisfactory rate of growth will amply reward the precaution.

Salt for Cattle on Pasture

Most farmers know that cattle on pasture need and use more salt than during the period of the year when they are being fed in the barn. An extensive experiment recently completed by the Kansas State Agricultural College brings out some interesting facts along this line.

It was found that cattle in pasture consumed on an average about 2.83 pounds of salt per head in July; 1.50 pounds in August; 1.17 pounds in September; and 1.20 pounds in October. In every instance late June or early July were the periods of greatest salt consumption, followed by a steady decrease until October when fall rains brought on a stimulation of grass growth accompanied by a demand for more salt. Owing to waste and weathering about 10 per cent. of the amount of salt actually consumed by cows must be supplied if their needs are to be adequately met. Cattle showed a preference for granulated rock salt and blocks of evaporated rock salt to the harder blocks produced under pressure.

Lambs Need Sunshine

"Give young lambs plenty of exercise, plenty of sunshine, and plenty of good feed, and they will grow rapidly and be healthy, strong and thrifty," states a report of the Iowa State College. To get good big lambs, keep them growing rapidly and allow them all the milk they can get from the ewes. To stimulate milk flow of ewes, feed them a ration high in protein and provide ample pasture. Avoid old, bare-bitten pastures where intestinal parasites are sure to be found. Lambs will begin to eat when they are two to three weeks old. Encourage them to do so by placing a creep within their reach. The creep will exclude the ewes but will allow the lambs free access to good clover or alfalfa hay and a grain mixture consisting of two pounds of wheat bran, one pound of ground oats, one pound of finely-ground cornmeal and one-half pound of all meal.

What Is the Best Fertilizer?

Clover and cows are the best fertilizers, according to Griffith Richards, of the Wisconsin Experiment Station. A cow will return 80 per cent. of her feed to the soil even when all her milk is sold off the farm. Clover will do even better, for it takes nitrogen from the air and makes it into easily available plant food. Commercial fertilizers have their place, especially in regions where little livestock is kept and where clover does not thrive, but even at a greatly reduced price they will never take the place now occupied by clover and good barnyard manure in building up soil fertility, according to Mr. Richards. Commercial fertilizers should be used not as a "crutch" but simply as an addition to legumes and manure, for best and cheapest results.

Lanterns as Moth Traps

Lanterns have been successfully used in sugar-beet fields of Colorado and Idaho for the purpose of trapping the moths of the beet webworm. In one instance reported, after three lanterns had been allowed to burn for a single night, 422 dead moths were found the following morning. Lanterns made to burn crude oil, and equipped with a pan into which the moths fall, are now coming into use. Is it not possible that this same plan might well be employed by readers whose orchards or gardens have suffered from the depredations of any number of the worm pests that are but the larvae of night flying moths?

Hens Need Much Water

Many farmers and even some poultrymen fail to recognize the importance of providing the farm flock with an ample supply of fresh water at all times. Unless hens are given all the milk they care for, water should always be within their reach, and even when milk is fed water should also be available. It is well to keep in mind the fact that a dozen eggs contain about a pint of water—and that hens cannot lay "dried eggs." Another point that should be observed as regards water for poultry is that laying hens should have fresh water to drink just as soon as they come off the roosts in the early morning, and again the last thing before going to roost at night. If water is not supplied at these two times, the best of feeding may fail to produce satisfactory results.

A Creep for Young Pigs

Creeps that exclude the sows but that permit young pigs to reach a supply of tempting feed are a valuable aid in hog raising and should be more generally used by hog raisers, according to recent statement issued by the Iowa Agricultural College. A bulletin called "Handy Swine Equipment," giving specifications and costs of materials, will be mailed free to readers upon request. By allowing little pigs to eat by themselves they soon learn to eat grains, thus relieving the demand made for food upon the sows. Pigs that learn to eat early, and that are supplied a grain mixture, succulence, and good pasture, make faster gains, better growth, are healthier and stronger, and can be fitted for market earlier and more cheaply. Moreover, those that learn to eat young are not subject to a setback at weaning time, a common occurrence if they are forced to depend for food entirely upon the sow.

By means of simple gateways in the pens a passageway that will admit the smaller pigs but will keep out the sows can be constructed simply and cheaply. Creep gates can be placed in all pen fences that can be closed or left open at will for only a small expense. Another plan commonly used is to construct a movable crib with slats spaced widely enough to allow little pigs to go between them, but too close for larger pigs to gain entrance. Inside the crib troughs or self-feeders containing grain mixtures are placed and kept filled for the exclusive use of the small pigs.

Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from the eminent specialists and experts of our Agricultural Staff on questions relating to farms, livestock and dairies.

Address Modern Farmer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Give your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

Questions and Answers

YELLOW SWEET CLOVER.—I have heard that yellow sweet clover is better than the white variety, but I have never seen it grown to make sure for myself. Is this true? How is it grown? Will it grow here? Is it better than red clover? J. M. C. Minn. A.—There is no question but that yellow sweet clover will thrive in most parts of Minnesota just as well as white sweet clover, provided, of course, that the land is inoculated. The white variety is generally regarded as superior to the yellow, as it makes a larger crop, stands up straighter and seems to get started earlier in the season. Either the white or the yellow will yield somewhat more than medium red clover, but it is doubtful whether the hay is of equal value. After curing is more difficult. Both varieties are inclined to grow heavy and woody in the stalk and the leaves shatter off easily in curing unless handled with the greatest of care. For these reasons it would hardly be advisable for you to grow it instead of red clover if that crop does well in your locality.

Work

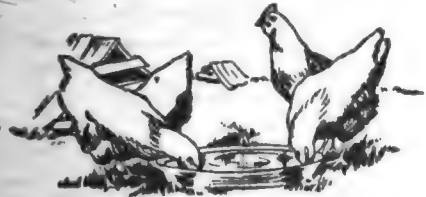
The man who works and quits when through Will find some work next day to do. But he who works 'til short of breath Will someday work himself to death.

—San Francisco Bulletin

MINERALIZED WATER ROUTS CHICKEN LICE

Tablets Dropped into Drinking Founts Banish Vermin, Make Fowls Grow Faster and Increase Egg Yield.

Any poultry raiser can easily rid his flock of lice and mites, makes chickens grow faster and increase their egg yield by simply adding minerals to the fowls' drinking water. This does away with all bother, such as dusting, greasing, dipping and spraying. The necessary minerals can now be obtained in convenient tablets, known as Paratabs. Soon after the fowls drink the mineralized water,



all lice and mites leave them. The tablets also act as a tonic conditioner. The health of the fowls quickly improves, they grow faster and the egg yield frequently is doubled. Little chicks that drink freely of the water never will be bothered by mites or lice.

The method is especially recommended for raisers of purebred stock, as there is no risk of soiling the plumage. The tablets are warranted to impart no flavor or odor to the eggs and meat. This remarkable conditioner, egg tonic and lice remedy costs only a trifle and is sold under an absolute guarantee. The tablets are scientifically prepared, perfectly safe, and dissolve readily in water.

Any reader of this paper may try them without risk. The laboratories producing Paratabs are so confident of good results that to introduce them to every poultry raiser they offer two big \$1 packages for only \$1. Send no money, just your name and address—a card will do—to the Paratabs Laboratories, Dept. 869, 1100 Coca Cola Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., and the two \$1 packages, enough for 100 gallons of water, will be mailed. Pay the postman \$1 and postage on delivery, and if you are not delighted with results in 10 days—if your chickens are not healthier, laying more eggs and entirely free from lice and mites—your money will be promptly refunded. Don't hesitate to accept this trial offer as you are fully protected by this guarantee.

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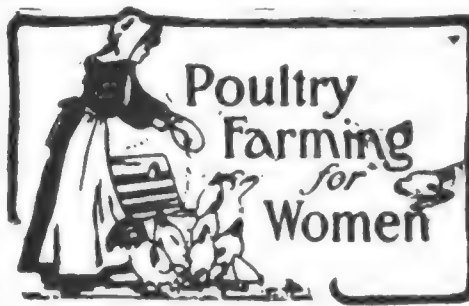
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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

A New Breed Specially for Our Northern States

A NEW breed, or even a new variety of an old established breed, is always of interest to poultry growers, for we all live in hope of having something better than we now have, though when one thinks of the immense strides which have been made in poultry breeding during the last twenty years, it seems as if we ought to be satisfied. But human nature is so covetous that the more we have the more we want. Twenty years ago, specially good hens laid 150 eggs a year; ten years ago a 200-egg hen was looked upon as a wonder. Today, the 300-egg hen is no longer a rarity. In fact, during 1919 and 1920, trap-nest records prove that one poultry plant had twenty-four hens who laid 300 eggs in 365 consecutive days, and the following year the same plant had thirty-two hens that passed the 300 egg mark. Three of them were in the official egg contest of Western Washington, held at Puyallup, all of which proves that we have really got reason to hope that the phenomenal has become the average. Every new breed or variety of breed for the last decade has been created with special regard for the development of egg production as much or more than for beauty, so we all look with interest and expectation to a new breed, hoping that it will prove to be a practical realization of our insatiable desire for more eggs. The latest creation certainly will go far toward improving the productiveness of flocks in the Northwest and Canada, for which part of the country they have been especially developed by Mr. F. M. Wilfrid, poultry expert at the agricultural school at La Trappe, P. Q., Canada, who has for years been under the impression that Canada and the cold Northern States should have a breed of hens that could withstand the severe winters, and after fifteen years of painstaking, patient perseverance his chancier was admitted to the Standard of Perfection by the A. P. A. convention held at Seattle, last August.

The Chantecler was added to the American class, as it originated in Canada and is of the same general type as other American breeds. Its friends, however, believe that it combines in an unusual degree the practical qualities that are sought in all general-purpose fowls, such as large size, excellent table qualities, productiveness, etc. One special advantage which fowls of this variety are believed to possess is the extra small size of comb and wattles which make these appendages practically frost proof—a truly important advantage in the severe climate of Canada, and desirable throughout the northern part of the United States generally.

In speaking of his work, Mr. Wilfrid says: "Knowing by experience how the combs of our birds were the cause of such severe losses during winter, I was determined to reduce the comb to the minimum and the wattles in proportion. As for plumage, I consider white the best color to adopt. Furthermore, I wanted to produce a general-purpose bird, a good winter layer, and at the same time, a bird capable of putting on flesh when consigned to the fattening pen. To me, such a bird was far more advantageous than our smaller breeds possessing only the laying capacity, or our large breeds which, to a great extent are only useful for fattening."

The first steps in the development of the Chantecler were taken in 1908, and since that time Mr. Wilfrid has faithfully pursued his ideal and appears to have brought it to a high degree of perfection, even as far back as 1918, for before introducing the Chantecler to the public, provisory rules were enacted, amongst which was the obligation of a general show to which all breeders had to bring all the birds they had raised in order to make a judicious and severe selection. The show was held in Montreal in January, 1918, and turned to a percentage of 82 per cent. of typical birds.

Then came the idea of a regular association. Over fifty members were immediately inscribed, and in March, 1918, the association had doubled in number. The association accounts now over three hundred members.

The titulars of the association are the following:
Honorary President: Hon. J. Ed Caron, Minister of Agriculture, Quebec.
Honorary Vice President: Rev. Bro. Liguori, Chief of the Poultry Service, Quebec.

Active President: A. A. Lapointe, Esq., President of the Montreal Poultry Association.
Vice President, Alb. Heroux, Esq., B. S. A., Professor, Agricultural Institute of Oka.
Directors: Raoul Dumaine, Assistant Poultry Husbandman at Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa; Dr. Sylvio Lafontaine, President Quebec Provincial Poultry Association, Point Gatlneau, Quebec; C. Toupin, Inspector of Cheese Factories, Quebec; St. Isadore, Laprairie; L. A. Lapointe, M. P., St. Jacques, Montreal; J. L. Bonnevillie, St. Remee, Que.
Secretary Treasurer: Gust Toupin, B. S. A., Agricultural Institute of Oka.
Assistant Secretary Treasurer: Gregoire Matte, B. S. A., La Trappe, Que.

Technical Adviser: Rev. Bro. Wilfrid, of the Institute, and originator of the Chantecler.

With such men as this endorsing the new breed there can be no doubt about its practical value. In the initial matings two crosses were used. In one, a Dark Cornish male was employed to get general conformation, vigor, and small comb and wattles. With this male was mated a White Leghorn, thus to secure productiveness. A second mating consisted of a Rhode Island cock and a White Wyandotte. It will be noted that the hens in both cases were white, this selection being based on Wilfrid's belief that the female gives the color and the male the shape. The first mating gave a bird of a grayish color with feathers very short, closely set to the body, and slender shape, while the "head" showed neither comb nor wattles. In the Rhode Island Red and Wyandotte cross, white predominated, with a splash of gray and black. Among these birds appeared a bird which was almost a typical Columbian Wyandotte. The next year all the whitest pullets of the Cornish Leghorn cross were mated with this Columbian Wyandotte male, from which cross birds in a variety of colors were secured, some of them resembling Leghorns or Rhode Island Reds in character, but in most the Cornish type predominated.

With reference to subsequent matings, Mr. Wilfrid says: "Perseverance being the mother of success, I continued my undertaking, each year making a judicious selection of my birds, retaining only those of desired form and good laying records. After following this course for three years, I began to find a remarkable change in my flock; the color was almost uniform, the laying capacity had increased considerably, the comb and wattles were disappearing, and the birds had proved to be very vigorous and active."

"Taking advantage of the good results of 1913, I decided to make two different flocks. With one of these flocks I practiced inbreeding to a certain

extent, whilst I introduced new blood into the other, in the shape of a fine Wyandotte cock, from which I obtained a fine lot of graceful birds. In 1916 my flock was so uniform, the egg yield so remarkable, that I considered I had almost struck my mark."

By 1918 the breed was considered fairly well developed, except that the desired size had so far not been secured. In that year, however, a pullet turned up that at the age of seven months weighed seven and three-quarters pounds, and proved to be an excellent winter layer, producing 91 eggs in the four months of November, December, January and February. This pullet was mated with a White Plymouth Rock cock and all the best cockerels were used on the older strain, adding to the desired character of greater size, also better productiveness.

Mr. Wilfrid concludes his account of the development of the breed with this statement: "In short, the 'Chantecler,' embracing as she does the five best breeds of poultry in this country and bearing all their aptitudes, though excelling them in activity and hardiness, the direct results of having been bred in her own country, can now make her way in the rank and file, and prove her superiority in the poultry world."

The Standard for the Chantecler, as fixed by Mr. Wilfrid and the Canadian Chantecler Breeders' Association, is as follows:

GENERAL CHARACTERS.

MALE.

Head—Short, large skull, indicating a strong constitution.

Beak—Stout, slightly curved.

Eyes—Medium size, almost round, with a bright expression.

Comb—Cushion shaped, rather small, set firm on the fore part of the head; the front and rear square and not with any point; even surface, smooth, and not covered with small, round points.

Wattles and Ear-Lobes—Rather small, of a smooth texture. Ear-lobes oval shape, wattle almost round.

Neck—Medium length, slightly arched, becoming smaller near the head; hackles abounding, flowing well over shoulders, with no apparent break of cape.

Wings—Well folded, the points of flights well covered with saddle feathers.

Back—Long, broad in its entire length; slightly curving at bottom of tail. Saddle feathers abundant.

Tail—Of medium length, carried at an angle of 45 degrees above the horizontal. Sickles of medium length, slightly extending beyond the main tail feathers which can be seen through.

Breast—Large, deep, well rounded, prominent.

Fluff—Short and full.

Body—Long, large. (Feathers closely set to body.)

Legs and Toes—Thighs of medium length, large, well covered with soft feathers. Toes straight, four in number for each leg.

HEN.

Head—Short, small, with large skull, same as rooster.

Beak—Stout, strong, slightly curved.

Eyes—Medium size, almost round.

Comb—Cushion shaped, very small, smooth and not covered with small, rounded points, square at front and rear.

Wattles and Ear-Lobes—Very small, scarcely perceptible.

Neck—Medium length, arched, becoming smaller near the head.

Wings—Well folded and of medium length.

Back—Long, broad at shoulders, slightly sloping near the saddle and slightly curving near the tail.

Tail—Medium length, carried at an angle of 45 degrees above the horizontal.

Breast—Large, full, well rounded, prominent.

Body—Long, large. (Feathers closely set to body.)

Fluff—Short and full.

Legs and Toes—Thighs of medium length, well covered with soft feathers, shanks of medium length, far and well set apart. Toes, straight, of medium length.

COLOR IN BOTH SEXES.

Beak—Yellow.

Eyes—Reddish bay.

Comb, Face, Wattles and Ear-Lobes—Bright red.

Plumage—Snow white.

Shanks—Yellow.

DISQUALIFICATIONS.

Specimens having any of the following defects are subject to disqualification:

White in ear-lobes; one or more feathers foreign to the breed; comb that is not cushion shaped; legs any other color than yellow; one or more feathers or unmistakable indication of feathers on shanks and toes; wry tail and any other deformity inherent to other breeds.

STANDARD WEIGHTS.

Cock	9 pounds
Cockerel	8 pounds
Hen	7 pounds
Pullet	6½ pounds

The Month's Work in Your Own Flock

This is the time of year when yarded fowls need the very best of care, for they must have, as nearly as possible, all they would naturally seek if running at large. This includes, besides the grain we feed by formula, green food, meat, a scratching place and dusting spot, and grit and water. Of all these, I consider green food the most necessary, and the one thing to be impressed upon the mind, because it is the one thing too often forgotten. The ideal yarding of fowls is what is known as double yarding—a house in the middle and a yard on each side. These yards can be sown with rye or oats, and alternated so that the fowls will have a constant green run as long as the rye or oats will grow, which is until frost. Failing the double-yard system, green food may be supplied by lawn clippings, whole cabbage, mangel wurzels, turnips, or any vegetable.

Meat can be fed in a variety of ways. Turning up the ground of the yards with a cultivator, or by shallow plowing, will bring the worms and bugs within reach, or sheeps' heads cut open and fed raw can be thrown in, and this is an ideal meat feed. Ground beef scraps softened may be mixed in mash—and last, and probably the best, cut green bone.

Yarded fowls need exercise. It must not be understood that because they are confined they do not get exercise, or as much as if let run at large. The yards should be at least one hundred and fifty feet long, if they are the width of the average coop, which is ten to twelve feet. Some breeds are decidedly more active by nature than others; for instance, the Leghorns as compared with the Cochins or Brahmas. This does not affect the health of the fowls particularly. A Leghorn is no healthier because of her activity than a Cochin is. It is simply the difference in their natures, but because of this excess of activity of one breed over another, the one must have more room than the other. The Leghorn stands the confinement of a small coop ten by twelve feet in winter, provided she can be kept actively hunting for her food; but the same bird would mope and become out of condition if confined too long in an exhibition coop in a show-room. On the other hand, a Cochin, being of a lazier nature, forages slowly, and wanders slowly over her yard, takes things easy in the winter coop, and stands the confinement of the winter coop excellently.

The foraging nature of any breed can be killed by excessive feeding. Even birds with free range, if overfed at special meal hours, will take but

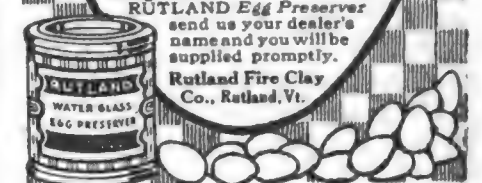
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limited exercise, exactly as those treated the same way and yarded. Exercise is induced by short feeding. In other words, no laying strain should be fed all they can eat except at night. Hunger induces exercise, whether a fowl be let run or yarded. Therefore, fowls fed short and induced to hunt for more, will lay eggs, while those overfed, in the morning specially, will sit around moping in the sun, and convert the food into flesh instead of eggs.

Another advantage of yarding fowls is the certainty of finding all the eggs laid every day, and then being able to guarantee them as strictly fresh. This is a point of great importance, and constitutes the difference between eggs produced by an up-to-date breeder with yarded fowls and those sold by the "honest farmer" who collects them every day, and cannot swear that they were laid today—not two weeks ago.

It is strange that few people except the real poultry farmers realize that July is one of the most important months of the year. The desire to have eggs in zero weather invariably compels good attention to hens during the winter. Baby chicks arouse interest in the spring, but as the weather gets warmer, eggs are plentiful, and the pretty, fluffy babies have developed into long, lanky creatures, who seem nothing but a nuisance specially ordained to destroy the garden, so the poor things are shut up in small quarters and woefully neglected. During the fall and winter I am repeatedly asked how to make pullets and hens lay, but I can rarely suggest a remedy, because nine times out of ten it is the result of blunders made the preceding summer.

If poultry is to be kept profitable, the old and young stock must have been kept apart, because it is impossible to feed correctly when they are all together. Young birds need plenty of nutritious food to push them along quickly, and laying hens must be put on special rations to bring about early moulting, which is the foundation of a good winter supply of eggs.

Moulting

About July 5th commence to cut down the feed gradually, until at the end of two weeks forty hens are having a pint of oats and a pint of wheat mixed, night and morning. Scatter it amongst cut straw or some litter, so they will have to scratch for every grain. The first of August commence to increase the rations, and keep it up for a week, so that by the fifteenth they are getting two quarts of mash in the morning, a quart of meat scraps and a pint of cracked corn at noon, and wheat and oats or barley at night. Give them just about what they will eat up clean in fifteen minutes. The morning mash should be composed of two parts ground feed (corn and oats), one part white middlings and one part all-mead, mixed with scalding milk or water. The semi-starvation followed by the heavy feed forces the moulting season and allows plenty of time to feather out and get into condition before October, when their rations should be made up of the essentials for egg production which are clover, hay, bran, wheat, corn and animal food. You see, it takes about three months for hens

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)

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Talks with Girls

Conducted by Cousin Marion

In writing this department always sign your true name and give your address; if not, your letter will receive no attention. Name will not be published.

IT was suggested a few months ago that we exchange our pet faults with each other and tell how we overcame them. I told you a few of mine at the time (only I haven't overcome them yet) and then sat back patiently and waited for letters. When I had about concluded that all my girls were without fault, a letter came from a dear little girl in Alabama (who said she had the best Daddy on earth), admitting that one of her faults was a form of bashfulness, that of meeting people one day and speaking to them and the next day going right by them without speaking. This is a small fault, but one that causes many hurts and misunderstandings, so now she meets everyone she knows with a smile and pleasant word. She has made herself do this.

Two other girls frankly admitted that they were jealous and two-faced. That's being honest. If these faults have been overcome by any of the others it would be a kindness to tell us how you did it. Whose next?

IN LOVE, Montana.—Just because you feel "so queer" is no sign that you are in love. It might be indigestion. I feel that way after eating mince pie. However, there seems to be no reason why someone shouldn't fall in love with you, so don't worry. Worry is fatal to beauty and blondest fade early. As to the man in question, the one you met St. Patrick's Day, in case you have not forgotten about him by this time—if he wants to know you better he will, and to "draw his attention," as you suggest, might make him regard you less favorably. Just be natural and if it doesn't take "I console myself with the thought that there are plenty of eligible men in Montana," I've heard as anyway, and have often thought seriously of going out there. But I'll stay home and give you my chance.

SUNSHINE, Indiana.—When he apologized and you accepted his apology the matter should have been automatically settled, and your former friendliness resumed. You aren't showing a generous spirit when you refuse to speak to him. Why not tell him you are sorry you said such unkind things to him? Then you could start in all over again and be the best of friends?

BROKEN-HEARTED BILLY, Montana.—You had better forget all about him and let the other girl have him, though she never did anything to me. You wouldn't want a husband that would leave you every time another woman asked him, would you? He's a weak cup of tea.

LONGEROME MOLLY, Tennessee.—How do you get that way, Molly? "So lonely".....life miserable without a charming husband." In the first place, no girl of twenty-two, in your circumstances, should be lonely, and, secondly, all husbands are not charming, at least, to their own wives and a husband's life needs, necessarily, be a waste of life. If you are going to normal school simply in hopes of meeting your "loving man" there, you won't be much of a success as a teacher. I have the greatest respect for teachers, old maid teachers if you will, for their influence has been of the greatest worth to boys and girls under their care. Think of the duty of a "disposer" of our life, as you say, though it sounds suicidal. I'm not scolding for I admire you for your desire for a home and children of your own and, of course, a husband. Perhaps it would be better to continue your school work and let the search for a husband wait a few years. In the meantime he may find you. Men have always been explorers and I don't think you should be any exception to their finding themselves. We are taking most of their privileges from them so let's leave them that one.

LILLIE, N. C.—If he loves you too much to give you up then he should love you enough to ask you to marry him and give up all other girls for you. He appears selfish. (2) No one ever told me I was pretty, but if anyone did and I felt embarrassed (only I'd be tickled pink over it) I'd pass lightly over my compliment and tell the compliments (I wonder if Noah ever thought of that word?) that her eyes, hair, teeth, ankles or finger-nails were much nicer than mine. (3) Sometimes moles are assets, calling attention by contrast to the skin which should be always well cared for. Ask Katherine Booth about moles and don't do anything to them yourself. That's dangerous.

LOVELY WIDOW, Tennessee.—Two years is quite enough to wear mourning and at your age you'd naturally be expected to mingle with young people and to remarry.

V. B., South Dakota.—Go to school by all means, and if your sweetheart is as good as you say he is, he will be willing to wait for you. Don't you think that he would be a jealous husband?—and a jealous husband is a terrible thing—as bad as a jealous wife.

OKLAHOMA BROWNIE, Okla.—Of the two I should think the older man would be the one to marry, certainly not the younger one. But it would be much better to wait until you were sure of yourself you wouldn't need to ask the advice of another person, though I'm always glad to help if I can.

ANXIOUS, Ark.—No, don't take any chances. You don't know what he might dream next time.

T. N., Texas.—Why not try teaching for a year or two? Then if you still feel that you care for him, marry him and be happy. Ordinarily I wouldn't advise living with in-laws, on either side, but you might be able to work it out satisfactorily. It's better not to as a general rule.

DAISY, La.—Go to high school and then take a business course, or prepare for something else. You can make up your studies, I'm sure.

BOBBY, Montana.—It looks as if you'd have to decide on either one or the other or lose both of them. Don't be selfish.

BETSY, Indiana.—I should say he was fresh, very fresh. Don't write to the firm that employs him to find out what kind of man he is. I've already told you, and anyway, don't write.

E. G. B., Colorado.—When a red-haired girl says she wants a certain fellow I suppose she will have him, and if your own relatives can't make you mind I don't see how I can. I still think they know best, though.

HOPELESS CHILD, Tennessee.—It was dear of you to say you wouldn't mind being an old maid if you could be like me. I thank you even if I don't deserve it. At seventeen you don't need to worry about being an old maid. If you can't find a husband within the next thirteen years I'll find one for you. Do you prefer a blond or a brunette husband, or a lean or a fat one? But it won't be necessary for me to go husband hunting for you. You don't want to "get" a sweetheart. If you show that attitude you'll frighten the boys away. Just be a jolly, good-natured girl—yourself, in fact, and don't try to imitate your sisters even if they are successful in getting beaux. Of course it never does any harm to flatter the dear men, carefully, though, carefully, and let them talk to you about themselves. They like it.

DEMA, N. C.—Get all the education you possibly can, but if you have a good opportunity to marry you might as well do it, provided you care enough for him and he can give you a good home. You are so alone in the world that I advise this.

EMMA, N. Y.—I believe a cape such as you mention would be too old for you as I notice they are worn more by old ladies.

B. N., N. Dak.—It isn't bad luck to accept jewelry from men, but it is extremely bad taste and that's much worse.

BLUE EYES, Pa.—Are you sure your parents would object if your sweetheart called on you in your home? He may be all right but I'd have heaps more respect for him if he, at least, attempted to see you there instead of subjecting you to gossip by meeting you on the street. You won't always have your father and mother, and in future years you will make you feel much better to realize that you shared your wedding day with them. They're always been pretty decent about sharing things with you, haven't they? Think this over before running away to be married. It

isn't fair to them and you will hurt them very much if you do it. This applies to every girl who has such a crazy idea in her head.

BOBBY, Maine.—As far as I know, a girl can begin her hope chest any time she wants to. If I were a very young girl I'd start my h.c. with dish-towels, sheets, pillow-cases, table-cloths, etc.—things that don't go out of style, for styles in embroidery change as do styles in everything else.

By. COUSIN MARION.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

BISMARCK, N. D.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:
I have been a reader of dear old COMFORT for a good many years and a subscriber for twenty-two years. When I read a Hoosier sister's letter I thought I would write and tell her how I cured my two boys of fighting. We came to North Dakota many years ago and took up a homestead. As my husband was away at work most of the time, the children and I were alone and the older boys would fight nearly all the time. One day they were fighting and as I went out to part them I saw a pan of water on the table. They didn't see me until I threw the water over them. That ended that fight. I watched after that and every time they fought they got a pail of water thrown on them. As it was in the summer and the weather was warm it didn't hurt them and it broke them from fighting near the house anyway.

Do the country sisters know that at butchering time if they will grind the lard before rendering it they will get a third more lard than to just cut it up in the old way?

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

To remove the odor of onions from the hands, moisten and rub with dry mustard. Wash in cold water.

After blankets have been washed and thoroughly dried, and while still on the line, beat with carpet beater and they will become light and soft.

The white of an egg is a good substitute for mangle. If greasy foods catch fire in pan or in broiling oven, throw salt onto blaze.

For dark corners of pantry or closet, paint the hooks white and save time when hanging things up.—Mrs. L. E. H., Manchester, N. H.

Children's undergarments may be made to stay in place if a piece of elastic is sewed across the bottom of the leg, like a legging, and the child's foot slipped through it. Do not have elastic too tight.

Put tarnished silver in pan and cover with sour milk. Let remain until bright. Wash in soapy water and polish.

A few grains of rice in saltcellar will prevent salt from lumping in damp weather.

Before fastening a meat chopper to table, place a piece of newspaper under both clamps with rough side next to table. This prevents slipping.

Cream that is too thin for whipping purposes may be used if the unbeaten white of an egg is added before beginning to whip.

Cool pies in a warm room. If cooled too quickly they become soggy.—B. L. D., Boston, Mass.

If worms bother your cabbage, sprinkle them with a solution of borax and water, one tablespoon of borax to one-half gallon of warm water.—Mrs. CECIL COOK, Ethridge, Tenn.

To remove grass stains, use ordinary black cooking molasses, rubbed well into the fabric, whether it be cotton, linen or wool, it will remove the stain. Let stay on a few minutes then wash by usual process. It will not injure delicate materials, or color.

Window plants should be sprinkled with cold tea, which keeps the soil free from worms.—Mrs. Geo. B. HANSEN, Beaver City, Neb.

Take ripe, not over ripe, firm tomatoes and put them into a strong brine, as you would cucumbers for pickles. When wanted for use, take out and soak over night.—M. S., Blue, W. Va.

To clean dried apples, use scissors or a sharp knife to remove pieces of core. It is easier to do this before the apples are soaked.—Mrs. S. STALEY, Sask., Canada.

To remove the letters from flour sacks, dampen them with kerosene and let stand over night. Wash in strong suds, boil and hang in sun.—Mrs. H. D. OSBORNE, News Ferry, Va.

Requests

Wanted: Names and addresses of firms using old carpets and transforming them into woven rugs.—Mrs. LUCILLE TRUE, Craig, Colo.

March, 1921, issue of COMFORT.—Miss EMILY LEWIS, Ager, Calif.

Copy of COMFORT containing crocheted pattern of Wild Rose yoke, that has mitered corners. Think it was May, 1915. Have the yoke commenced but cannot finish it without the pattern and full instructions.—Mrs. O. B. MERRILL, Waukegan, P. O. Box 62, Wis.

Pattern of Acorn and Oak Leaf knitted lace.—Mrs. CAROL LAM, Thistle, Utah.

Mrs. Jennie Jones, Gas City, Ind., would like the Nov. and Dec., 1920, copies of COMFORT, also Jan., 1922. Write first.

Mrs. Pearl Graham, Poplar Bluff, 322 Front St., Mo., wants February, 1920, COMFORT.

How to remove iodine and other stains from ivory. To hear from someone living where cactus, particularly the thorny top cactus, grows.—TORITHA VARNER, Mannington, W. Va.

To hear from anyone who crossed the Plains in 1866 in Captain Burns' train and went on boat from The Dalles to Portland, Oregon, in company with the Clark family.—Mrs. ISABEL CLARK JENKS, Lewiston, B. M. I., Box 67, Idaho.

Will some reader who has a copy of Uncle Charlie's Story Book or Book of Poems which they will sell, exchange or loan, please write me. Prefer to hear from someone living in Tennessee or nearby states.—Mrs. N. E. SHULTS, Athens, R. R. 3, Tenn.

Remedies

Drink a glass of warm water with a half teaspoon of salt dissolved in it, every morning before breakfast. It is a splendid tonic.—Mrs. D. O. EDWARDS, Glendale, Arizona.

PILES.—Take one teaspoon of glycerine three times a day, before meals. It helped me in two weeks' time.—P. H., Arago, Minn.

HEAD LICE.—Two or three applications of muscadine oil will destroy both lice and eggs. I find this is better than kerosene as that is likely to blister and causes more shampooing.—Mrs. J. W. H., Black Oak, Arkansas.

RHEUMATISM.—I was a cripple from the age of twelve until I was fifteen, from rheumatism. Now I am well and never feel it. This is what cured me: Oil of Eucalyptus (take three drops first night, five next and seven the third. Skip three nights, repeat again, etc., until relief is gained. Also rub on affected places. This is also good for colds, rub on chest, throat and head or use in atomizer.—FLORENCE HALL, Keene, N. Y.

With handsome cloisonne enamel in two colors—your choice of red or blue—with the words "COMFORT Sisters" deeply embossed, as shown in the illustration.

If you are a COMFORT Sister, send us only one year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50c and we will send you a Sisters' Circle Pin free and prepaid. Or, if you prefer, you may send 50c to pay for a one-year renewal (not your own), and we will send you the Pin free. Be sure to mention color wanted. Reward No. 8671.

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Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Was \$100 Now \$55

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Genuine \$100 Oliver Typewriter for \$55. Brand new, latest model. Direct to you. No shipping you an Oliver for free trial. No money down. Keep it or return it. If you want, own it, pay us only \$4 per month.

Write today for full particulars of our free trial offer. Also for free catalogue. Then get the Oliver for free trial. Send a postcard today for all information. Canadian Price \$75. The OLIVER Typewriter Company, 1008 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago.

After July 1st, price will be \$65

Poems Requested

The following poems have been requested by readers of COMFORT and sent for publication.

A Woman's Heart

(Requested.)

A woman's heart is a savings bank
Where the love you deposit lies,
Gathering interest day by day
From the sunshine of the skies.
There isn't a safer place, my lad,
To bury the treasure you'd keep
Than down in its beautiful vaults of dream
Where the tenderest blossoms sleep.
A woman's heart is the place to hide
Whatever you'd treasure best;
For she'll give it back as the years go by
In a love that's more than rest.

A woman's heart is a fortress strong,
Where nothing breaks in to steal.
Except the honor you fail to pay
And the love you forget to feel.
A love you have placed there once remains,
And you may forget, but she
Will give it back, if you want it so,
And smile as she hands the key.
My all unto that, I know,
That a smile is the saddest thing
When it's over the ashes of something dead
And the heart is a broken wing!

A woman's heart is a fortress strong,
Where your love may never come.
With prancing steeds and gleaming sword
For the rat-tat of the drum.
For that which you treasure she will defend,
And stand as the gate may roll,
She'll stand in the breach to the very end,
And then she will fight with her soul.
A woman's heart—I would rather trust
My all unto that, I know,
For love in the keeping of such a place
Will grow as the blossoms grow.

Sent in by Mrs. E. M. Cook, Cayuga Falls, N. Y.

Self-Command

To go thru' life, beseeching odds of fate,
To look forever upwards towards the sun,
But not be dazzled by its brilliant glare,
To feel your own, no matter when or where,
These are a few essentials of command.

To judge not, till you know whereof you speak,
For crude opinion stamps a man as weak;
To give aid to your friends who are in need,
Not only by good counsel but by deed;
To hold yourself when wrathful, well in hand,
All these are attributes of self-command.

To know full well beginning from the first
That you're not one whit better than the worst,
But still remember when you're put to test,
You are as good as any of the best.
To be kind—yet compelling—to withstand
The pitfalls and temptations. "That's Command!"

By Clara Miehne, in "Telling Tales," May, 1921. Reprinted in Detroit News, May 31, 1921.

God Bless You!

I seek in tender rhyme, my dear,
My heart's true wish to send you,
That you may know, as far or near,
My loving thoughts attend you.

I cannot find a truer word,
Nor fonder to caress you,
Nor song nor poem I have heard
Is sweeter than "God bless you."

"God bless you," so I've wished you all
Of brightest life possibilities,
For can there be any joy for all
Be thine unless God blesses?

"God bless you," so I breathe a charm
Lest grief's dark night oppress you;
Then, how can sorrow bring you harm,
If 'tis God's way to bless you?

And so not "all thy days be fair,
And shadows touch thee never,"
But this alone—God bless thee, dear;
So thou art safe forever.

—Julia Aldrich Bahr.

Life's Mirror

BY MADELINE S. BRIDGES.

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
There are souls that are pure and true,
Then give to the world the best you have
And the best will come back to you.

Give love and love to your life will flow,
A strength in your utmost need;
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in your word and deed.

Give truth and your gift will be paid in kind,
And honor will honor meet;
And a smile that is sweet will surely find
A smile that is just as sweet.

For life is the mirror of king and slave,
'Tis just what we are and do;
Then give to the world the best you have
And the best will come back to you.

Sent in by Miss Sadie Prints, Lacey, Va.

What Sort of a Father Are You?

"What sort of a father are you to your boy?
Do you know if your standing is good?
Do you ever take stock of yourself and check up
Your accounts with your boy as you should?"

"Do you ever reflect on your conduct with him?
Are you all that a father should be?
Do you send him away when you are eager to read?
Or let him climb up on your knee?"

"Have you time to bestow on the boy who is eager
With his questions, to tell him the truth?
Or do you neglect him and leave him alone
To work out the problems of youth?"

"What memories of you will he have
In the years that are certain to come?
Will he look back on youth as a season of joy,
Or an age that was woefully gnom?"

"Come, father, reflect, does he know you today?
And do you know him now as you should?
Is gold so important to you that you leave
It to chance that your boy will be good?"

"Take stock of yourself and consider the lad;
Your time and your thoughts are his due,
How would you answer your God should he ask,
"What sort of a father are you?"

Sent in by Mrs. Earnest G. Pool, Newell, W.

Sisters' Circle Pin

Free! EVERY COMFORT Sister should wear this beautiful Sisters' Circle Brooch Pin—the one and only official "badge" of membership.

Uniting in one grand Circle of friendship and love the thousands of COMFORT Sisters living in all parts of the world. It is the size of a 25-cent piece, gold finished, and the front is inlaid

with handsome cloisonne enamel in two colors—your choice of red or blue—with the words "COMFORT Sisters" deeply embossed, as shown in the illustration.

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Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Science Discovers Greatest Lice Killer

Changes Old Methods. No Dusting or Spraying. Birds Delouse Themselves. Gives Lasting Relief.

A recent discovery promises to revolutionize all the methods accepted up to now for keeping poultry free from lice and mites. This wonderful lice killer keeps the birds always free from the poultry raiser doing any work. It is the simplest, easiest, surest and best method ever discovered.



Hick's Lice Kill, which is the name of this sensational lice killer, is added to the drinking water. The medicine taken into the system of the bird comes out through the pores and every louse or mite dies or leaves the body. It does not injure the hatchability or flavor of the eggs or meat; is harmless to chicks and does not affect the plumage. A few days treatment at the start and then a little in the drinking water each month.

A Trial Costs You Nothing

So confident is Mr. Hick that Hick's Lice Kill will kill every louse or mite, that he is making a special guaranteed offer of two regular full sized double strength, \$1.00 bottles and a regular \$1.00 package of Hick's Egg-Lay Tablets all for \$1.00. Use one bottle yourself and sell the other at one dollar, thus getting your own free. Send \$1.00 today (currency, money order, check, etc.) to Chas. M. Hick & Co., Dept. 1175, 1018 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill. If you prefer, send no money, just your name and address, and pay postman \$1.00 and postage on delivery. If after two weeks trial you are not absolutely satisfied, write Mr. Hick and your money will be refunded.

Poultry Farming for Women

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

to get rid of their old feathers and put on a new coat, and if the process is not forced in some way, they will not commence before August, which would make it October before they finished. Of course that would be time enough if it happened to be a warm late fall, but if cold weather sets in, as it often does in November, hens would not lay before spring, as moulting leaves them in a more or less debilitated condition.

Lots of people make the mistake of selling off hens as soon as they cease laying at this season, which means that they are usually parting with the birds that would make the real winter layers. Hens that lay through the summer and do not cease until the fall will be idle and unprofitable in the winter. It is the general disregard of the moulting period which causes so many failures in the winter supply of eggs. The rule should be to sell off all the hens that have been laying steadily through the summer and commenced to shed feathers in September. Growing feathers is a trying ordeal, and the consequence is that when the hen begins to moult she ceases to lay, for she cannot produce eggs and feathers at the same time.

Feathers are composed largely of nitrogen and mineral matter. That is why the food at moulting time has to be so very nutritious. To feed nothing but corn at such time is simply waste, as the hen cannot produce new feathers from such a diet. If she is on free range she would have a much better chance of gathering the necessary material, but even then, if the feathering process is delayed too long, the hen becomes exhausted, and is susceptible to cold and all sorts of diseases. This is the real reason why roup and swelled head are so prevalent in the fall.

Young birds hatched out in April or thereabouts usually commence to lay in November, because they have not been subject to the drain upon the constitution caused by moulting. But chickens that have been hatched in February or early March are very liable to moult in the late fall, just when they should be commencing to lay. For this reason it is just as well to market all the first hatched chickens, and hold over those hatched late in March or through April, to increase the laying flock.

Call all your young stock down closely. Don't keep a lot of young cockerels to eat up the profits. Even pullets which are at all backward should be marketed, for they won't develop after cold weather sets in, and it does not pay to keep them for summer layers. Most of the failures made in the poultry business are due to people not having the courage to clear out unproductive birds. Just calculate how many quarts of feed ten growing birds will eat in seven months, and I think you will be convinced that it is unfair to expect the flock to support them and still show a profit. The trouble is that people don't realize that young stock stand still as soon as cold weather starts, remaining almost stationary until spring. Another evil of keeping undeveloped stock is that they occupy house room and crowd the older birds.

Correspondence

Subscribers are entitled to advice of our Poultry Editor free, through the columns of this department. Address Poultry Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. BE SURE to give your full name and address, otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

A. H. R.—The very quality which is of most value will have been destroyed by the long soaking in water. Inbreeding is always detrimental to size and vigor, but if your old birds are entirely unrelated, one season of mating the young together will not do very much damage. Why don't you start another flock from entirely different blood lines? Buy some eggs from a distant farm, then next year you can make up pairs and trios for sale.

R. B.—This looks terribly like cholera, which is a contagious disease. Clean and disinfect the house and all food and water dishes. Remove all the scratching material from the house and burn. Plow or spade the yards or ground where the birds are in the habit of congregating. Keep a watch on the flock, and as soon as a bird shows slight signs of being out of condition quarantine it in a small coop, far away from the rest of the flock. Generally cholera is shown by great thirst, profuse greenish droppings, and extreme weakness, and can be distinguished from the diarrhea which develops with roup or indigestion by the fact that the victims either show marked improvement or die within forty-eight hours. The best remedy is carbolic acid. Add twenty drops to a gallon of water, and use water to mix up a mash with ground grain which has been slightly browned in the oven, and if the bird will not eat, manage to push about a tablespoonful down its throat twice a day. Give no water to drink, or if you do, add ten drops of carbolic acid to each glass, being careful that it is well mixed before being given to the bird.

C. M. P.—If the incubator has ventilators, open them, and air the eggs a little longer every day when you turn them. As there is an excess of moisture in the machine, you certainly must not sprinkle the eggs. We never heard of gas being used to heat an incubator. Of course electricity is used in many machines now. Personally, I think you had better not try the experiment without consulting the maker of the incubator.

M. H.—You would gain nothing by such a course except spoiling the good birds. Fall chicks are profitable if you are near a large city to market them as winter broilers, but it is no use hatching chickens that you are going to keep for egg production after May.

Manners and Looks



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

Through the columns of this department free information pertaining to Etiquette, Personal Appearance and kindred subjects will be given in answer to questions by our subscribers, but not more than two questions the same month by any one subscriber. Address Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and give your own full name and address. Name will not be published.

An introduction is the usual beginning of acquaintanceship and social exchange. Questions coming to this department concerning introductions are many, and a few general rules should prove helpful. The first simple thing to remember in making introductions is that the form is one whose practical purpose is that of making the names of two persons known to each other. Therefore introductions should never be made hastily or stumblingly, and the names of both persons should be distinctly pronounced. Remembering this, these fundamental rules follow:

1—A man is introduced to a woman, except in certain cases, as when some well-known man might be a guest of honor.

2—A young man is introduced to one older than himself.

3—A young woman is introduced to an older or better-known woman.

The observance of these general rules means that in making the introduction the name of the person to whom precedence is given should be spoken first. That is, a formal introduction according to our first rule might be: "Mrs. Dash, may I introduce Mr. Blank?" Or the word "present" may be substituted for "introduce."

There are various matters of circumstance, tact and common sense which, as in all questions of courtesy, affect the manner and form in which introductions are made. Some of these questions will be taken up in this space next month.

TEXAS GIRL.—A simple and suitable luncheon for a girl to order at any restaurant or hotel would be a soup, a salad of some sort—chicken, shrimp, etc.—ice cream or pastry and a cup of tea or coffee. A hot dish of meat or fish may be substituted for the salad if preferred. In some of your local eating places which you say do not even boast menus, you would, we think, have to govern your choice by first finding out what the establishment can furnish, and ordering accordingly. If necessary, a lunch can be reduced to a chicken sandwich, a cup of tea and ice cream and cake when the resources of the eating place's management are limited. As a general rule it is better to order too little than too much—not only for the sake of pleasing your escort's pocketbook, but also to satisfy the male tradition which demands that a girl's appetite should be a dainty one and not established on the ham and eggs, corn beef and cabbage foundation.

M. G., Campbellville, Ky.—Your parents may suitably ask this young man to stay overnight at your home, if it is inconvenient or impossible for him to return the same evening. (2) As long as a girl rests unengaged, she may have just as many boy friends as she finds pleasant to have follow in her train. Of course, as you say, you cannot have all of them. This and fact may "make them mad," but how about the other girls? We should think they would be madder yet.

E. H., Tallahassee, Ala.—After you first "burst-up" and now new difficulty with this boy, you should return his ring to him if you have definitely decided that you will not marry him. You do not say if his being "drunk" is a first occurrence or has been repeated before. You will know best whether you believe it safe to continue your engagement and marry him. Why not put him on probation for a while? In such a case, although you may doubt it, the opinions of your parents and older persons concerning this boy's essential character are worthwhile taking. Why not have told us his age—and yours?

C. S. Y., Grand Rapids, Mich.—Surely you may give this young lady who has been your dancing instructor a gift at the end of the season in sign of your appreciation. Gloves, handkerchiefs, or a pair of shoe buckles would all be appropriate for the occasion.

LONGSOME PINE, South Dakota.—When a boy calls for a girl in his car, he may enter the house if he likes, or else wait in the car if he is sure the girl is ready and will be with him in a few minutes. Circumstances might alter the particular case, but as a general rule it would be most natural and courteous for him to enter the house and greet any of the family who might be present. (2) A girl, unless she were a sure and sanguine visitor, does not buy an engagement ring before she has asked the one girl he wants to wear it to marry him. Asking is not always winning or having, and it is the usual method to make sure of the girl first, and to buy the ring afterward. Still we have known young men to have a ring ready in their pockets when they asked the important question—said ring having been a leftover from some affair where the course of true love did not run smoothly.

W. M., Dunbar, Pa.—You are right in not asking this young girl to disobey her parents' wishes and thus encouraging any willingness she may have to meet you unknown to them. Nothing good or happy is apt to come from underhand meetings or love-making. We think you are justified in thinking the girl cares something for you by her being ready to evade her parents' objections, but we cannot say that this willingness on her part makes her any more worthy your admiration. Let both of you act straightforwardly, as you seem inclined to do, for there is time enough, at eighteen, for objections to melt or change.

I. P., Lena, Wis.—A girl of sixteen should not be at a dance where it is necessary that she should be asked to dance by a man she does not know. Your partners at any dance should be those boys you know and those who may be presented to you by your boy and girl friends. (2) A girl should be chary of beginning a correspondence. Whether you would answer a letter received from a boy you had "only seen once" would depend upon what sort of a boy the girl cared something for and what kind of a letter he had written to her.

M. S., Millboro, N. C.—Your letter does not quite make clear if it is you or these boys who are "spoiled by hugging." We are giving you the benefit of the doubt and imagine that it is you who are the objector. The stopping of the annoyance should be simple: tell this too-affectionate youth that you do not intend to let him play the bear, and that if he does not cease the practice you will select another escort for your Sunday afternoon strolls home from church. And let him see you mean what you say.

M. G., South Dakota.—A girl is not introduced to a boy; he is presented to her. Yes; it would be perfectly correct for you to ask your girl friend to introduce this boy to you. (2) There would be nothing improper in your leaving the dance floor with your partner during a dance, but you should not make this absence long enough to cause comment among your friends.

J. F.—From the description of the feathers of the birds, I think the hens must be infested with what is known as the depluming mite, which feeds on the quills of the feathers. Clean and disinfect the houses, perches and nests, thoroughly disinfect and then whitewash. Add one ounce of crude carbolic acid to two ounces of powdered glue to every pail of whitewash. Make rather thicker than usual, and be sure that you get plenty of it into all the cracks and crevices. I can't quite understand what is the matter with the pullet. Do you use very much vinegar and oil on your table? What about dishwater? Have you a drain which carries it off? What about water on wash day? It often happens that that is thrown out on the surface of the ground, where it forms in little pools, where the hens can drink it, and if any amount of washing powder has been used for very soiled things, it is very apt to cause crop troubles and inflammation of the intestines. Act on these suggestions and try to discover what has caused the trouble, then remove it.

Do You Want \$200 a Week?

The Amazing Story of Carl Rowe Who Rose from an Income of \$50 a Week to \$1000 a Month

My name is Rowe—Carl Rowe. I live in a small city in New York State.

I am going to tell you an amazing story about myself. It may seem too strange to believe, but you can easily verify everything I have to say.

Two years ago I was a baker. I was struggling along, trying to make the money in my pay envelope meet the increasing expenses of our family.

There was no prospect for the future.

Today, just two years later, I am a successful business man. I have plenty of money for all the things we need and want. Last month I made \$876 during my spare time, and was able to put \$200 a week in my savings account. I am going to tell you how it happened.

Please remember that two years ago I had no surplus cash. I was in the same fix as nine out of ten other men. Expenses were constantly mounting and my salary, although it had increased, could not keep pace with the cost of living. My wife had to do without things that I knew she ought to have. We wanted an automobile, but we couldn't afford it. We wanted to buy our own home, but we couldn't afford that.

It made me desperate to think of what might happen if I became sick or lost my job. I worried about it, and so did my wife. We were living from hand to mouth, and we didn't know what calamity and hardships might be lurking just around the corner.

And yet—today—I own our nine-room house. I have an automobile. I have money for books, the theatre, or any other pleasures that I may want. I have the cash today to educate my son and send him through college.

Here is how it happened. One day in glancing through a magazine I read an advertisement. The advertisement said that any man could make from a hundred to three hundred dollars a month during his spare time.

I didn't believe it. I knew that I had worked hard eight hours a day for \$50 a week, and I figured that no man could make that much during a couple of hours a day spare time.

But as I read that ad I found that it pointed to men who had made that much and more. In the last paragraph the advertiser offered to send a book without cost. I still doubted. But I thought it was worth a two-cent stamp, so I tore out the coupon and put it in my pocket and next day on my way home from work I mailed it.

When I look back to that day and realize how close I came to passing

up that ad, it sends cold chills down my spine. If the book had cost me a thousand dollars instead of a two-cent stamp, it would still have been cheap. All that I have today—an automobile, my home, an established business, a contented family—all these are due to the things I learned by reading that little eight-page booklet.

There is no secret to my success. I have succeeded beyond any dream I may have had three years ago, and I consider myself an average man. I believe that I would be criminally selfish if I did not tell other people how I made my success.

All the work I have done has been pleasant and easy, and withal, amazingly simple. I am the representative in this territory for a raincoat manufacturer. The booklet that I read was one issued by that company. It tells any man or woman just what it told me. It offers to anyone the same opportunity that was offered to me. It will give to anyone the same success that it has brought to me.

The Comer Manufacturing Company is one of the largest manufacturers of high-grade raincoats on the market; but they do not sell through stores. They sell their coats through local representatives. The local representative does not have to buy a stock—he does not have to invest any money. All he does is to take orders for Comer raincoats and he gets his profit the same day the order is taken. Fully half my customers come to my house to give me their orders.

My business is growing bigger every month. I don't know how great it will grow, but there are very few business men in this city whose net profit is greater than mine, and I can see only unlimited opportunity in the future.

If you are interested in increasing your income from \$100 to \$1000 a month and can devote all your time or only an hour or so a day to this same proposition in your territory, write the Comer Manufacturing Company at Dayton, Ohio. Simply sign the attached coupon and they will send you the eight-page booklet referred to by Mr. Rowe and full details of their remarkable proposition.

Cut Out and Mail

The Comer Mfg. Co., Dept. J-146, Dayton, Ohio.

Gentlemen: Please send me without obligation on my part, copy of your booklet and full details of your proposition.

Name.....

Address.....

Wrist Watch

Reward No. 75210

For Men And Boys



For A Club Of Only Ten

THE Wrist Watch is no longer considered effeminate or a "fad." Men and boys in all walks of life now wear them. The millions of American soldiers who went to France—from general down to dough-boy—wore them. It is a practical, common-sense method of carrying a watch.

The watch shown here is the "Leonard"—designed especially for farmers, lumbermen, surveyors, miners, campers, hunters, fishermen, etc. It is 6 size, fitted with high-grade American movement, stem wind and pendant set in strong, dust-proof, silver-nickel case with a thick, heavy crystal that cannot easily be broken.

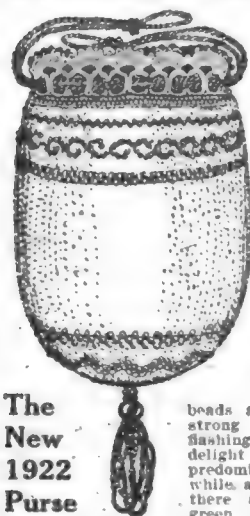
The strap is made of goat skin, of good width, very tough yet pliable and easy on the wrist. It fastens with a nickel-plated buckle which does not come in contact with the skin. This strap may be adjusted to fit the wrist of a small boy or a full-grown man.

This also makes a splendid wrist watch for the women and girls on the farm. It is just what they need when engaged in outdoor work and to wear on motoring trips and on all occasions where it would not be advisable to wear a more expensive watch.

Remember—this watch is fully guaranteed to keep good time. If it fails to do so or proves defective in any way within one year we will either repair or exchange it free of charge. It is yours free on the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For ten one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this fine Wrist Watch exactly as described free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 75210.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Beaded Coin Purse

Reward No. 8224

For A Club Of Four

ONE of the leading styles this season is this handsome beaded purse with black crocheted top which closes with a draw-string made of black twist. It is about seven inches deep and five inches wide when lying flat. The

The New 1922 Purse

beads are sewed directly to the strong poplin lining and their flashing, iridescent colors are a delight to the eye. Blue is the predominating color of the beads while around the top and bottom there are three rows of gold, green and amber beads. The finishing touch is given with a three-inch tassel of blue and black beads.

A leading New York concern showed us this purse and it pleased us so well that we decided to include it among COMFORT'S club rewards. You can have one of these stylish and handsome beaded purses if you will accept the following special offer.

Given To You! For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this beaded purse free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 8224.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Two Stylish Bags

Take Your Choice For A Club Of Four



HAND bags are more popular than ever this season so we take pleasure in offering our lady and girl readers either of the two handsome styles shown herewith.

The Bag illustrated above (Reward No. 8204) is the newest "Kodak" shape, 6½x11½ inches in size, made of genuine leather, pin seal finish, in a beautiful shade of brown. It has two large side pockets, a smaller pocket which holds a dainty mirror and a middle coin pocket with metal frame and clasp. It is handsomely lined, has a 14-inch leather handle and closes with a polished nickel ball and socket fastener.

The Bag illustrated below (Reward No. 8214) is 6½x11½ inches in size, made of genuine leather, sea lion finish, color black. This Bag, also, has two large side pockets, a mirror pocket with mirror, and a middle pocket which fastens together for the protection of money and valuables. It is nicely lined, closes with a nickel fastener and has a 13-inch leather handle.



You can have your choice of either of these two stylish Hand-Bags upon the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you either Bag free by parcel post prepaid. Be sure to mention reward number of Bag wanted.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

She Is Looking For A Mother



Do You Want Her?

"Peggy" The New Summer Doll

PEGGY first saw the light of day in New York but she didn't like the big city with its noise and confusion and was mighty glad to come to Maine on a brief vacation before looking for a permanent home somewhere in the country.

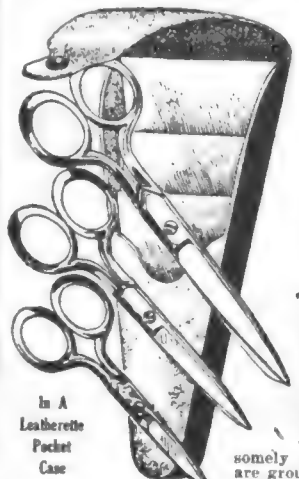
She doesn't care where she lives so long as it is in some cozy little town or on a nice, big farm, and provided she can find some little girl who will be a kind mother to her. She just loves the horses and cows and doggies and kitties and—yes, even the little "piggies" make her laugh until she can hardly stand up.

Peggy says that life on the farm is very different from the life in the city. She wants to give her to some little girl who lives on a farm, where she can romp and play to her heart's content and be happy all day long. Please remember, however, that we have but a limited number of these Dolls on hand and if you want one your order should be sent in at once.

A New York manufacturer who wanted to keep his help busy during the dull season sold us these Dolls at about one-half the regular wholesale price, so we are enabled to give them away for almost nothing.

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you "Peggy" free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 8621.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



3-Piece Scissor Set

Reward No. 9093

For A Club Of Three

THIS useful 3-piece Scissor Set is just what every woman needs. It consists of a pair of 6-inch scissors, a pair of 4-inch scissors, and a pair of 2-inch scissors, made of the best steel, highly tempered and hand-

somely nickel plated. They are ground to a keen cutting edge that will last a long time without resharpening. The complete assortment comes in an attractive leatherette case which fastens with a ball-and-socket device. This case makes it very convenient to carry all three pieces in the pocket or in a shopping or traveling bag. This is one of the most useful rewards we have ever offered and we expect a great demand for it among COMFORT'S lady and girl readers who have a lot of sewing and dressmaking to do. It is yours free if you will accept the following special offer.

Given To You! For a club of three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this 3-Piece Scissor Set in a fine leatherette case free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 9093.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Sizes 38 To 46

All The Season's Popular Colors



Stylish Shirt Waist

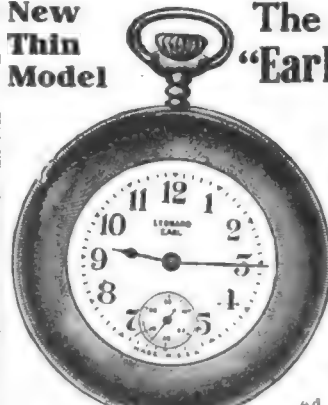
We Have Purchased a Quantity of These New Model Waists Especially for the Benefit Of Our Woman Readers! Send For Yours Before They Are All Gone!

BY buying direct from the manufacturer we are able to offer our women folks a real bargain in these handsome and serviceable shirt waists. They are of absolutely fast colored madras shirting with a neat pocket of the same material, a white repp roll collar and elastic waist-band. The colors are unusually pleasing, consisting of blue, black, lavender and green stripes on white ground. Three large white pearl buttons add a last distinctive touch to this waist which really is pretty enough to wear anywhere. When ordering be sure to mention size and color desired. The sizes run from 38 to 46 inclusive.

Given To You! For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you one of these attractive shirt waists free by parcel post prepaid. Please state size and color preferred. Reward No. 8184.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

New Thin Model



The Leonard "Earl" Watch

Reward No. 7557

For A Club Of Seven

AFTER searching the market for a reliable, up-to-date, timepiece for our men and boy readers, we selected the Leonard "Earl" because we

believe it is the best watch in the world for the money. The case is composition nickel-silver which wears as well as solid silver, a 12 size, open face, thin model with antique bow and flat crown. The movement is guaranteed American made, stem wind, pull-out pendant set, with pure white dial and plain, easily-read Arabic numerals.

As shown in our illustration, the "Earl" has the classy appearance of a \$25.00 watch and after testing it we find it to be an excellent timekeeper. We therefore feel no hesitancy in recommending the "Earl" to any man or boy who wants a watch that is not only a good timekeeper but a "good-looker"—a watch that you can show your friends and carry anywhere with pride and satisfaction. It is yours free if you will accept the following special offer.

Given To You! For seven one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this Leonard "Earl" watch free by parcel post prepaid. With it you will also receive a factory guarantee allowing you to exchange it for a new watch if it does not prove entirely satisfactory. Reward No. 7557.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Needleworkers' Companion

142 Needles For Every Possible Need. Arranged in A Handsome Leatherette Case

EVERY woman wants this big-value needle assortment—a needle for every need. 142 needles in all, in a handy case of leatherette. The assortment contains 75 gold-eyed sewing needles, 15 silk and cotton darners, 15 milliner's needles, 15 embroidery needles, 3 rug or tapestry needles, 3 chenille needles, 1 steel stiletto, 1 steel tape or ribbon, 2 steel croch needles, 1 steel bodkin or tape, 1 punch-work needle, 2 medium yarn darners, 2 medium and 2 fine cotton darners, 2 medium and 2 fine wool darners—142 useful needles in all, enough to last for several years.

The case is handsomely bound with leatherette, is 5¼x11 inches in size when open and 3x5 inches closed. All the needles are made of the finest steel, with eyes perfectly beveled and gaged, and are far ahead of ordinary needles usually sold in stores. We will make you a present of this fine Needle Case if you will accept the following special offer.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this Needle Case exactly as described free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 1132.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



5 Rose Bushes

THIS year we are giving our readers five splendid varieties of Hardy Ever-blooming Roses. They are the "Alexander Hill Gray," a deep golden yellow, "Columbia," a beautiful deep pink, "Lady Gray," a light pink rambler, "Eugene E. Marlitt," a magnificent bright red giant, and "Bessie Brown," a white and pink beauty. Each bush is one year old and in a growing condition when delivered to you.

No matter where you live, our grower will send the bushes at the proper time to plant in your locality. You will receive them packed in damp moss, by prepaid parcel post, and we guarantee that they will reach you in perfect condition. If, for any reason, they do not, or if any of the bushes fail to grow or otherwise prove unsatisfactory, we will replace them for you free of all cost. We will give you these five beautiful rose bushes upon the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you the above described five rose bushes free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 8661.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Antique Wall Clock

Reward No. 8194

For A Club Of Four

If you like things unique, you will be charmed with this novelty clock which is very similar in design to those used in some parts of Europe in the Eighteenth Century. As shown in our illustration, which is greatly reduced in size, the face of the clock consists of a beautiful landscape hand painted in four colors, beneath which is a metal dial with large, easily-read figures. Then there are the brass chalice and weights and brass pendulum with regular which give the clock that antique appearance so much in demand nowadays.

This clock is useful as well as ornamental, being an excellent timekeeper. It has a fully guaranteed brass movement, key wind, in a polished nickel case. This movement is regulated by the disk on the clock run faster or slower as desired. A hanger attached to the back of the clock enables one to hang it in any desirable location on the wall.

We were so sure that our club readers would be pleased with this clock we had a large quantity imported for us at a special low price. We are now giving them away free on the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For a club of four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this unique novelty clock exactly as illustrated and described free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 8194.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



This Beautiful Crystal Necklace

Topaz Amethyst Emerald Sapphire

For A Club Of Only Two!

RIGHT from New York, the center of fashion, comes this new, stylish necklace and we were indeed fortunate in obtaining a good supply of them. We only wish we could show it in its actual colors because mere words fail to do justice. It is thirty inches long, composed of brilliant crystal cut beads, alternating with sea beads, with transparent long oval and round bead ornamentations and tassels. It comes in four different colors—Topaz, Amethyst, Emerald and Sapphire.

City people of course have no difficulty in obtaining the newest styles in necklaces. But COMFORT'S women and girl readers live in the country, far from the up-to-date stores—and that's why we make this offer. This is your opportunity to secure a necklace as handsome and stylish as any that will be seen anywhere this season. And best of all, it will not cost you a cent if you will accept the following special offer.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this beautiful crystal bead necklace free by parcel post prepaid. Please be sure to mention color wanted. Reward No. 1145.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

26-Piece Table Set



Given For A Club Of Only Five

WE have made many offers of tableware but this is the first time we have been able to offer a complete set of 26 Pieces in return for so small a club. Don't think that because we are giving this set on such liberal terms that it is plated on a brass base and consequently will change color and have that "brassy" look just as soon as the plating wears off. On the contrary, it has a white metal base; therefore each and every piece is the same color all the way through and will not show signs of wear, even after years of constant use. As shown in the above illustration, there are 26 pieces in this set—6 Knives, 6 Forks, 6 Teaspoons, 6 Tablespoons, Sugar and Butter Knife. Each piece is full of richly embossed and the blades of the knives and the bowls of the teaspoons and tablespoons are perfectly plain and bright polished. It is only because we buy this set in large quantities direct from the factory that we are able to secure it at a price that enables us to offer it as a reward for so few subscriptions. It is by far the greatest value we have offered and we guarantee every set sent out for a period of five years. We will send this 26-Piece Table Set exactly as illustrated and described to any address upon the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For a club of five one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this 26-Piece Table Set free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 7625.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Comfort's Home Lawyer

Through the columns of this department, subscribers may have free advice from our eminent legal adviser on all questions of law except divorce matters.

Address: Home Lawyer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

Y. F. L., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the community property (that is such as is purchased or acquired by onerous title during marriage) all goes to the surviving husband or widow upon the death of either, leaving no child nor descendant; we think the separate real estate of the decedent is subject to another disposition in case the decedent leaves no will.

E. W. N., So. Dakota.—If your brother refuses to account to you for your share of the proceeds of the property he has leased to the agent of your father's estate, we think it will be necessary for you to bring an action against him to compel him to do so; we do not think he has any legal right to cut the timber for his own use without paying you for your share of the same.

Miss E. P., Pennsylvania.—We do not think that marriages between first cousins are prohibited by the laws of Alabama, California, Colorado, Delaware, Kentucky, Maine, Massachusetts, Nebraska, New Mexico, New York, North Carolina, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Texas, Virginia and Washington.

Mrs. S. R. McC., Illinois.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving no child nor descendant, one-half of the real estate and all of the personal estate, after the payment of debts and expenses, would go to the surviving widow.

Mrs. T. Q., Washington.—We are of the opinion that the woman you mention has a legal right to convey her property to one of her children to the exclusion of her other children if she so desires, provided she possesses the proper mental capacity, and provided no undue influence is exercised upon her in connection therewith; we think, however, the courts are apt to closely scrutinize deeds of this nature in case an action is brought to set same aside.

J. J., Idaho.—Under the laws of Utah, we are of the opinion that if the property you mention all stood in your father's name it would have been necessary for your mother to have survived him to have acquired a vested right therein, and that upon her death before him you acquired no inheritance rights in the property except such as you may have from your father's estate, in case you are not disinherited by his will.

M. W., Missouri.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the dower of the wife and the curtesy of the husband in the real estate of each other cannot be affected by a will unless the provisions of the will in this respect are accepted by the non-rejection of the provisions of the will within a specified time after the probate thereof in a certain formal way.

J. F. K., Idaho.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving no child nor descendant, his surviving widow, in addition to certain allowance, would receive one-half of the estate, the remaining one-half going to his father and mother equally; if no parent, the whole estate would go to the surviving widow.

Mrs. W. A., Maine.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving no child nor descendant, his widow, in addition to some small allowance, would receive one-half of his estate, the balance going to his kindred, depending upon who is left; if no kindred, the whole estate would go to his surviving widow.

M. E. M., Louisiana.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the share of your infant child in the father's estate, upon the death of such infant would go one-half to you and one-half to the brothers and sisters of the father, or their descendants in equal shares.

Mrs. C. E. N., Connecticut.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if the executor or trustee of the estate of your ancestor refuses to account for his proceedings in the estate, after the expiration of the time allowed for administering such estate, you can compel him to do so in the proper proceedings brought for that purpose in the court from which he procured his appointment.

J. C. H., Oregon.—We think that if you have a proper reason for having your name legally changed, you should present your petition to the Supreme Court of your state; we think it will be necessary for you to employ a lawyer to draw and present this petition for you.

Mrs. L. M., New Jersey.—Under the laws of your

state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married woman, leaving no child nor descendant her surviving husband, after payment of debts and expenses, would receive all the balance of the personal estate; he would also receive his curtesy of a life estate in the real estate if there had been any child born alive to the marriage, if none such, he would be limited to a one-third interest in the real estate, except in cases where decedent left no children, brothers, sisters nor parents.

Mrs. M. V. P., Maryland.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of an unmarried man, leaving no child nor descendant, and leaving no will, his parents would receive his estate, subject to payment of his debts, and the expenses of administration. (2) We think the property you mention can only be sold subject to the mortgage lien thereon, provided such mortgage is properly recorded, and is a valid lien thereon.

W. G., Florida.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married woman, leaving no will, her estate, after payment of debts and expenses, would go to her husband and children, the descendants of any deceased child taking their parent's share. (2) We think that children may be disinherited by will.

Mrs. H. R., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the verbal contract between the landlord you mention and his tenant became abrogated as soon as the same was reduced to a written contract, and that upon the signing and delivery of the written contract both parties thereto became bound thereby.

Mrs. T. W. M., Wisconsin.—We think if your father died leaving no will, an administrator should be appointed to administer the personal property of the estate, if he left any such property; we think that the deed of all the real estate in interest would convey the real estate, without administration, in case all the debts and expenses of the estate have been paid.

Mrs. A. R., South Dakota.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the mortgage you mention will bear interest until paid regardless of whether it is overdue or not, unless, of course, no interest is paid, nor any other evidence of indebtedness given for the period limited by the statute of limitations.

A. W., Missouri.—We think that in the event of a contest of the will you mention it would be difficult for the man who drew it to establish same, if he was a beneficiary thereunder, and the testator was an illiterate, unless he can produce other testimony to show that the illiterate testator desired to leave him the bequest as specified in the will.

Mrs. B. H., Ohio.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if the deed you mention created a tenancy by the entirety in the husband and wife, the whole property, upon the death of one, became the sole property of the survivor, but that if the property belonged to the husband alone, and came to him by onerous title, upon the death of the husband, his widow would receive a one-third interest for life therein, and that in addition thereto she would receive certain small allowance from the personal estate and one-half of the balance of the personalty up to a value of \$400, and one-third of the balance of the surplus above that value, the balance of the estate going to his child or children and their descendants; we do not think his widow's child, or his former marriage would have any interest in his estate, unless some provision was made for him by will.

Mrs. M. S., Alabama.—Under the laws of Tennessee, we are of the opinion that the property which came to you from your mother's estate, during your minority should have been administered by a general guardian appointed for that purpose, and that if such general guardian has refused to account to you it will be necessary for you to bring a proceeding against him to compel him to do so.

Mrs. W. C. G., Washington.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if there is no agreement to the contrary, the purchaser of the personal property you mention can be compelled to pay for same when he receives such property.

Mrs. J. A. H., Georgia.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, after payment of debts and expenses, his widow would be entitled to receive a child's part in both the real and personal estate, unless the shares exceed five, in which case she would take one-fifth; should she, however, elect to take dower of a one-third interest for life in the real estate, she would be barred from her child's part in the real estate as she is not entitled to receive both dower and a child's share in such property.

E. F. C., Oklahoma.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the father you mention has a legal right to appoint his son executor of his will, and to limit the shares of his children from his estate as he may see fit, provided he possesses testamentary capacity, and provided no undue influence is exercised upon him, and provided the will is legally drawn and executed, and expresses his true intent.

Mrs. N. W., Wisconsin.—We do not think your neighbor has any legal right to build his house in such manner as to run his rain water upon your property.

Miss H. B., Texas.—We think that if it is impossible to partition the land of the estate you mention among the heirs entitled to share therein, it will be necessary to have the property sold and the money proceeds of the sale divided among the heirs in their proper proportion; we think any party having a vested fee interest in this land can bring an action for this purpose.

Mrs. M. B., Louisiana.—We think the young man whose parents have had their name legally changed during his infancy should continue to use his parent's name as so changed.

Stella Rosevelt

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

"Uncle Jacob, you cannot mean what you have said. Surely you will not discard those of your own blood, your kin, for the offspring of a stranger!" Mrs. Richards said, appealingly.

Mr. Rosevelt looked down at Star with a tender, tremulous smile.

"The offspring of a stranger!" he repeated, softly; then added: "Ellen, there is a stronger bond uniting this dear child to me than ever bound me to either of my brother's children."

"What do you mean?" cried his niece, in a startled tone. "Surely, at your age, you do not contemplate—"

Mr. Rosevelt stopped her with a motion of his hand before she could complete her sentence.

"No; you are wide of the mark; although I am not surprised that a designing woman like yourself should jump at such an absurd conclusion. But, lest you should wound me by your foolish insinuations, I will tell you that Star is the granddaughter of the only woman whom I ever loved; and, therefore, you perceive that I had additional cause to be displeased with you on account of your unkindness to her."

"Really, Mr. Rosevelt, you have more of sentiment in your composition than I gave you credit for. There was a love passage, then, in the old bachelor's life!" sneered Mrs. Richards, while an angry flush mounted to her brow.

Then, with more bitterness than she had yet betrayed, she continued, with a look at Star: "I can congratulate Miss Gladstone upon being more successful in wheedling you out of your fortune than she was in her maneuvers to become Lady Carroll."

This was a cruel thrust and wholly unexpected on the part of either Mr. Rosevelt or Star.

A shiver of agony ran through every nerve of her body at this rough probing of the still unhealed wound, and a painful crimson shot over her beautiful face.

But it quickly subsided, leaving only the bright spots on her cheeks.

She arose from the chair where Mr. Rosevelt had placed her, drew herself up proudly, her eyes gleaming as bright as the diamonds in her ears, and, entirely ignoring the coarse woman's malicious thrust, she looked up at her companion, and said, in clear, clearest, sweetest tones:

"Uncle Jacob, I believe we were going out to see the illumination."

"True, child, true," he said, taking her white-gloved hand and laying it upon his arm, while he cast a dark look upon his niece for her cowardly attack. "Come, we will go at once," and with a formal inclination to Mrs. Richards and her daughter, but with an angry gleam in his eyes, he led Star from the room, shutting the door, with no gentle sound, after them.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Pied Piper of New York

By Frances L. Garside

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THE great big clock of the seasons has no restraining, or encouraging, influence on the children of New York. The hand that points to the months means nothing to them, for never does it mark a limit for their outdoor activities. They play out in winter the same as in summer; the snow does not frighten them; there are protecting corners and doorways when it rains; perambulators line the walks, each containing a child, in as great number in January as in June; one may not tell from the sound floating up from the pavement of children's laughter, squeals, screams and shrieks, if it is mid-summer or mid-winter.

If the New York mother were asked why, she might reply it is because the fresh air is better for the child, but there is a reason older in influencing her than this: landlords made life unpleasant for tenants whose children danced and romped in the house long before Fresh Air became a national movement; the tenant below who was quick to call up and complain that her ceilings were coming down had a voice more powerful than that of the advocates of the great outdoors; the cramped quarters in which New Yorkers live was another influence. In an apartment so small that the family clock has been traded for a wrist watch there is no room for the activities of a child.

Some mothers turn their children over to an over-worked Providence; others, on camp chairs, sit outside all day; and others with a faith that is seldom justified, rely on a nurse girl; in more families the oldest girl-child of the mature age of six becomes the guardian for those who are younger. The "Little Mothers" of New York are one of its greatest tragedies.

They find much to amuse them, these children of the streets. A hurdy-gurdy comes along. During the war these hurdy-gurdies played but two tunes, the sextette from "Lucia," and "America." In these days of alleged peace one still hears the sextette, but not always "America." More often, incongruous as it may seem, for the man who owns and grinds this perambulating opera house is an Italian, one hears "Nearer, My God, to Thee," an air to which the feet of the New York child dance as lightly as to any other, for they do dance, these children, singly, by twos, in a circle, whenever a hurdy-gurdy starts up.

More rarely there is the carousel (pronounced koo-sall) by those who furnish pennies for a ride; a miniature merry-go-round in a wagon drawn by a very low-spirited horse. The driver grinds a crank at the back, the merry-go-round turns, and somewhere from the bowels of the wagon there issues a continuation of squeaks, sounding more like a protest than a tune.

But these attractions pale before the Pied Piper, though he assumes no pleasing guise to tempt the children to follow him. Unlike the Pied Piper of Hamelin, he hasn't lips where smiles went out and in, and sharp blue eyes, each like a pin; he has no smiles on his lips; his eyes are fierce with anger, and sometimes swollen and black, or covered with blood, the result of a blow. He is a law breaker, and at his heels trails a procession of children as eager, as content only to be following though they know not where, as those who trotted down the streets of Hamelin Town entranced by the strains of a pipe that promised flowers of fairer hue, sparrows brighter than peacocks, honey bees that had lost their stings, and horses born with eagles' wings.

They follow, block after block; games forgotten, responsibilities not left behind for the little mothers wheel their charges in perambulators, straining every muscle to keep up, or they drag those on feet by the hand; they dodge in between street cars and automobiles; they heed neither danger nor time nor distance; they are not as noisy as when at play, for curiosity has taken possession of their souls. Some fortunate ones have seen the beginning. They are great personages on this occasion; others arrived on the scene with the policeman; but, early or late, it is a great city, the pet boast of its confirmed inhabitants being that in New York "there is always something going on."

The procession stops, perhaps, at a police box. The boy, or girl, is proud, indeed, who is so close on the officer's heels he, or she, hears what he says; it is almost as great joy as being close enough to the law-breaker to touch his garment, to get a close-up view of the blood on his face and clothes, and, oh, what more could life hold than this? Occasionally, the officer has two men by the arms, and has to blow his whistle for help! The promises made by the original man with his entrancing pipe are bucolic—one might almost say "Sissy"—in comparison.

The patrol wagon arrives; some of the procession have run like mad down the street to meet it, drowning its shrill bells with screams of "Here she comes, officer!" "Here she comes!" "I saw her first!" Others, with rare foresight, do not wait to see the man dragged into it; they run ahead many blocks, perhaps half a mile away, that they may get front places at the entrance to the police station, and be the proud bearers of news to other children that there's a cop coming with a load. The New York Paul Revere has not failed; as large a crowd awaits the patrol wagon as it left behind it, increased by the crowd that comes straggling along the street, no child in it a whit discouraged, disinterested or tired. The enthusiasm doesn't wane until the Pied Piper has disappeared into the station and the wagon has been driven away.

One may see such a procession any day in any section of the city. "Oh see," says a visiting friend, pointing to a group of children coming down the streets, "It must be a Sunday school procession. Let's wait and see it. I think these Sunday school processions are wonderful for stimulating interest. Do you suppose we could tag along and be present at the exercises?"

She turned faint when they came close enough for her to see the man at the head; so covered with blood, which was still pouring from a wound on his forehead, that one could not tell if he were black or white, but close on his heels a hundred children trotted eagerly, children ranging in age from the baby in its perambulator to the child of ten.

One wonders, on seeing them, on hearing their eager voices, if they, too, some day, like the children who tripped and skipped with shouting and laughter through the door in the mountain-side which shut tight after them—if they, too, will become "a tribe of alien people."

Missing Relatives and Friends

For the convenience of its subscribers, COMFORT responds to the "Missing Relatives and Friends" column. To the readers of COMFORT is extended the privilege of inserting three-line notices in this column if they will secure only one new yearly subscriber to COMFORT at 50c. If you wish to find a missing relative or friend you can insert a three-line notice containing not over 22 words in this column by securing only one new subscription at 50c. If a longer notice is required send one 50c subscription for each additional seven words.

Information of Charles Burkshire St. Clair, missing since February, 1913, will be appreciated by his daughter, Flora E. St. Clair, Alcum Creek, W. Va.

Will someone help me to find my brothers, Jim B., Noah and Ben Gibson, sons of Archie Gibson, who was killed in the lead mines at Granby, Mo., 44 or 46 years ago? Mrs. Mary Drennan, Nocomo, R. R. 5, Tex.

Mrs. Sarah Wolfenbarger, Hotchkiss, Colo., wants to know the whereabouts of her son, J. L. Wolfenbarger, ex-soldier from Camp Boyd, El Paso, Texas.

Mrs. J. H. Link, Newport, Va., would appreciate any

information of her son, Oliver A. Link, last heard of at Windsor, Canada.

Want to know the whereabouts of Carl Moeller, age 21, weight 140, 5 ft., 6 in. tall, gray eyes, fair complexion, neat, nice appearing. Paul Moeller, Maquoketa, Iowa.

S. F. Hargrave would like to hear from his Aunt Julia Hollingsworth, also Manervia King. S. F. Hargrave, Lawton, Ok. R. Box 83, Okla.

Very anxious to learn the whereabouts of her two sons, Russell and Chas. Fowler. Mrs. M. M. Fowler, Denison, 726 W. Johnson St., Texas.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of my son, S. D. Webster, please write Mrs. Sarah L. Webster. On his return will be rewarded. Address, Stillwater, Tenn.

Will anyone knowing the whereabouts of my friend or Alice Calhoun's children please write to Mrs. Aaron J. Cox, Gilbertville, R. R. 1, Ky.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Lester Hawkins, my brother, or mother, Mrs. A. J. Hawkins, please notify Laverne Hawkins, Kootenai, Lake, Mich.

Abe Woodyard, Proctorville, Ohio, would like to hear from his sister, maiden name, Susie Woodyard, but her name is now Mrs. Susie Wilson or William. Last heard was in Oklahoma.

Anyone knowing whereabouts of relatives of James Satterwhite, age about 45, of Grosu, Idaho, please notify Mrs. Etta Walker, Oia, Idaho.

Mrs. Wm. Hoffman, South Haven, R. R. 2, Box 9, Minn., would like to find the whereabouts of her father, Thomas Lenc, age 52 years, last heard of in Washington five years ago.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Mrs. Knute Lensen (maiden name, Sophie Flamer), also Anna Mathilda Flamer, write Mrs. Odlin Berg, Goodwell, Okla.

Whereabouts daughter, Beesie, Mrs. G. W. White, married in Covington, Ky., 1911. Traveling; her Aunt Anner. Eld. H. J. Tyles, Adolphus, Ky.

Mrs. S. A. Childers, Dover, Fla., would appreciate information of Fitzhugh Lee Childers, last heard of, Ann Mead, 56th Inf., Boston, Mass. Mrs. S. A. Childers, Dover, Fla.

Wanted: To hear from Bud Frazier. Write E. M. Clift, Quinton, R. R. 1, Okla.

Left home five years ago, Clifford Nussman, 20, medium height, blue eyes, light hair, came in middle forehead. Notify: Martha Nussman, Plymouth, Ill.

Will some kind readers send me list of "Wilcox" names in their town. I desire the address of all "Wilcox" to help me trace the "Wilcox" family tree and to write "late" history of the Wilcox genealogy. All kindness appreciated. Address, John Jay Vincent Wilcox, Quisset Postoffice, Cape Cod, Falmouth, Mass.



The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be taken to your local doctor.

Address: The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

Mrs. L. G. W., Yeddo, Ind.—If the bunions are of long standing and cannot be relieved by shoes made to order to relieve the pressure, operation is the only remedy.

Mrs. W. H. P., Newark, Ohio.—Symptoms of high blood pressure are dizziness or vertigo, headache and a full bounding pulse. High blood pressure may be only imaginary and the only way to find out whether or not you have high blood pressure is to have your local doctor ascertain the facts by using a high blood-pressure apparatus. The causes are various. Excessive indulgence in foods, especially starchy foods, is the most common cause. The remedy follows: a lower and simple diet, use of cathartics to keep the bowels free at all times, and taking ten drops of a saturated solution of iodide of potassium, well diluted, after meals for a long time, or until the system is saturated with the remedy.

Mrs. J. E. B., Logan, Ohio.—As so many times indicated in COMFORT, the one best cathartic for chronic constipation is some form of cascara sagrada. Take one or two pills of this drug at night, eat freely of fruit, and with your meals, take a tablespoonful of American Oil.

Mrs. L. B. C., Ruderville, N. C.—"Bashfulness" is a neurosis—a habit. Just mix in with people and in a while you will overcome your diffidence.

Mrs. E. M. G., Westlake, Idaho.—High blood pressure is due to faulty eating; especially foods that contain carbo-hydrates in excess. High blood pressure is not common in young people. Bright's disease is the one cause of high blood pressure in the young. Avoid sweets of all kinds and live upon green vegetables, milk and other simple and easily-digested food.

Mrs. E. D., Selkirk, Kansas.—Operation is the only cure for the hemorrhoidal condition mentioned, especially as your husband is passing so much blood.

Mrs. G. C. W., Royce City, Texas.—Your son has adenoids without doubt. Have him operated on at once. You should consult some good oculist and have your eyes treated also. Probably you need correcting lenses. The growth mentioned may be caused by eye-strain.

Mrs. H. H. L., New Germany, Minn.—Probably your liver is at fault. Take at night one compound cathartic pill, avoid sweets of all kinds, and exercise in the open as much as possible.

Mrs. J. F. H., Toledo, Ohio.—Maybe your mother needs eyeglasses. If she is bilious, have her take one compound cathartic pill at night, for three nights. Of course she must avoid sweets of all kinds.

Miss C. B., Greenville, S. C.—Better live on milk and eggs and take after meals a tablespoonful of Maltine and Cod-liver Oil. You probably need easily-digested food and those foods that will not cause the formation of gas in the intestine. Your heart action is probably secondary.

Miss L. D. W., Goessel, Kans.—Massage the small breast with cocoa-butter daily. A slight stimulation of this nature will develop the breast if persisted in for some time.

Miss E. L., Napa, Calif.—Take one or two cascara sagrada pills at night for the constipation. For the bladder trouble, take a five-grain tablet of urotropin after meals, and drink plenty of water.

Mrs. G. A., Melba, Idaho.—Operation is the only thing to suggest for actual relief from bleeding piles. Your husband can apply locally any compound gall ointment which is official.

Mr. O. B., Beaver Dam, Ky.—Better give the child some cod liver oil and aid or prevent what seems to be a form of rickets, and await the result.

Miss D. M., Leconte, Pa.—Massage the bust gently with cocoa-butter. You can also take two-grain capsules of corpus luteum morning and night. The offensive odor of perspiration will be overcome by bathing with a solution of sodium salicylate—about a tablespoonful of the drug to a quart of water. For the loss and discoloration of hair apply a two per cent. solution of resorcin dissolved in equal parts of alcohol and rose-water. Apply the lotion at night after shampooing the hair. Do not apply any "hair restorer" at any time.

Mrs. W. R. W., Cisco, Texas.—"Hot flashes" due to change of life are best treated by use of two-grain capsules of ovarian substance taken morning and night for several weeks.

Mrs. J. Q., Washington, D. C.—Apply hot mustard fomentations over the enlarged liver at night, and take one or two compound cathartic pills at night to keep the bowels moving. You can also take a tablespoonful of American oil with your meals.

Miss I. F. W., Jefferson, Mo.—Closure of the tear duct causes the excessive flow of tears over the eyelid. Have the tear-duct opened or dilated.

Mr. D. E. S., Ponca City, Okla.—Better consult your local doctor and he will show you how to give the treatment for an enlarged prostate. Take, after meals, a compound bicarbonate of soda tablet for the stomach condition mentioned. The prostate gland is massaged through the rectum.

Mr. J. M. C., Tucker Hill, Va.—If you have "sugar in the blood" and urine you must avoid sweets of all kinds; take ten-grain tablets of bicarbonate of soda after meals; drink plenty of water, and live mostly on green vegetables and meats.



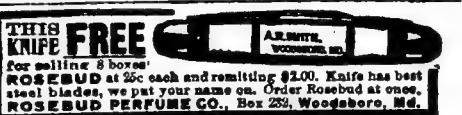
AGENT WANTED to advertise our business and introduce our elegant watches. We will send this elegant guaranteed watch as a sample by parcel post C. O. D. \$1.00 ONLY. Nickel plated case, plain wind and stem set, genuine American heavy movement, guaranteed reliable timekeeper. For your payment \$1.00 only. Satisfaction guaranteed. **FABER & CO.** 311 Dexter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Kill The Hair Root

My method is the only way to prevent the hair from growing again. Easy, painless, harmless. No scars. Booklet free. Write today enclosing 3 stamps. We teach beauty culture. **D. J. WALKER, 363X, Madison Park, PROVIDENCE, R. I.**

GOOD HEALTH IS NATURAL

women help keep in vigorous, active health by our 4 minute year plan. No cure-all, no patent medicine, no exercise. Write today. Don't wait until you are sick. Send no money. Good Health Bureau, 1406 E. 11th, N. W., Washington, D. C. Find the cause and you have the cure.



For selling 5 boxes each and remitting \$100. Knife has best ROSBUD at 25c each and remitting \$100. Knife has best steel blades, we put your name on. Order Rosebud at once. **ROSEBUD PERFUME CO., Box 224, Woodboro, Md.**

MONEY Made quickly by smart men.

Artol Co., 115 Nassau St., N. Y.

MAKE Your OWN Home Drink, delicious, refreshing,

healthful. Send dime for package. Geiger's Orangeade; makes a gallon. **Box 2, 233 E. Madison, Chicago, Ill.**

Boys-Girls 46c Made easy quick on every 1c. Write,

Advertising Mgr., Box 142A, Pasadena, Cal.

CARDS, D. M. RHYNE Co., Newark, Mo.

Disc, Magic Goodies, Novelties, Catalog Free.

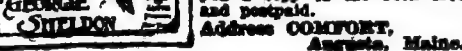
MONEY \$ For Wise Men. Key for Stamp

E. Kerst, Box 259, Ottawa, Ill.

Get The Book

FREE! If you would like to read the whole of this wonderful story and learn its thrilling conclusion, rather than wait for the monthly installments as they appear in COMFORT, we shall be glad to make you a present of the complete story in book form. Send us only one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, and we will send you a copy of the book free and postpaid.

Address: COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



SELF-FILLING Fountain Pen

For A Club Of Three



HERE is a fountain pen that we can positively guarantee. Perhaps you have had some experience with fountain pens which never would write well and continually leaked ink all over your fingers. If so you will certainly appreciate this opportunity to secure a fountain pen that has none of these defects. Our illustration is of course greatly reduced in size. The pen offered you here is 6½ inches long, made entirely of hard rubber, finely finished, and the pen point is genuine 14-K gold. The feeding device is perfect, permitting a uniform flow of ink and it will not leak. Also please notice that this is a self-filling pen. You can fill this fountain pen in less than 10 seconds by pressing down the spring on the side, then placing the pen point in a bottle of ink, after which you release the spring and the pen is instantly filled with ink to its full capacity. If given proper care the pen should last anybody for years. If you will accept the following special offer we will send you one of these self-filling fountain pens with a positive guarantee that if it fails to prove satisfactory in any way you may return it to us and we will replace it with a new pen free of charge.

Club Offer. For a club of only three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this guaranteed self-filling fountain pen free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 5873. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

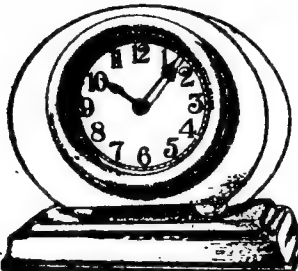
The Latest Vanity Case

Reward No. 1152

For A Club Of Two

EVERY woman and girl who likes to keep up with the styles should have one of these handsome, embossed silver finish Vanity Cases. It is the very latest design, having a thin model case like that of a thin model watch, is very light, weighing a little over two ounces, and of good size—3¼ inches long and 2¼ inches wide. The chain is twelve inches long. Inside the case is a fine little mirror and two dainty powder puffs. This new Vanity Case is one of the prettiest designs we have yet seen so we have purchased a quantity of them to give away among COMFORT readers. We will send you one free if you will accept the following special offer.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this Vanity Case free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 1152. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Ivory Boudoir Clock

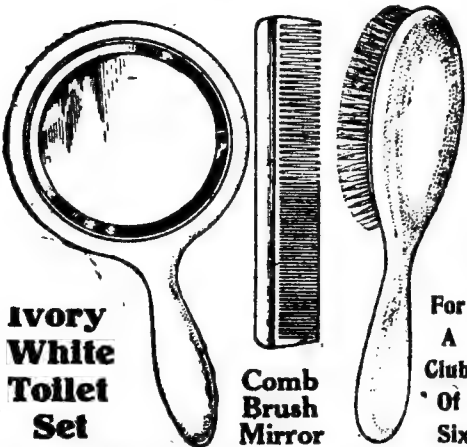
Reward No. 7638

For A Club Of Eight

FOR sleeping-room, living-room or desk this white ivory clock is not only a beautiful ornament but a reliable timekeeper. It is 2¼ inches high, with a 3¼-inch base and pure white dial with large, easily-read figures. It is fitted with an American movement, fully guaranteed. The design is one of the latest styles that are now being shown in all the leading jewelry stores of the big cities.

We guarantee you will be pleased with this clock as well as surprised to learn that we can give such a splendid value in return for so few subscriptions. Buying in large quantities direct from the factory enables us to do it. We will give you this clock, exactly as described, free upon the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For eight one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this beautiful, white ivory clock free by parcel post, prepaid. Reward No. 7638. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Ivory White Toilet Set

Comb Brush Mirror

For A Club Of Six

PURE white, with a fine smooth finish, this handsome Comb, Brush and Mirror Set equals in appearance the finest French Ivory. The Comb is 7½ inches long, very light and dainty, with both coarse and fine teeth. The Brush is 10 inches long and 2¼ inches wide, with medium-length, finest, stiff bristles. The Mirror, which measures 10x5½ inches, is made of heavy, flawless, beveled French glass, 4¼ inches in diameter. No lady could wish for a finer Toilet Set than this one. It has the air of refinement found in the highest grade Ivory Sets, it is just as durable and can be cleaned as often as desired without injury to its smooth ivory white finish.

We will give you, free, this fine Ivory White Comb, Brush and Mirror Set in a fitted box upon the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this Comb, Brush and Mirror Set in a fitted box, free, by parcel post, prepaid. Reward No. 7795. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

What A Beautiful Life-Like Doll For Some Little Girl In Your Home!

Won't She Fairly Shout With Joy When She Finds This Big, Handsome, Sleeping Dolly Is All Her Own!

YES, we will send this big lifelike Doll to any little girl whose Papa, Mama, brother or sister will send in a club of only six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT. Not since before the war have we been able to offer such an expensive Doll. No city store will show a larger or handsomer Doll this season at anywhere near the price we paid for this one. We bought five thousand of them in one lot direct from the factory—that is how we secured them so cheaply. And just think—a club of only six subscriptions to COMFORT brings this beautiful Doll right to your door—yours to have and to own without one cent of expense. What a delightful surprise for some little tot in your home!

She Can Open And Close Her Eyes. She Has Imitation Teeth, Long Golden Hair And Wears A Pretty Dress With Real Stockings And Slippers.

NOW let us tell you more about this Doll. She stands nearly a foot and a half tall. The body, arms and legs are made by a new improved process which renders them practically indestructible. The head is unbreakable and head, arms and legs are movable. And if you could only see her hair. It is a light golden color, thick, long and luxuriant, falling far below her waist. Her eyes are as blue as the sky and she can open and shut them and go to sleep like a real baby whenever you want her to. Her rosy lips are parted in a winsome smile showing her pretty white teeth in a truly lifelike manner.

She is fully dressed from head to feet in the latest style with cute short sleeves, handsome figured lace trimmed waist and short pleated skirt and she wears real stockings and slippers with silveroid buckles. You can undress and dress this Doll as often as you please and you can take off her stockings and slippers and put them on again just as you do your own.

Fathers and Mothers—just look at this beautiful Doll as she stands smiling and waiting for someone to pick her up, hug her and kiss her and take her out to play. Don't you think your little girl would just love to have her for her very own? Of course she would—and you should take advantage of this offer at once. Remember we have but five thousand of these Dolls on hand and when they are gone this offer will be withdrawn.

FOR A CLUB OF ONLY SIX!

YOU can surely find six neighbors and friends who will be glad to subscribe to COMFORT at the present bargain rate of 50 cents a year. Send us their names and addresses and the money collected (\$3.00 in all) and we will send you this big, beautiful Sleeping Doll, fully dressed and otherwise exactly as described above, packed in



Nearly One Foot And A Half Tall

Look At Her Beautiful Dress And Real Stockings And Slippers

a strong box so that it cannot possibly get broken, free by parcel post prepaid. There will be no expense to you whatever. Your Mail Carrier will deliver the Doll right to your door without charge. This Doll is Reward No. 7806 and please mention this number when ordering. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Ladies' Wrist Watch

With Silk Ribbon Bracelet



For A Club Of Only Ten

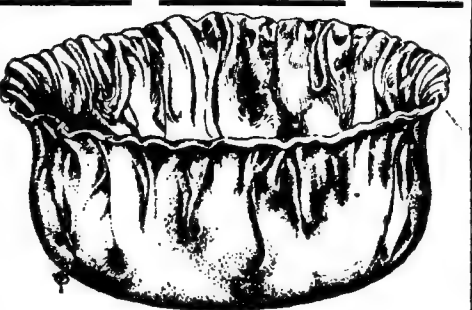
WE have long searched the market for a suitable wrist watch for our girl readers and at last we have found it.

The above illustration really fails to do the watch justice. We know you will instantly fall in love with it. It is the popular octagon shape, only 5-16 of an inch thick and one inch in diameter. It has a high-grade jeweled Swiss movement and will keep accurate time. The dial is pure white with Arabic numerals. The bracelet is made of the finest black silk ribbon with a genuine rolled-gold catch and slide.

If you want a dainty, up-to-date wrist watch that you will be proud to wear and to show your friends, here is your opportunity to secure one absolutely free. You can easily secure the small club mentioned below and as soon as you have done so this beautiful wrist watch is yours without one cent of cost.

Given To You! For a club of only ten one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this fine wrist watch with ribbon bracelet exactly as described above, absolutely free by parcel post, prepaid. Reward No. 75110. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Silver Bonbon Dish



THIS beautiful dish can be used for a variety of purposes—for candy, nuts, salted peanuts, popcorn, etc. It is much larger than it appears in the above illustration, measuring over five inches in width and two inches deep. It is heavily silver plated outside and gold lined. Needless to say, it makes a handsome ornament for the sideboard and will last a lifetime.

We will send you this handsome Silver Bonbon Dish free upon the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this Silver Plated, Gold Lined Bonbon Dish free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 9942. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

38-Piece Fishing Outfit



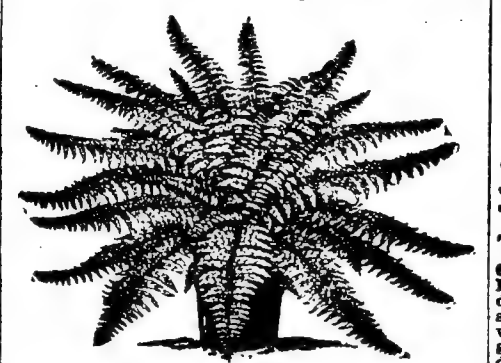
BOYS—no need for you to wait until you have money to buy that fishing outfit you want—we will give you this dandy outfit absolutely free. It contains everything you see in the above illustration—38 different pieces.

There are Two Dandy Fish Lines—one of them on a fine Wood Winder equipped with Hook and Sinkers all ready for business, and the other is a Special Braided Line. Then there are 25 Assorted Fish Hooks, of all sizes for all kinds of fishing, 6 High-Grade Shelled Hooks, 1 Adjustable Cork Floater or "Bobber," and 1 Ringed Sinkers—38 pieces in all. When you get this splendid outfit you will have all the fishing tackle you need with exception of fish pole to do all kinds of fishing with, as the lines, assorted hooks in different sizes, etc. are adapted for brook, river, lake or pond fishing. And remember that we guarantee everything in this outfit to be good quality.

We will send you this splendid Fishing Outfit, if you will accept the following offer:

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this 38-Piece Fishing Outfit, packed in a good strong box, free by parcel post, prepaid. Reward No. 8482. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Three Lovely Ferns



THEY are the largest, handsomest varieties ever grown for house culture—the Roosevelt, the Boston or "Fountain" fern, and the Whitman or "Ostrich Plume" Fern. We guarantee these ferns to be strong, healthy and well rooted, and that they will reach you in perfect condition, ready to pot. If any of them fail to grow, we will cheerfully replace them free of charge. We are able to illustrate but one variety, "The Roosevelt," but remember you get all three ferns free on this offer.

Given To You! For one one-year subscription to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you the above described collection of three beautiful ferns free by parcel post, prepaid. Reward No. 8551. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Writing And Drawing Outfit



HERE is something that is needed in every home and by every schoolboy and schoolgirl—a big value-assortment of almost everything needed for writing and drawing. Our illustration is, of course, greatly reduced in size. The case which is made of fine leatherette, is 10¼ inches long and 2¼ inches wide. It is of the folding style, with a snap fastener, so that it can conveniently be carried in the pocket or in the children's lunch basket. Inside the case there are three high-grade pencils with erasers, one good quality penholder with pen, one twin pencil in reality two pencils in a combination holder, one pencil sharpener, one large rubber eraser, one 10-inch ruler and an aluminum collapsible drawing cup with cover.

This outfit is manufactured by the American Lead Pencil Company, which is sufficient guarantee of its fine quality, and we know that it will please our readers, especially those who have children going to school, and of course it is just as handy in the home, because all the best penholders, etc., are high grade and just what grown people like to use. If you will accept the following special offer we will send you one of these fine outfits free.

Given To You! For only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this complete Writing and Drawing Outfit, exactly as above described, free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 8978. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



54 Inch Rope Of Pearls

Full Circle Length

pearls. There's a wonderful fascination about them—a beauty that appeals to every female heart.

Now your dream can come true—for we are giving away this handsome, full open rope of pearls of Parisian style. It is 54 inches long, the pearls are of uniform size—¼ inch in diameter—of perfect finish and luster, far handsomer than the ordinary imitation pearl necklaces at a high price. It can easily be wound twice around the neck, making the double rope as shown in our illustration.

By rare good luck we secured first class pearls from a large importer at a price that enables us to give them to you in a usually small club. Please read the above offer and learn how you can get a beautiful 54 inch rope of pearls free of all cost.

Given To You! For only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this beautiful opera length Pearl Necklace free by parcel post, prepaid. Reward No. 9852. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



31-Piece Dinner Set

THIS splendid set of dishes is full of family use and consists of 6 Plates, 6 Saucers, 6 Cereal or Fruit Dishes, 6 Butter and large Meat Platter all handsomely decorated with clusters of purple wisteria surrounded with rich green foliage and with lovely tracings of gold. Our illustration gives you no idea of the real beauty of these dishes. This is by far the handsomest dinner set we have ever offered and we are so sure that it will more than please every woman who secures one of them on the terms of our very liberal offer. No matter where you live (if it is not outside the United States), we will ship you this set by express direct from the factory in Ohio. You are to pay the express charge, but they will be but a fraction of what this set would cost you at retail.

Given To You! For a club of only six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this handsome 31-piece Dinner Set, carefully packed to prevent breakage, charges collect. Reward No. 75418. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

You Can Make The Most Beautiful Purses, Bags, Chains, Necklaces, Belts, Etc. With The

Kanibas Bead Loom

Thousands of Beads and Complete Outfit

Full Instructions Show You How-You Cannot Possibly Fail



For a Club of Four
BEADWORK is all the rage again. And here is a wonderful yet simple Bead Loom with which any woman or girl can take up this fascinating work at home and easily make the handsomest bags, chains, necklaces, purses, bracelets, belts, collars and cuffs, dress trimmings, shirtwaist sets, slippers, watch cases, fob chains, card cases, pocketbooks, etc. There is no limit to the number and variety of exquisitely colored bead work articles that can be woven on this loom. Anybody can use the "Kanibas" Bead Loom—it is very easy to understand as everything is fully explained in the instruction book sent with the outfit. Everything you need to work with is included free with the Loom, so you can begin making the articles at once. In the outfit you will receive one "Kanibas" Bead Loom, five packages of beads in assorted colors of black, white, blue, green, pink, etc., one dozen special bead needles (very long and slender with an unusually long eye), one spool of specially prepared waxed bead thread, and a 44-page instruction book containing more than seventy-five photographs and designs of popular bead work, together with easy, detailed instructions on just what color of beads to use and how to work them. This book shows how to make different styles of bags, chains, necklaces, purses, belts, collars and cuffs, shirtwaist sets, slippers, watch cases, fob chains, card cases, pocketbooks, dress trimmings, etc., giving full directions for all designs. The popular secret order emblems can be worked with great effect in beads for fob chains, bracelets, card cases, etc., and this book illustrates designs for Masons, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, Knights of Columbus, Elks, Royal Arcanum, also Christian Endeavor, Epworth League and others. Any woman or girl will be delighted with this practical Loom Outfit because she can make so many pretty things not only for her own use but to give away as presents and to sell. While the beads themselves cost but little, the finished work brings a high price so that there are big profits in the business, if one desires to sell the articles after they are made. **Special Club Offer.** For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you the "Kanibas" Bead Loom and Outfit free by parcel post, prepaid. Reward No. 8234. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

VETERINARY INFORMATION



Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

Blood in Milk

IT is quite common for the first milk of a new-calving heifer to contain blood. It may come in small quantities at the end of the milking operation, or clear blood may come instead of milk. In other cases one finds clots of blood in the milk after it has stood for some time. Profuse bleeding affects all of the teats. The small amounts of blood usually come from one teat or quarter, but several may be affected. The cause of profuse bleeding in a heifer with her first calf is such great distention or congestion of the udder with blood that tiny blood vessels rupture and discharge their contents into the little chambers in which milk is secreted. Great congestion usually indicates that the heifer is to be a big yielder of milk, but great care must be taken lest it turn into true mastitis or garget. To prevent undue congestion and the likelihood of blood in the milk at calving time feed a light laxative ration, keep the bowels active and make the heifer take active outdoor exercise every day. The bleeding when profuse may be stopped by giving the heifer or cow one dram of dried sulphate of iron twice daily if not quickly effective. Also bathe the udder three times a day with equal quantities of cold water and elder vinegar, provided the animal is kept in a box-stall and well blanketed against cold and drafts. After each milking rub in some warm melted, unsalted lard or sweet oil to protect the udder against chilling. When clots of blood are found in the cream separator or setting utensils the milk from each quarter of the udder of each cow has to be carefully examined at milking time or by setting a separate sample from each cow and each of her quarters. In that way the guilty cow and quarter to blame may be detected and the animal isolated for treatment. Growths in the teats are the usual cause of such bleeding and may be removed if close to the opening of the teat, but if high up it is better to let a calf suck or to dry off the milk secretion. Removal is managed by scraping downwards with a little sharp-edged, cone-shaped instrument made for the purpose. Chronic garget may also cause blood in milk and such milk is unfit for any use so that the cow, being in an incurable condition, should be sold as a "canner cow" to the dealer.

BAYER

Aspirin

WARNING! Say "Bayer" when you buy Aspirin.

Unless you see the name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians over 22 years and proved safe by millions for

Headache	Colds	Rheumatism
Toothache	Neuralgia	Neuritis
Earache	Lumbago	Pain, Pain

Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proper directions.

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets—Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid





18-Inch Center

12-Inch Dolly

Both Stamped On Good Material

THEY are stamped on the best linen-finished cotton cloth all ready for embroidery. The simple yet elegant designs may be easily worked, using solid embroidery, French knots or eyelets for the basket, solid embroidery or satin stitch for the sprays and flowers and buttonhole stitch for the scalloped borders. Remember, we give you BOTH Centerpiece and Dolly on this offer.

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, we will send you this 18-inch Centerpiece and 12-inch Dolly free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 8361. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

MAMMARY TUMOR.—I have a cow that has a cake in one of her teats, extending all the way up her udder. It appeared after she freshened four months ago and was about the size of a small marble. She gives but little milk from that teat. Can it be cured and is the milk fit to use from the other three? Mrs. J. M. A.—One attack of mammitis (garget) or more has caused formation of a tumor which is incurable. It would be best to dry off the remaining milk in that quarter. As tuberculous is a possible cause of such a condition, the milk should not be used unless the cow has been tested with tuberculin and proved to be free of the disease.

HOGS THAT EAT CHICKENS.—Is there anything to cure a hog from eating chickens? G. A.—Partially blindfold the chicken-eating hog by hanging the back part of a boot from just above the heel by hog rings from the bases of the ears so that it will cover the eyes but not prevent the animal from seeing its feed. Make it a practice to feed the chickens grain away from the hog lot at the same time the hogs are being fed.

FOUNDER.—I have a horse about 12 years old. When I started working him early last winter he seemed limber but last February he went stiff in his front legs and has hardly been able to walk. Veterinarians told me that he had been chest foundered years ago. P. L. A.—There is no such disease as chest founder. The founder or laminitis affects the feet forward and correspondingly advances his hind ones when starting to walk and goes on his heels. Clip the hair from the hoof-heads of both fore feet and then blister them one at a time with a mixture of two drams each of biniodide of mercury and powdered cantharides and three ounces of lard. Repeat the blister at intervals of two or three weeks until he can go fairly sound. Have him shod with flat, thin-heeled bar shoes put on over dressings of lanolin (sheep's wool fat), oakum and thick leather pads.

FITS.—What was wrong with my heifer calf one year old? I saw her turning around and around. I decided she had pink eye and paid no attention to her. A week later she acted the same, growing worse. She began bawling and getting her breath and frothing at the mouth. She lived about an hour. Is it contagious? Mrs. G. C. S. A.—The fit or convulsion described was in all probability caused by eating moldy corn or on fodder or other damaged feed that causes botulism, for which an antitoxin is available as a preventive and remedy. Your veterinarian can learn all about that from a bulletin on the subject published by the Illinois Agricultural Experiment Station, at Urbana, Ill. The bacillus botulinus in the damaged feed causes the disease, Hemorrhagic septicemia causes similar symptoms and is also preventable by vaccination with a fair degree of success. Avoid feeding corn or fodder that is moldy or spoiled in any way.

CANCER OF EYE.—I have a mare that has a growth in her right eye. It started one year ago, just a red lump on the eyeball, and is slowly growing larger. It waters some and the eyelid is not gone. The left eye is weak. What can I do? R. L. R. A.—The growth is cancerous and known as fungus hematomas. When cut out it tends to return worse than ever and implicate the bones of the orbit. The latter condition is termed osteo-sarcoma. If you can employ a graduate veterinarian he should remove the growth and possibly the eye. Meanwhile, dust the part twice daily with a mixture equal quantities of finely powdered iodoform, calomel and boric acid.

LAME CALF.—I have a six-months-old calf that seems weak in its hips. If you run up to it or it goes to playing, its legs give way and it falls down. Please advise me what to do. E. T. A.—The calf appears to have rickets from malnutrition. Give it a dose of castor oil and then feed it well on milk, oats, bran and oilmeal and green stuff or clover or alfalfa hay. Let it run out daily. Mix an ounce of lime-water in each pint of milk or sweet skim-milk fed daily.

ABCESS: FITS.—I have a mare, eight years old, with foal. She had distemper very bad. Her head was stuffed but she had no discharge. A lump formed in her breast as large as a person's head and is hard. I have done all I could. (2) I have a cat that takes fits, jerks, quivers and mews. A.—If possible have a qualified veterinarian examine this mare as glanders (farcy) possibly is present and it is contagious, incurable and also communicable and fatal to man. It is even more likely, however, that the mare had distemper (strangles) in an irregular form and that an abscess is forming at the part mentioned. Clip off the hair and apply tincture of iodine to the lump every other day. If it softens, open it for liberation of pus. (2) Worms no doubt cause the cat to have fits. Starve the animal for 24 hours and then give one to three grains of Santonin, according to age and size, and in two or three hours a dose of castor oil containing five drops of turpentine. If the cat is large. Repeat the treatment in 10 days.

STREAST.—Will you tell me what to do for a saddle horse that has a lump on its back caused by the saddle? It is hard in the center and very sore, making the horse jerk with pain when it is touched. Please give the name of the disease and a remedy for it in the next issue of COMFORT. C. C. M. A.—A patch or core of horny skin is present in the center of the sore and the sore is called a "stiffest." Cut out the core and then treat as a common wound by wetting two or three times daily with a lotion compound of one ounce of acetate of lead, six drams of sulphate of zinc and one pint of soft water. Label the bottle "poison" and shake it well before use. Do not remove the scab formed by the lotion.

COUGHING CALF.—I have a calf three and one-half months old that coughs as though she had a cold, coughs more in the morning than during the day. Otherwise she seems all right. B. C. A.—If the calf has been on old grass, lung worms probably caused the cough. If so, a veterinarian should be employed to inject a chloroform mixture into the windpipe, or some good may result from having the calf inhale the fumes from iodine crystals placed on a hot brick in a loose-meshed gunny sack into which the head is held for a few seconds several times daily. Care must be taken not to choke the calf. The cough due to lung worms is croupy and a discharge comes from the nose or mouth and is found, on microscopic examination, to contain eggs or worms. A sucking calf often coughs on account of ulcers in its mouth or throat. These should be scraped clean, swabbed with tincture of iodine and then twice daily with a two per cent. solution of permanganate of potash until healed.

LAMENESS.—I have a mare that is lame in the hips. She is in good condition but cannot trot. She has been this way 16 months. What can be done for her? T. G. A.—We suspect that swamp-fever or pernicious anemia is the cause of the lameness, and that disease is incurable. To find out what is wrong you should, however, take the mare to a qualified veterinarian as a personal examination is necessary for the determination of the seat and cause of mysterious lameness and the prescribing of appropriate treatment. Without making an examination we are unable to assign the exact cause of the trouble.

BONE SPRAIN.—I have a young horse, three years old, that has a bone spavin. Is there a cure for it? Mrs. M. D. A.—The spavin cannot be removed but the lameness can be relieved or remedied by having the hock joint and pelvis line-fired and splinted by a veterinarian. Then tie the horse up short in a narrow stall so that he will be unable to lie down. He will soon learn to sleep in the standing position, or may be supported with veterinary slings. Have a qualified veterinarian do the firing. The operation is more likely to succeed in an adult horse than in a growing colt, so may have to be repeated later in the case in question.

MAMMITIS.—My cow gives lumpy milk from one of her teats and one side of her udder is hard when I am through milking her. Is there any cure? Mrs. A. A. W. A.—The affected quarter is incurably diseased with mammitis, commonly called garget or caked bag. It would be best to let a calf nurse or to dry off the milk secretion in the sound quarters and then let the cow for the butcher. Meanwhile isolate the cow, strip the diseased quarter dry every two hours and destroy the milk. Once daily rub into that quarter a mixture of equal quantities of carbolic oil, camphorated oil and compound soap liniment.

RHEUMATISM.—My mule is crippled in right fore leg and can hardly get her head down to eat and drink, and when down can hardly raise it up. She seems to be falling away in right shoulder. G. S. A.—The symptoms suggest rheumatism but that is a comparatively rare disease in a mule or a horse. Without making an examination we cannot be sure just what is wrong. If you cannot have a qualified veterinarian examine the animal and prescribe appropriate treatment, try the effect of two drams of salol or salicylate of soda given twice daily in the food.

Comfort's Information Bureau



Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not relating to the special departments elsewhere in the paper, will be answered, as far as may be, COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address but we will print only initials if so requested.

Mrs. W. H. Lehi, Utah.—The "city of salt," to which your inquiry refers, is the famous big salt mine at Wieliczka, Austria. This mine was opened in 1608 and is yet the greatest salt mine in the world. It is almost a thousand feet in depth and extends 300 feet below sea level. There are some twenty-five miles of railroad in the mine, and these tracks center at a great central station which is carved entirely out of salt. In prosperous monarchial times in Austria, many royal fetes have been held in the mine—these taking place in an enormous ballroom where the glittering salt crystals made a marvelous appearance in the glow of lights. There are some 1200 men ordinarily employed in these immense salt mines, laboring to fill a part of the world's need for this important mineral.

E. M. Coldwater, Mich.—The home of Luther Burbank, popularly known as "the plant wizard," is at Santa Rosa, California, where you may address him.

ELLA A., Minnesota.—If you want to know just how many copies of your song this firm would publish for the sum you mention, it is they you should ask and not this department. We would be entirely in ignorance of your correspondence with them or of the terms of such contract as they offer you. Necessarily no company will write music, and furnish paper, composition and printing without being paid some sum for so doing. As an unknown song writer, it is you who must take the risk of publishing your efforts, and you cannot expect any business firm to deal with you on any other basis. Other COMFORT readers, take notice.

E. B. C., Independence, W. Va.—The National Headquarters of the Girl Scouts, Inc., are at 189 Lexington Avenue, New York City. Write to them for such particulars as you may require. The Camp Fire Girls have their headquarters at 31 East 17th Street, New York City. Upon request the Secretary of the organization will give you all the information you wish concerning forming a branch post.

D. A. V., Pritchardville, S. C.—The present method by which the date of Easter is determined was not arrived at without some difficulty and controversy. In the second century there was a lively dispute between the Eastern and Western churches. The Eastern church had been celebrating the festival on the 14th day of the first Jewish month and regarded the date as that of the Jewish Passover. The Western church celebrated on the Sunday after the 14th day and considered the date as commemorating the resurrection of Jesus. In 325 A. D., the Council of Nicea gave a decision in favor of the Western church. But this only settled one part of the difficulty. At the adoption of the Gregorian Calendar in 1582, it was necessary to decide if the date was to remain fixed or movable. It was finally ruled to adhere to a determination by a sort of ecclesiastical moon and not an astronomical one. By this ruling, Easter is always the first Sunday after the Paschal full moon—that is, the full moon which happens upon or next after March 21. If this full moon falls upon a Sunday, Easter Day becomes the Sunday after. By this arrangement Easter can never occur earlier than the 22d of March or later than the 25th of April. In our present century the latest Easter will fall upon the 25th of April in the year 1943.

A. B. J., Bellevue, Idaho.—We would be unable to grant space here to the details of Federal laws relating to homesteads and grazing lands. Send your inquiry to the Secretary of the Interior, Washington, D. C., or address the Register of the U. S. Land Office, Boise, Idaho.

M. W., Paden, Miss.—The various wedding anniversaries are regarded as follows: First, Cotton; Second, Paper; Third, Leather; Fifth, Wooden; Seventh, Woolen; Tenth, Tin; Twelfth, Silk and Furs; Fifteenth, Crystal; Twentieth, China; Twenty-fifth, Silver; Thirtieth, Pearl; Fortieth, Ruby; Fiftieth, Golden; Seventy-fifth, Diamond.

Mrs. H. H. P., Odem, Tex.—The following solution is one recommended to remove hair from beef and other large hides. Slack twenty pounds of lime in eight gallons of water until thoroughly dissolved. In another vessel dissolve ten ounces of sulphate of iron in two gallons of water. Mix the two solutions thoroughly together and add twenty-five more gallons of water. Let hides remain in this solution from one to sixteen days—length of time depending upon the freshness and strength of the solution. Then remove, scrape off all remaining hair and rinse hide thoroughly in clear water.

Send Only Three Subscriptions For This Cut Glass Sugar and Creamer—Or Two Subscriptions For The Pickle Dish Or Spoon Tray!



WE want to ask our women readers—did you ever see or hear of a more remarkable offer? Just think of the small number of subscriptions required to earn any one or all of these beautiful cut glass pieces. And it is real cut glass—of good weight and thickness—clear, brilliant, crystal glass, exquisitely hand cut in a new and beautiful design. Each piece is full size with the same handsome floral pattern that twines completely around the outside in graceful curves, while on the bottom of each piece is a heavily cut, many-pointed star. The rim of both sugar and creamer is deeply notched. Do you wonder how we can make this offer? A certain factory, realizing that we shall probably use thousands of these sets, has made us an unusually low price. That's the whole story. And the reward is we can give you your choice of this rich genuine cut glass absolutely free in return for the easiest half hour's work you ever did.

We Prepay Charges And Positively Guarantee Safe Delivery

Any or all of these pieces can be safely mailed by parcel post. We pay all postage and guarantee safe delivery to your homes. If by chance a piece should become broken (something that rarely happens) we will replace it free of charge. We know that every woman that receives one or more of these rich cut glass pieces will be amazed and delighted with the bargain she has obtained. It is easily the greatest value in a premium that we have ever been able to offer. We will give you your choice of the Sugar and Creamer, or the Pickle Dish, or the Spoon Tray absolutely free on the terms of the following special **Club Offers.** For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you the Sugar and Creamer by prepaid insured parcel post. (Reward No. 8863). Or for two one-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you your choice of either the Pickle Dish (Reward No. 9402), or the Spoon Tray (Reward No. 9412). Or we will send you the complete set of all four pieces free and prepaid for a club of seven one-year subscriptions at 50 cents each. (Reward No. 7457). Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Send Only Three Subscriptions For This Cut Glass Sugar and Creamer—Or Two Subscriptions For The Pickle Dish Or Spoon Tray!



WE want to ask our women readers—did you ever see or hear of a more remarkable offer? Just think of the small number of subscriptions required to earn any one or all of these beautiful cut glass pieces. And it is real cut glass—of good weight and thickness—clear, brilliant, crystal glass, exquisitely hand cut in a new and beautiful design. Each piece is full size with the same handsome floral pattern that twines completely around the outside in graceful curves, while on the bottom of each piece is a heavily cut, many-pointed star. The rim of both sugar and creamer is deeply notched. Do you wonder how we can make this offer? A certain factory, realizing that we shall probably use thousands of these sets, has made us an unusually low price. That's the whole story. And the reward is we can give you your choice of this rich genuine cut glass absolutely free in return for the easiest half hour's work you ever did.

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Crooked Spines STRAIGHTENED

Cure Yourself or Your Child at Home, Without Pain or Inconvenience, of any Spinal Deformity with the Wonderful PHILLO BURT METHOD.

No matter how old you are, or how long you have suffered, or what kind of spinal deformity you have, there is benefit and a possible cure for you. The Phillo Burt Appliance is as firm as steel and yet flexible and very comfortable to wear. It gives an even, perfect support to the weakened or deformed spine. It is as easy to take off or put on as a coat, causes no inconvenience, and does not chafe or irritate. No one can notice you wearing it.

Cure Yourself At Home

The Appliance is made to fit each individual case. It weighs ounces where other supports weigh pounds. The price is within the reach of all. Hundreds of doctors recommend it.

We GUARANTEE Satisfaction and LET YOU USE IT 30 DAYS.

If you or your child are suffering from spinal trouble of any nature, write me at once for our new book with full information and references. Describe case fully so we can advise you intelligently. The Phillo Burt Method consisting of a scientific appliance and a course of special exercises, has produced wonder benefits or cure in over 45,000 cases.

Phillo Burt Company, 334-18 Old Fellows Temple, Jamestown, N. Y.

NUXATED IRON

If you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: see how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of NUXATED IRON three times per day for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained. Many people have made this test and have been astonished at their increased strength, endurance and energy. Nuxated Iron is guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. At all good druggists.



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"I hear you. I can hear now as well as anybody. 'How?' With the MORLEY PHONE. I've a pair in my ears now, but they are invisible. I would not know I had them in, myself, only that I hear all right."

"The Morley Phone for the DEAF"

is to the ears what glasses are to the eyes. Invisible, comfortable, weightless and harmless. Anyone can adjust it.

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Don't Wear a Truss

We Guarantee Your Comfort

with every Brooks' Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful. No obnoxious springs or pads. Automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No plasters. No lies. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Never on sale in stores. Don't be fooled by imitations. Look for trade mark signature of C. E. Brooks and his picture on every appliance. None other genuine. Full information and booklet free.

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., 157 R STATE ST., MARSHALL, MICH.

MAKE MONEY SELLING GLASSES Prescriptions filled—Broken lenses duplicated. Send for Catalog. COULTER OPTICAL CO., Dept. B, Chicago

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

I live beside an exquisite lake where the tourists are plentiful during the fishing season. Also it is a wonderful place to go swimming in the summer time. I am going to embroider a sofa pillow representing "C. L. O. C." I have enlarged my League button on a large sheet of drawing paper and drawn a white dove carrying the button in its beak—this to represent peace.

I would like to hear from all the cousins and I guarantee satisfaction, or money refunded. Ahem! I will now inform you how I look: I am five feet, two inches tall, weigh 135 pounds. I have chestnut brown hair, and dark playful eyes which are very snappy when my warlike nature is aroused—otherwise I am kind and gentle.

Well, I think it is high time I came up for air, and I will cease, Uncle, with the expectation of hearing in answer from you and the cousins. Give my kind regards to Billy. With love and best wishes to you and the cousins, I am

Your niece, PHOEBE L. BELLAMY.

Phoebe, you seem to be a very cheerful little clamdigger—dwelling along the shores of Spencer Lake where exquisite clams and inquisitive tourists are so plentiful. I have often taken a hand at digging clams, Phoebe, and I can swing a clam hook in an amateurish manner, but I have never fished for tourists. This must be great sport. Do you use bait or a fly? I have heard somewhere that a railroad folder, well illustrated, works successfully, particularly when used on a good line. I'm glad you have so many tourists during the open season, Phoebe, and I hope you get your share of the catch. The slim blond kind of tourist is plentiful and is said to offer good sport, but the dark, sleek-headed species is the most gamey. Be sure you have a landing net handy, Phoebe, when you go out after this last sort. They must be well hooked and played with a steady hand.

I think your sofa-pillow idea is a good one, Phoebe Bell, and you will be setting many of the cousins to work. I'll bet after they have read your plan of operation. I like your design of peace. A sofa pillow is always a peaceful thing to have around. About half a dozen of 'em well arranged on a soft couch or hammock

in a quiet shady spot makes almost the peacefullest thing I know. Bill has a League pillow, too. Phoebe, only his is a piece of lace. It is stuffed with the pieces of letters he has failed to utilize in his usual toothsome manner.

I shall think of you as swimming around in Spencer Lake and coming up for air, now and then, and snapping your dark, playful eyes. You are a lucky Phoebe bird—or should I say Phoebe-fish?

Bill returns your kind message and says he prefers his clams steamed—and served in the proportion of two quarts of melted butter to each peck of clams.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

This is my first time to write, and therefore I have to stay a long time to tell you all I know. Now I am in the eighth grade and will graduate in two more years. I walk one mile to school.

Well, I will describe myself: I am five feet, four inches tall, weigh 110 pounds, and am fourteen years old. I live on a farm of 81 acres. We have three mares, two mares, a Ford car, three cats and a black dog. As I like everybody always to know my pet's names, here they are: First, the mares are Kit, Toby and Gin. The mares are May and Daisy. The cats are Yellowy, Spottedy and Greedy, and last of all my dog's name is West. Now if you can beat those for names you are a pretty good name-giver.

As I have just told you what we raise, here goes: We raise cotton, about enough corn to do us, and a little garden. Oh, I haven't told you about what kind of land we've got. It is black, and as sticky as you want it to be when it is muddy.

Sometimes I go hunting on Saturdays with old West. There are lots of rabbits down here. I would like to hear from any of the cousins who live on a ranch—or anywhere else.

There are only four in our family—my mother, father, one brother and I. We have the best player piano in our county and an Edison phonograph. So if you ever get lonesome, any of you, come down and I will make you happy with music.

Your friend, FRANK MCCOY PATTON.

Frank, I'm glad to have you come way up from Texas to tell us all you know and give the list of your Randolph Farm Menagerie. You furnish the names of all the animals except that of your Ford. Surely you have christened this playful little animal, Frank—particularly some day when it has got stuck in the black, sticky mud of your roads. I have heard lots of people, on like occasions, give their kind, patient Fords names mostly made of up blanks, dashes, stars and a few sparks of fire, but I hope you treat your most useful of farm friends better than this and give it a gentler name. That is certainly a striking and descriptive manner you have hit upon to call your cats, Frank. According to this charming system, my Billy might be appropriately named Whiskery, Cussey or Chewery. Which do you think best? Yet I'm afraid he would be the same old Bill, even if I changed his handle.

You must have good sport on your holiday hunts with old West, Frank. But how about when he starts a rabbit and it scampers east? Does your dog just have to let it travel and he keep on going West? This might be awkward and result in reducing your bag. If you want West to be able to range in all directions, I advise you to change his name to Compass.

If I get lonesome for music, Frank, old boy, I'll remember your kind offer of a free concert. Just now I can hear no less than six phonographs and three player pianos, as well as two handorgans—their harmonies floating in through my open window. So I'm not a bit music-lonesome yet, thank you. And Billy is thinking of buying a saxophone, anyway.

BRIGHTON, R. R. 2, COLORADO.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND EVERYONE: And Billy the Goat is sure a joke to this great paper of ours, that comes just at the right hours when we seem to need it most, to it I say, let's give a toast!

I guess you wonder who in thunder is giving you all this bunk, and all this junk. Well, I'm five feet, three; fourteen years old. My complexion is fair. Light brown is my hair. I thought I read that somebody in this paper said that America has no pretty girls, and that everything is artificial, even curls. Bah! he ought to come out here in the west, and stay a month as my guest. I bet I could change his mind and many a pretty girl for him.

I live on a farm of eighty acres. We always raise pickles and tomatoes. So, Uncle, if you like to work a hoe, just come out here and never skip a row. I would like to hear from cousins far or near. I will answer all, so now will end my call.

From your niece, EBBA LARSON.

Say, Ebba, every word you wrote was read twice over by Billy the Goat, and when he had scanned it a second time, said he: "Why, Uncle, this letter's in rhyme! Shall I hand it over to you to read—or make it a part of my daily feed?"

And looking I saw that Billy was right—for he can tell the "potes" at sight; and much of "pottery" and many a "pome" has found in Billy a last long home. And everything that resembles verse, Bill christens "piffle"—or something worse!

Yet, Ebba, although you had given cause to land your missive in Billy's jaws, I gave it refuge, because you tried within your letter the rhymes to hide. And as Billy and many a critic knows, there's much of "pottery" that's really prose!

CARRIZOZO, NEW MEXICO.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

Good morning! Yes, it is I, Teddy Carmichael. I came this morning to see if you are as handy at helping a fellow out of trouble as you are at helping him into it! All right, then; come on: I want you to tell the COMFORT readers for me (those that wrote me) that the name is busted, the year is stripped and the bearings are burned out. Ha, ha! You tell 'em, Uncle, that the name broke long ago. To date I have received two thousand, three hundred letters, and a big batch of postcards from COMFORT cousins—and they are still coming. I only go to town twice a week, and last Saturday when I went to the post-office there were over a hundred and forty letters there for me. I know this may sound like a yarn, but I assure you it's the truth. Oh, yes; I understand now about 'fools rushing in where angels fear to tread'—but when I wrote that I would answer all that wrote me, I did not realize what I was doing.

In fact, I didn't think anything about it much at all. And, Uncle Lisha, here is where you come in. You know just what you were letting me in for, and if I have to answer all these letters I think you ought to have to help do it. Yes, and I can just see that pesky Goat grinning all over his head. Of course, he, too, knew what I was jumping into. Oh, well; maybe I will get even with Billy yet.

Now, boys and girls and everybody who has written me I want to thank each and all of you for the good, cheerful and interesting letters you sent. And I want you all to know that I am more disappointed at not being able to answer each one of your letters than you can be in not getting a letter from me. But I am sure you all can see that it is more than one man's job to answer all those letters. Many of those that wrote sent stamps, and many sent snapshots. To all those I am going to do my level best to answer. To the girls, I will say that I am an American. Many thought I was a Mexican. I am not married—and another thing, I most emphatically do not agree with Cousin Jack Wilcox in his opinion of our girls.

And to the many boys that wrote about work out here, I have to say that times are very dull and that there is no work for those men that are here now. I am very sorry to disappoint anyone, but it is best to tell the truth.

Well, Uncle, please rush this by that pesky Goat—so the cousins may know that I am not willfully neglecting to answer their letters. Give my kindest regards to your sincere nephew, THEO CARMICHAEL.

P. S. Uncle, I never knew there were so many Juliets in the world.

Well, Teddy, old scout, here is the delayed and sad news of your home-busted, gear-stripped condition for the cousins to read. And if ever a Goat chuckled so that his whiskers just rippled with mirth it was Billy when he perused your letter. Even I had to grin, although I felt it was my duty to nurse an air of sympathy for

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SOLVE PUZZLE! TWO \$1,000 PRIZES

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there was one. Think of being housed up for not only one June but for many such glorious months. Remembering this, give such cheer and financial aid as you can that may bring a little of the shut-out June gladness to the June shut-ins listed this month. Open your hearts, Cousins, in the same way the roses are opening theirs this first month of summer.

Lovingly,

Uncle Lisha

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs fifty-five cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The fifty-five cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C."—a handsome certificate of membership with your name engraved thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep your standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

How to become a Member

Send fifty-five cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration.

The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people in the world. Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the hand of the department for which they are intended.

your fate. Of course Bill and I knew what you were stirring up and what sort of an avalanche of note paper was on its way to bury your happy valley and Box 146, Carrizozo, New Mexico. I can imagine the flood of paper blowing up and down the canyons, swirling in eddies and sweeping up toward the peak of the Jicarillas. And perhaps not a Goat in sight! Teddy, no six-foot, curly-headed Romeo can go around advertising his lonely condition without arousing sympathetic interest in the hearts and pens of various Juliets. You have discovered this fact with a vengeance—and at the price of much hated harness! You went rushing in all right, Teddy, with your letter in January COMFORT, and if the trace chains didn't hold, you have only those curls to blame. You'll sure have to cut 'em off now, or the Carrizozo postmaster will be demanding more box rent of you, and more salary of Washington. Curls are dangerous things, Teddy, and a bald-headed Romeo will be certain to have less of appeal and correspondence. So get out your safety-razor, Ted, before the seven hundred letters a week increase to seven thousand!

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for June

"Inasmuch as you have done it unto the least of these you have done it unto Me."

Written references from doctor and postmaster must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Every month brings to me letters which disregard this simple and necessary rule. Appeals unaccompanied by the references required will be destroyed.

Doc Willoughby, Scottsville, Ky. Here is a boy who has never walked a step in his life. He asks for cheery letters and post-cards to help pass shut-in hours. Lawrence M. Bird, Dalton, R. R. 6, Ga. This appeal is from a man who for thirty years has been a helpless paralytic as the result of a spinal injury in childhood. Well recommended. All his aid must come from others. Don't disappoint him. Prince Greene, Yuma, N. C. A girl of twenty-one who has been blind from birth. Give her a dime shower. Mrs. Zade Bailey, Allensprings, Ky. An old lady of 71 who would be grateful for letters and post-cards to make her shut-in days more bearable. Mrs. M. R. Culver, Roxbury, R. R. Box 36, Vt. Asks for letters, quilt pieces, or anything that would "please an old lady." It should be easy to give happiness to this poor soul. Luther Eslinger, Cosby, Tenn., sends thanks to all who have written him so many cheerful letters and sent him periodicals and other aid.

June is a month of love and gladness if ever

Cubby Bear and the Chickens

By Lena B. Ellingwood

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CUBBY Bear, taking a pleasant stroll one bright June morning, came upon Robbie Reddie, his sweet-voiced robin friend, who greeted him joyously.

"Come with me to the pasture, Cubby Bear," he said, "and see what I have found hidden under some raspberry bushes!"

It was a nest which Robbie showed Cubby, and in the nest beautiful, large white eggs.

"Oh! what a lot of them!" said Cubby, and counted—"twelve! Whose eggs are they?"

"Mrs. Hen's. She has 'stolen' her nest up here, instead of using the one they made for her in the poultry-house."

"Qu-awk—cut-cut-cut—qu-awk!"

Cubby looked up at the sound, and there was Mrs. Hen, a little way off, dancing about in a rage, with all her feathers ruffled.

"You better go away, out of sight, Cubby Bear," advised Robbie Reddie, "while I talk to her. She is afraid of you."

Robbie Reddie soothed the angry, frightened Mrs. Hen, telling her that Cubby Bear would never harm her or her eggs, and soon he called Cubby to come and be introduced.

"It would be better if I had stayed at home!" lamented Mrs. Hen. "I am afraid to leave my eggs here while I go for food and water."

Cubby and Robbie offered to watch the eggs for her a while every day. She gladly agreed, and every morning they went to the nest beneath the raspberry bushes, never once forgetting.

One morning, as Cubby Bear and Robbie Reddie approached the hidden nest, they heard a gentle clucking. They found Mrs. Hen stirring uneasily, her feathers fluffed out, her small eyes glowing with eagerness.

"I do not need you this morning," she told them. "My chickens are hatching, and I cannot leave them. Listen!"

They heard a faint little "Peep, peep!"

"One already is out—a fine, strong chick," said Mrs. Hen proudly, "and others are breaking their shells. Leave me, please! By tomorrow afternoon they will all be hatched, and then you may come and see them."

At noon the next day Robbie Reddie came to Mamma Bruin's house, quite trembling with excitement, and calling.

"Cubby Bear! oh, come quick! Run to the pasture! Don't stop to ask questions—I will tell you as we go!"

Cubby started, running, and Robbie Reddie flew at his side.

"Mrs. Hen left her nest for some worms to feed her babies," Robbie began.

"Oh, oh!" interrupted Cubby; "have you seen them? Why didn't you wait for me?"

"No, I have not seen them. I was telling Mrs. Hen to hurry back to her nest, for I could see the farmer's boy coming up over the pasture hill, and with him Rover Dog. Well, who should be waiting for Mrs. Hen, hiding behind a big rock, but Foxy Reynard! I had not seen him. He made a dash for her—"

"Oh, oh! did he catch her?"

"Yes. I was glad she was not near her nest, for I did not want Foxy to catch her little new chickens."

"Did Mrs. Hen get away?"

"She made the most awful squaking! Of course the boy and Rover Dog heard the noise, and came running to help her. Foxy dropped Mrs. Hen and ran off into the forest."

Cubby Bear stopped running, and stood still, panting, for he was out of breath from hurrying.

"Well, but if Mrs. Hen is safe, and Foxy gone, why need we run so fast? What is there to be done about it now?"

"Why, this," explained Robbie Reddie. "After a long chase, all over the pasture, the boy and Rover Dog caught poor Mrs. Hen, and the boy carried her off to the barn, though I must say she pecked at his hands bravely. But, don't you see, the baby chicks have no one to take care of them?"

Cubby began to run again.

"If Foxy should come back and find them—oh, fly ahead, Robbie Reddie, and see if they are safe! I will be there as soon as I can."

They found the baby chickens safe, but "peeping" hungrily.

"Oh, such cunning little dears!" cried Cubby. "There were twelve of them, fluffy little balls of down, two black and ten yellow."

Robbie Reddie was amazed at sight of them.

"Why, why!" he exclaimed. "I never expected them to be so pretty! I have seen baby robins, and they are bare little creatures, with no feathers. Of course grown-up robins are much nicer than grown-up hens—hens cannot sing at all, and are no good at flying—but I must confess that, as babies, the chicks are far handsomer than little robins."

Cubby bent over the tiny things in rapture, touching them gently.

The twelve little chicks were safely moved to Mamma Bruin's house, and for the next three weeks Cubby could hardly think of anything but his little pets. All day he watched and fed and tended them. His friends complained that he would never share their games.

One day he was playing with the chickens in the house.

"Oh, take them out!" Mamma Bruin told him. "I can hardly move for fear of walking on them."

"It is a hot day," said Cubby anxiously; "I

Racky. "That will make some pretty hats!"

Bunny Rabbit took care of the chickens for the afternoon.

Cubby and Racky, with Robbie Reddie's help, got together a good supply of smooth birch-bark, and searched until they found some pretty gray lichens with bright red dots, to be used for trimming.

Twelve dainty little round hats were fashioned from the birch-bark, to fit the twelve downy little heads, each one with a wreath of the red-dotted lichen.

Then Cubby and Racky tried them on the chickens, while Robbie Reddie stood watching.

The new hats were becoming, but disappointing; for every time a chicken moved his head, off fell a hat.

"They must have straps under their chins, to hold them on," said Cubby, as he picked up the tenth hat that fell. "You know Billy Bluejay wears a black cap-strap."

They pulled off thin little soft strips of the white birch-bark to make the chin-strap, and added a further touch of beauty to the hats by making streamers to hang down behind.

Cubby stood lost in admiration, watching his little flock, when at last the hats were securely fastened on.

Cubby, Racky and Robbie took the chicks for a walk through the Pleasant Forest, and proudly showed them to everyone they met.

"Too bad Mrs. Hen doesn't know they are safe," remarked Bunny Rabbit. "If I had been carried away from my Baby Bunnies, I could never rest or be happy not knowing what had become of them!"

Cubby and Robbie Reddie looked at each other. Why had they never thought of this before? Poor Mrs. Hen!

"I'll go straight to the farm," said Robbie Reddie. "and if I can see Mrs. Hen I'll tell her her babies are all safe and happy."

When he came back from the farm Robbie Reddie said:

"Poor thing! she was in one corner of the poultry-yard, all humped up, looking sad and lonely. She was glad to hear about her children, but of course she wants them herself."

"Oh, dear, oh, dear!" sighed Cubby Bear. He knew he ought to give the chickens back to their mother, but how could he—the little things he loved so much?

"You must go back to Mrs. Hen," he said to Robbie Reddie after thinking for a few moments, "and tell her to be in the poultry-yard after dark tonight, if she wants a beautiful surprise."

Cubby gave the chicks their supper and put them to bed early, then, after dark, woke them.

His eyes dim with tears, he brushed their little fluffy coats and fastened on, for the last time, the twelve little birch-bark hats.

When they reached the poultry-yard Mrs. Hen was watching for them. Shinyblack Crow, who had gone with them, took one chick at a time in his strong bill, and flying over the high fence, restored them to their mother.

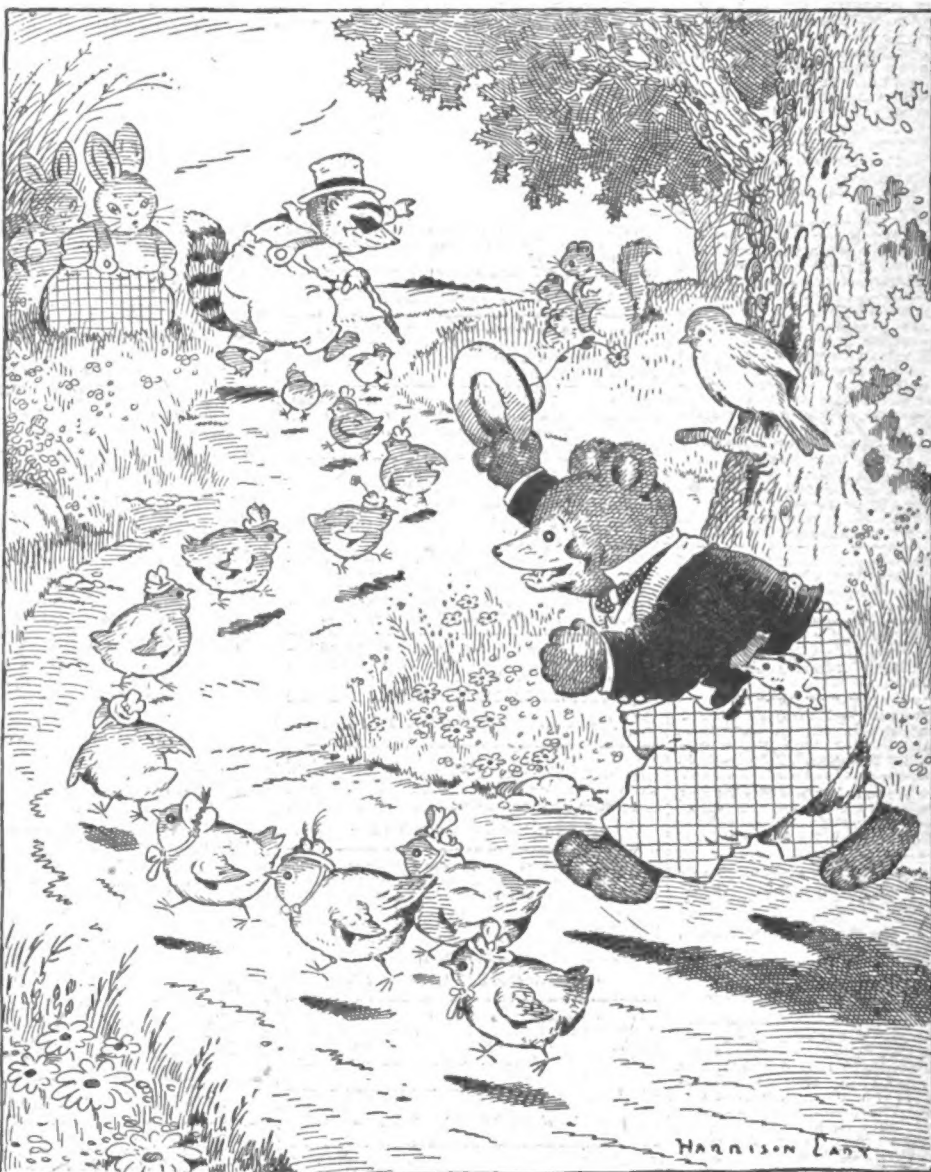
Cubby wept on the way home, but Shinyblack Crow said:

"Cheer up, Cubby Bear! the chickens would not be so cunning much longer. Soon they would lose their soft down, and be long-legged creatures with bare skin showing through ragged, growing feathers. And you know very well Mamma Bruin would not want a dozen hens filling her house. They will be better off in the poultry-house, for they will not be able to look out for themselves in winter, like us, who live in the forest."

Next morning Shinyblack Crow came to Cubby, saying:

"I have been to the farm. Oh, it was the funniest sight—I have been laughing ever since! There was Mrs. Hen, proudly leading her chicks around the yard, when the farmer came out. He just stood and stared at them with his mouth open. Then he called to Mrs. Farmer and the children, and when they came out, there were more staring eyes and open mouths."

"Well, it was a most surprising sight for them—twelve three-weeks-old chickens appearing there just over night, where there had been no chickens before; and all of them wearing hats! Do not worry about your chick-a-bids, Cubby Bear. They'll be better taken care of than any fowls the farmer ever had before, I can promise you!"



CUBBY, RACKY AND ROBBIE TOOK THE CHICKS FOR A WALK THROUGH THE PLEASANT FOREST.

"Poor things!" said Robbie Reddie. "You and I could bring food for them, but they need their mother to keep them warm and care for them."

"I know!" decided Cubby. "I will take them home with me, and keep them. You may help, too!"

"But how will you get them home?" asked the robin.

"You stay and watch them, while I hurry back and borrow the Bunny Babies' cart!"

would not want them to get a sunstroke!" But he took them out, as he was told, keeping them in the shade.

"I know what I can do," he said to Robbie Reddie. "I will get Racky Coon to help me make them some little hats, to keep the sun off their heads."

Robbie flew away to find Racky Coon, who kindly came, willing to help.

"We will get some white birch-bark," said

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JULY COMFORT

Special Features for July

"An Independence Day Adventure" A woman-hater seeking solitary enjoyment of the 4th in the country has an embarrassing encounter with an independent lady.

"How to Overcome Sleeplessness" Sleeplessness due to over-worked body or brain tends to become a troublesome habit, but can be overcome without resort to drugs.

"Knowledge and Cents" The woman who is an adept at canning and preserving has a fine field of opportunity for turning her skill into dollars as shown by the record of Mrs. Rawlins' financial success in home canning.

"Summer Foods that Need Little Heat" The housewife's health and comfort in hot weather depend much on selecting summer foods that require little heat for cooking.

"Woman in Business" A successful business woman's advice as to qualities and training that a woman needs for a business career.

"Cubby Bear's Fourth of July" Cubby Bear and his friends enjoyed the celebration, but the big fire-cracker that he found gave him a painful surprise.

If the number over your name on the wrapper on this magazine is 404 it means that your subscription expires with this present issue and that you will not receive July COMFORT unless you renew your subscription at once—we can not send you a single copy, after expiration, until you have renewed. Don't miss July COMFORT.

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June, 1922.

Crumbs of Comfort

Let your face shine.

Form the habit of joy.

He has most who desires least.

A clean mind lives a clean life.

Patience is ballast for the soul.

Be courteous for your own sake.

Keep your heart for other hearts.

People of any age are not all alike.

Bring peace into your house of life.

Content yourself with simple things.

Face your disappointments with a smile.

You will never arrive if you do not start.

Great talk is not a sign of great knowledge.

Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.

Hold to a noble vision of loyal and living service.

Friendship demands understanding and unselfishness.

Those who dwell everywhere are not anywhere at home.

An ounce of kindness is worth a pound of cleverness.

It is the face that is lifted which feels the shining of the sun.

Mental depression is often the result of wrong methods of living.

A friend of the world is a tower of strength needing no buttress.

It is a folly to live in God's world without any right relation to God.

True greatness lies in the consciousness of an honest purpose in life.

The value of dreaming depends upon the food on which dreams are fed.

The most expensive things in the world are the things we do not need.

Every child is entitled to as many happy, care-free hours as possible.

It is what we feel for others, not what we feel in ourselves that matters.

The fundamental cry of the human soul is for sympathy and companionship.

Placing a wrong value upon things is the simple root of most unhappiness.

Workers have no time to cultivate pains and grievances as if they were flowers.

Too many material comforts: too many habits of luxury, can undermine character.

If those who are industrious all imitated the idlers, the world would soon starve.

Let your soul grow in an atmosphere of friendliness, of helpfulness, of culture.

Necessary and useful work teaches us to value time and labor at a proper price.

Face the Light of the World, and the dark shadow of self and sin will fall behind you.

To study with advantage in any art means the reading of some certain books many times.

Happiness is contagious and we should never fear to be exposed to the germ of joyousness.

A man's greatest wealth must always be in himself and not rest in any holdings of material riches.